

IMMORTALITY.

A humble singer sang a little song
Years, years ago.
Now o'er her lowly grave the bramble
spreads
And scant weeds grow.

Her memory in no living heart remains,
Yet her song lives,
And, to the soul that mourns its dear
and dead,
Sweet comfort gives.

EMILY H. LELAND.

Purely Platonic.

"It does seem so absurd to me that a
friendship cannot exist between a man
and a woman without considerations
of love, matrimony and all that non-
sense being introduced."

The speaker was a tall, handsome
girl, with the physical beauty and grace
of figure which athletic exercise has
bestowed upon the typical end-of-the-
century maiden, and though Florence
Masters could be soft, and even sym-
pathetic upon occasion, it was only
within her own family circle that she
indulged in—as she termed them—these
weaknesses.

Her companions were two men in
boating flannels, both good looking, but
in totally different ways, for while
Captain Charles Courtney was dark,
with his olive skin bronzed by service
in India, Edwin Norton was fair, of the
pure Anglo-Saxon type.

"If you are alluding to platonic
friendships, Miss Masters," answered
Captain Courtney, "I am sorry to say
that I cannot agree with you."

"But why should friendship, and
friendship alone, be more impossible
between a man and a woman than be-
tween two men or two women?" in-
quired Florence, impatiently.

"I think you are quite right, Miss
Masters," observed Norton. "Presum-
ing that their dispositions are simi-
lar, that they have the same tastes and
inclinations, I don't see why a man
and a girl should not be as good chums
as two fellows."

"Simply because it is impossible," re-
plied Courtney. "It is contrary to na-
ture, and can never endure."

"But I can assure you that I have
known cases of the purest platonic
friendship between girls and men,"
persisted Florence.

"No doubt," answered Courtney. "So
have I, but how long did they last?"

"Why should they not last as long as
friendships between men?"

"Because one of three things is
bound to happen," answered Courtney.
"Either the man falls in love with the
girl, or the girl falls in love with the
man, or else she becomes offended be-
cause he does not pay her that tribute
of admiration which every properly
constituted woman naturally expects
from a man who seeks her society in
preference to that of other people."

"Oh, that's all nonsense, Captain
Courtney," exclaimed Florence, im-
petuously. "Take Mr. Norton and my-
self, for instance. Do you mean to say
that we could not go out every day to-
gether riving or bicycling, or have a
set at tennis or a game of golf without
one of us 'falling in love,' as you call
it?"

"If you are meeting every day, Miss
Masters," replied Courtney, "I should
consider it a very dangerous experi-
ment. In fact, I should call it playing
with fire."

"Upon my word, Charlie," exclaimed
Norton. "I am surprised at a man of
your experience talking so ridiculous-
ly! Surely you must have known many
instances of such friendships, both in
India and on the voyage out and
home."

"Yes, I have," replied Courtney, sig-
nificantly. "And I also know how they
invariably ended."

"Look here, Mr. Norton," exclaimed
Florence. "Let you and I form a pla-
tonic alliance, and show this stubborn
sceptic that we can practice what we
preach."

"With all the pleasure in life!" cried
Norton.

But Courtney gave a somewhat cyni-
cal smile, as he noticed that his friend
was not quite as enthusiastic in his
reply as he might have been.

"That is a bargain, then," said Flo-
rence, "and now, is it not time we re-
turned to our boat?"

The above conversation took place
in the early summer, and for the next
two or three months Florence and
Norton were inseparable. The latter was
an eligible party, both socially and fi-
nancially, so that Mr. Masters made no
objection to the young man calling at
his house every day, and attending his
daughter on her various boating and
cycling expeditions. The autumn was
well advanced, when one day Courtney
and Norton happened to meet up in
town, when the latter said:

"Oh, I'm glad I saw you! Florence
told me to ask you to come down to a
bazaar arrangement, which she is set-
ting up for next week."

"Oh, has it got as far as Christian
names?" asked Courtney, raising his
eyebrows and ignoring the invitation.

"Why not?" said Norton. "I call you
Charlie; why should not I call her Flo-
rence?"

"No reason in the world so far as I
am concerned, old boy," answered
Courtney. "But take my advice, and
remember the fable of the moth and
candle."

"You're so fond of measuring other
people's corns by your own bushel,"
rejoined Norton, a trifle irritably.

