

My Blind Canary.

Sweet singer to my dreams,
My blind canary,
I dwell upon the liquid note
That fills thy little breast and throat,
And comes forth piping, full and airy,
Reaching far and far away,
To some dreamy, twilight day,
Whose virgin star with softness beams
On airy dell and fairy.
When night kneels down before the west
In silent prayer,
That, till the morn unveils her eye,
In tranquil sleep the world shall lie,
And serf and king like blessings share;
Tis then thy voice in music falls
Along my heart's deserted halls,
Whose mould'ring rafters find their guest
Too sweet to bear.
Who made thy song so all divine,
My blind canary?
Who taught thy little tongue to sing?
Who gave thy voice a heavenly ring?
How learned thee thus to sweetly vary
The long vibrations of thy muse,
And o'er high angels to diffuse
A lay too fine for hearts like mine,
So sad and weary?
What dark-wing'd fate close-sealed thine
Eyes,
My soul's enchanter?
A late, may be, of high decree
Ordained this