"Anyhow, if I do burn my wings, it
won't be Flar-Miss Masters' fault."

"Time will show, dear youth; time
will show," answered Courtney, with
his satirical smile. "But I'll tell you
honestly I shall expect to be best man."

"Something upset you in town yester-
day, Ned," remarked Florence as Nor-

ton helped her to mount her cycle the
next morning. "What was it?"

"Only that cynical wretch, Court-
ney," was the reply. "He is a regular
Diogenes, and ought to be shut up in a
tub for the remainder of his natural
existence."

"Oh, do you think so?" replied Flo-
rence. "I like Captain Courtney im-
mensely. There is no frivolity or
nonsense about him; he always says
what he means."

"Yes, and too plainly sometimes," ob-
served Norton, a little bitterly. "As
a matter of fact, I don't think he is a
good companion for any young girl,
and I wish you wouldn't encourage him
quite so much."

"Encourage him?" repeated Flo-
rence, with the slightest possible touch
of hauteur in her voice. "What do you
mean?"

"Why, at the Dawson's ball the other
evening you danced twice running
with him, and then let him take you
as to supper."

"And why? Because you were so
busily engaged with Laura Lifferton
that you forgot to come and fetch me as
you had arranged."

"My dear Florence," remonstrated
Norton, "that was a misunderstanding,
I can assure you. As I explained to
you before, I have no recollection of
having made any arrangement with
you as to supper."

"Oh, well, don't let us quarrel about
it," interrupted Florence. "Let us
change the conversation. What did
Captain Courtney say to upset you to-
day?"

"Oh, he was chaffing me about our
friendship."

"Yes?" inquired Florence eagerly.

"And what did you say?"

"Oh, I told him that if I burnt my
wings it wouldn't be your fault!" re-
plied Norton almost savagely.

Florence gave him a quick side
glance, and then, after a moment's hesi-
tation, observed: "That was a some-
what silly remark to make, wasn't it?
It might lead him to think that our al-
liance was not such a success as it un-
doubtedly is."

"I don't think so," answered Norton.

"I gave him to understand that we had
not altered our opinions in the least."

"Oh, that's all right, then! By the
by, I hope you did not forget to invite
him down to the bazaar?"

"Oh, no, I didn't forget! And that
reminds me—did you think of asking
little Laura to help?"

"Whom do you mean? The Lifferton
girl? I have not asked her yet, for, to
tell you the truth, I don't much care
for her. She lacks stability; and—
well, to put it mildly, she's somewhat
too flighty for my taste."

"Oh, I hope you'll have her!" pleaded
Norton. "She's a jolly little girl, and
always full of—"

"If you want her to come so particu-
larly," interrupted Florence, "I'll
write to her directly, we get back. And
—er—er—I think we had better be turn-
ing now; it looks as though it were
going to rain."

The bazaar in question was one of
those innocent conspiracies between
the parson and the ladies whereby cer-
tain masculine creatures whose laziness
on Sunday morning prevents them
from offering their alms and oblations,
are wheedled, persuaded and cajoled
into assisting in the restoration of the
spire or some other equally neces-
sary and laudable object.

On the eventful day the school room
where the stalls had been fitted up was
a perfect picture; what with pretty
girls, charming dresses and lovely flow-
ers, the effect upon the more youthful
bachelors was bewildering, and the sale
of fancy articles, at still more fancy
prices, went on apace.

Captain Courtney was standing near
the door, watching Florence and Nor-
ton, and there is a great deal of truth
in the old adage that "lookers on
seen most of the game," especially
when the game is love.

Strolling toward Norton, Courtney
said: "Ned, can I have two minutes'
conversation with you—quietly?"

"Yes, dear boy, certainly," replied
Norton. "Come this way. Now, what is
it?"

"Excuse me for putting the question
plainly to you," commenced Courtney.
"But when two people's happiness de-
pends upon the answer one may be par-
doned for a little bluntness. I want to
know what your position is with regard
to Miss Masters."

"My position?" repeated Norton, first
flushing up his eyebrows and then
turning deadly pale; "I—I—I don't
quite understand what you mean!"

"Why, is that platonic arrange-
ment that you made in the summer still
in existence, or are you something nearer
and dearer than mere friends? Forgive
me for catechising you in this way, but
you know me well enough to be aware
that I should never take such a liberty
out of mere curiosity. I am sure I need
say no more; you will understand me
and appreciate my motive when I
inquire whether you are engaged to
Miss Masters, or if your feeling is still
purely platonic."

Norton gasped two or three times like
a fish out of water, and then he man-
aged to ejaculate:

"Purely platonic."

Courtney shook his limp hand and
shook it effusively, and then with a
happy smile on his countenance he
made his way towards Florence, and
he never left her all day.

For the best part of an hour Norton
watched them from the further end of
the room, eating out his heart in the
solitude of a crowd. Then, as though
moved by a sudden resolution, he walk-
ed over to where Laura Lifferton was
holding a little court of her own, under
the pretence of selling buttons, and
soon became one of the gayest of the
gay.

"How happy Norton seems to be!"
observed Courtney slyly.

"Indeed! I thought just now that he
appeared rather dull," replied Flo-
rence; and then, as she looked over in
the direction indicated, she observed

him worshipping at the shrine of the
fair Laura, and apparently as happy as
the day was long.

"Do you think it's a match?" contin-
ued Courtney.

"I have not heard of anything of the
kind," answered Florence coldly.

"They would make an excellent pair,
wouldn't they?"

"Do you think so?" responded Flo-
rence, evidently speaking with an ef-
fort. "I shouldn't consider them at all
suited."

STORY TWO.
"Oh! wouldn't you?" said Courtney.
"At any rate, they seem to understand
one another." And then, with a sig-
nificant smile, he added, "There is evi-
dently no platonic arrangement exist-
ing between them."

During the afternoon Mr. Masters,
Florence's father, came up to the stall
at which the young lady was officiat-
ing, and, after greeting Courtney, ad-
ded: "Of course you dine with us to-
night? By the bye, Florence, I'm going
to run away with the carriage. I'll send
it back for you in time if I can; but if
not, you will be able to find some one
who will put you down at the lodge."

"My dog cart is here, Mr. Masters,"
said Courtney, "and if Miss Masters
will allow me I shall be delighted to
drive her home."

So it was settled, and the afternoon
dragged its weary length along—for
two people there, at all events—as
though every minute were an hour. At
last the end arrived, most of the stall
keepers had gone and the porch was in
semi-darkness.

Courtney's dog cart was just out-
side, and he was about to help Florence
up into it when Norton suddenly ap-
peared upon the scene. Pushing past
Courtney, he approached the young
lady and said: "My trap is just here,
Florence—come with me!"

"Papa has arranged that I should go
with Captain Courtney," answered
Florence, making a move toward the
dog cart as she spoke.

"Courtney won't mind, I am sure,"
replied Norton. "Will you, old fellow?"

"Well, that depends," answered
Courtney slowly. "If it is to be a
purely platonic expedition, why, Miss
Masters may just as well come with
me; but if—"

"Oh, hang Plato!" interrupted Nor-
ton hastily. "Florence, dear Florence,
come with me!"

A struggle was evidently taking place
with the young lady's bosom—a strug-
gle between love and pride—but love
won, and, with a deprecatory smile at
Courtney, she allowed Norton to help
her into his cart, and a few moments
later they disappeared into the dusk.

It is impossible to say with any cer-
tainty what passed between those
young people during that eventful
drive, for they both declare that they
do not remember. Anyhow, they must
have gone the longest way round, for
when they arrived at the lodge, flushed
and happy, Courtney had been wait-
ing some little time for them, and as
Norton passed him, he whispered:
"You shall be the best man, old boy."

Exit the Bluejacket.

A proportion of the bluejackets of
any full-rigged ship were necessarily
athletes. The "upper yardmen" in a
line-of-battle ship or a frigate were ex-
ceptional men in this way, and much
more so, perhaps, just about the time
that sail-power was receiving its death
warrant than ever before. These
young men had to race aloft to nearly
the highest points, at top speed eight
or ten times a week when the ship was
in harbor, to keep their heads and
maintain their breath while "holding
on by their eyelids," as the phrase
went, and manipulating with a careful
and measured order of action the var-
ious and intricate arrangements for
"crossing" or "sending down" the royal
and top-gallant yards. It was all done
at full speed, for it was universally
held that the upper yardmen gave a
character to the whole ship; and that
one which was foremost in this exer-
cise was ever considered "the smartest
ship in the fleet." The upper yardmen
were always the coming men. They
had most opportunities for distinguish-
ing themselves, were the best known,
and were most under the eye of the
authorities. They developed great
muscular power in chest, shoulders
and arms. Their lower extremities
suffered, and one always knew the
men who had been upper yardmen
by their tadpole-like appearance when
they were bathing.

But in the modern steam line-of-
battle ship and frigate these extremely
athletic specimens formed a very small
minority of the "ship's company," and
none of them could lose his turn at
being upper yardman so long as the ship's
reputation depended on the speed with
which the upper yards were crossed
and sent down. In harbor the rest of
the blue-jackets had the handling of
yards and sails for exercise once or
twice a week, but at sea the use of sails
for propulsion grew less and less im-
portant, and most of the work aloft
was more of an exercise and less of a
necessity.

Monroe's Tomb Despoiled.

The widespread discussion of the
Monroe doctrine in connection with the
Venezuelan matter has caused un-
usual public interest in the tomb, at Rich-
mond, Va., of the author of this de-
claration. This has recalled the fact
of the removal of the name plate of
President Monroe. This robbery was
committed some time ago, but the re-
moval of the plate was not discovered
for some time. It was of bronze and
about 12x18 inches. It is possible that
the thief thought the plate was silver,
and therefore of considerable value.
Monroe's tomb is in the northwestern
part of Hollywood Cemetery, and near
by the grave of President Tyler, and
within a few rods of the last resting-
place of Jefferson Davis.

LONG SWEET IN DIXIE.

Joys of the Sugar Cane Season in Missis-
sippi.

Molasses-baking time in Mississippi
is at once a busy and festive period
with the farmers and their families.
To one unused to the art it is a sight
of some interest, while to the initiated
it seems to be the crowning glory of
the year's toils and pleasures. Of
course nothing is done on so extensive
a scale as on the Louisiana sugar plan-
tations. Both the crop and utensils
for working it up are less imposing,
certainly, but not less effective.

Early in the spring the cane is plant-
ed by laying it in furrows, three or
four stalks together, continuously, thus
producing from the eyes at the joints
a beautiful growth of almost impen-
etrable thickness, but otherwise much
resembling corn in height and foliage.
Very little work is required for its
cultivation.

Late in the autumn, before frost, men
may be seen with grubbing hoes tak-
ing down seed cane. In this case the
stalks are not stripped or topped, as
when it is prepared for the mill, but
piled in a heap, and covered with earth
to remain until spring. If it is not a
severe winter the stubble may be
counted upon to furnish a fine crop
the next year. An acre of cane will easily
produce 400 or more gallons of molas-
ses, and with less labor than any other
crop, so of this commodity there is
always plenty, whatever else may lack
or fail.

From the time the joints begin to
look blue or striped, according to
whether it is the blue or ribbon variety,
it is in active demand as a sort of
sweet, or as apples are further north.
There are few late fruits here except
fox grapes and muscadines, those aids
of chills and fever, so the sugar cane
fills a real want.

Children carry it to teacher in lieu
of fruits and flowers, and the girl's popu-
larity may sometimes be reckoned by
the number of stalks she has stacked
up in the corner of the piazza. With-
out actually witnessing it, one can
scarcely credit the dexterity with
which even small boys and girls armed
with dull barrows can peel the hard
joints, while a grown man, arrived at
courtly age—not always synonymous
with "years of maturity"—considers
himself accomplished only when he can,
with a sharp knife, peel a six-foot
stalk completely without cutting it
or breaking the strips of bark.

Having acquitted himself of the per-
formance, he rests assured of the adora-
tion of all young women and very small
boys.

It is quite wonderful what an amount
of sweetness can be extracted from it
after it is peeled, cut, and split into
convenient pieces. The art of chewing
gracefully in the society of her "best
young man" is one receiving much
thought from the country lass, while
her manner of disposing of the discard-
ed "chews" is looked upon by bachelors
and widowers as offering a key to her
qualities for housewifery.

Mice Like Music.

Mice seem to have a great fondness
for all sorts of harmonic sounds, and
have been known to come out of their
holes and listen attentively to a boy
whistling. Cows care nothing at all for
music, nor, as far as can be learned,
do asses, elephants and horses, on the
other hand, are in some degree
conscious of its charms, and will often,
when marching in procession, accom-
modate their step to the beat of the
music. A prisoner in the Bastille who
played upon the bag-pipes, succeeded
in attracting the attention of a spider,
which, after several months, became a
regular attendant at his daily concerts.

But though music has no charm for
the lion and tiger it has been discover-
ed by a naturalist who has been con-
ducting some experiments in the Lon-
don Zoological Gardens, that these ani-
mals are instantly and powerfully af-
fected by the smell of lavender water.
Under its influence they become as
docile as lambs, forgetting even hun-
ger. The effect is not unlike that ex-
erted upon cats by catnip and mint.

Lofty Tunnels in Peru.

We are so absorbed with our own
affairs in this country that we can
hardly realize with what rapid strides
some of the South American Repub-
lics are advancing in engineering.
To-day representatives of the Westing-
house electric people and the Baldwin
Locomotive Works are in South Amer-
ica figuring on equipping some of their
steep grade roads with electric loco-
motives. There has recently been
completed a tunnel through a range of
the Andes Mountains which lies at a
higher elevation than any other tun-
nel in the world. This tunnel is eight-
een miles from Callao, Peru, and is cal-
led the Galeira Tunnel. It is 3,800 feet
long, and is at an altitude of 15,000
feet. There are sixty other smaller
tunnels through the Andes Mountains
in Peru.

A Census of Cushions.

The sofa cushion craze goes on un-
abated until it is now estimated by the
upholsterer man that there are 75,000,
000 of these things at the least calcu-
lation lying around the American
homes. Says he: "There are 60,000,000
people in this country, and on an av-
erage of five people in a family over 13-
200,000. It is fair to presume that the
average family has got at least five
sofa cushions. Understand, we are
not figuring on pillows for the bed—so
we get back to 75,000,000 cushions in
the country. In the colleges there is
not a boy from Ann Arbor to Har-
vard who has not all the way from one
to two dozen cushions in his bachelor
quarters. Some of these youngsters
have twenty or more, and their best
girls are always making them."

Extinction of Birds.

One cause which threatens the ex-
istence of many species of birds, if it
has not already produced the extermi-
nation of some, is the rage for wear-
ing their feathers that row and again
seizes civilized women, who take their
ideas of dress from interested millin-
ers of both sexes—persons who, hav-
ing bought a large stock of what are
known as "plumes" proceed to make
a profit by declaring them to be in
fashion. The tender-hearted ladies
who buy them little suspect that some
of the large supplies required by the
"plum trade" are chiefly got by lay-
breds gregariously, and that at their
very breeding time.

No havoc in these islands approaches
that which is perpetrated in some other
countries, especially, it is surmised, in
India, though there now contrary to
law; and the account of the ravages of
a party of "bird plumers," at the
breeding stations on the coast of Flo-
rida, given by Mr. W. E. D. Scott, who
in former years had seen them thro-
ughed by a peaceful population, is simply
sickening. Did we not know what
his feelings were, one might in read-
ing his terrible narrative lose patience
with him for not expressing more
strongly his detestation of the bar-
barities he recounts. But his absten-
tion is doubtless attributable to the
fact that his narrative appears in a
strictly scientific journal, where sen-
timental expressions would be out of
place. All efforts to awaken the con-
science of those who tacitly encourage
this detestable devastation, and there-
by share in its guilt, have hitherto
failed, and, unless laws to stop it be not
only passed, but enforced, it will go
on till it ceases for want of victims,
which, indeed, may happen very short-
ly. Then milliners will doubtless find
that artificial feathers can be made,
even as artificial flowers now are,
and there will be a fine opening for the
ingenious inventor. The pity is that he
does not begin at once.

Bullet in His Brain.

The autopsy on the remains of Her-
mann Ploeschke, who died at the Ger-
man Hospital on Thursday night,
brought to light the remarkable cir-
cumstance that he had lived for ten
years with a bullet in his brain. The
ball was encysted beneath the left tem-
ple, and appeared to trouble Ploeschke
very little.

Ploeschke was at one time a success-
ful business man here, but about ten
years ago he became ill and neglected
his business so that it was practically
ruined. He was at that time a bache-
lor, and becoming reduced in circum-
stances, he decided to commit suicide.
He took a thirty-eight calibre revolver,
placed it to his temple and fired.

Ploeschke was unconscious for many
days, and for weeks he hovered be-
tween life and death. The surgeons
vainly probed for the bullet, and it
was supposed the missile had deflected
downward, passing through the neck,
and lodging in the muscles of the shoul-
der.

Ploeschke finally recovered, and was
apparently none the worse for his ex-
perience.

Some weeks ago Ploeschke became
ill from an organic disease, and he was
sent to the German Hospital by some
friends. His disease had a fatal ter-
mination on Thursday, and it was
decided to ascertain the course of the
bullet fired into his skull ten years
ago. The brain was removed, and over
the left temple a cyst was found. This,
on being cut open, brought to light the
bullet.

Peculiar Fish.

One of the most extraordinary speci-
mens of the fish family is the "mam
hai man," or great general of the
South Sea, an animal of the whale spe-
cies, which has its home in the Indian
Ocean. A full-grown mam is upward of
thirty-five feet in length, pure black in
color, and has eyes as large as a saucer.

Besides the above characteristic fea-
tures, which may be said to be whale-
like, with the exception of the eyes, the
mam has two immense tusks, which re-
semble those of the elephant, both in
size and color, and two queer wing-like
membranes extending along its sides
from the side fins almost to the tail.

The old nams have a curious habit
of marshaling their kind to do battle
with the whales and the sharks, and
old mariners say that they manoeuvre
with so much intelligence and sagacity
that they are known to all the island-
ers by names which signify winged
generals, winged warriors, or winged
chiefs of the seas. The National Mu-
seum at Berlin has a fine mounted spec-
imen of this queer, warlike fish.

Didn't Like Tea.

C. E. Davis has just returned from a
timber inspecting trip in North Caro-
lina. While in the mountains of Swain
County he says that a peculiar kind
of drink was served by his host, and he
asked:

"What is this drink made of?"
"Willer leaves."
"Do you drink it all the time?"
"Mostly, 'ceptin' sassafras season. I
reckons you'n drinks tea."

"Yes, and coffee," said Davis.
"I don't keer for tea, but I knows it's
kin' o' fashionable," continued the
mountaineer. "We tried some o'net. A
peddler sot it to us. We cooked a mess
of it, an' the soup war too bitter,
while I'd rather hev danderline than
the greens part. Samantha kin' o'
liked it with molasses poured in, so I
planted the rest in the garding, but it
woudn't grow, so we didn't buy no mo'
of the stuff."

Gold is reported to have been found
near Ducktown, Polk county, Tenn.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE CONCEITED COW.

A haughty cow into a horse
Remark'd, "Why cannot we,
And only we two, practise for
A dual jubilee?
My boss profound is faultless,
While your tenor tremulo,
Is heavenly; and our duo
Would please our master so."
With pleading moo she urged her case,
Then sadly turned away.
For the horse looked up disdainfully,
And only answer'd "Neigh!"

HE LOST THE STAR.

The following incident is vouched for
by the captain of a New England fishing
schooner. One evening just after dusk
the captain and his crew went down to
supper, the weather being fair, leaving the
wheel in charge of the cabin boy. He
was a green hand, and the captain, before
going below, said to him: "Boy, steer by
yonder star, and you will be all right."
But in a short time the boy got the vessel
off her course, the consequence being that
the star appeared behind instead of ahead.
On noticing this the boy sang out: "Oh,
captain! Come and find me another star;
I've passed that one."

FRIENDLY INSECTS.

A party of young people sat on the
porch one evening last summer, and
amused themselves by trying to kill a
dragon-fly that was darting about in the
air. It made frequent swoops in the
vicinity of their heads, when they all
made a great ado, as though some veno-
mous creature were after them.

The dragon-fly is in reality a most use-
ful creature, and where it abounds mos-
quitoes and flies are relentlessly pursued.
It would be a good idea if these friendly
helpers could be domesticated, for when
one can capture a dragon-fly and offer
him a common house-fly, he seizes it with
the utmost greediness and devours it in
an instant. The lady-bird is often killed
by those who are not aware what a voraci-
ous devourer of insects it is. The lady-
bird industriously hunts for the eggs and
young of insects that live on the under
side of leaves.

A CLEVER BIRD.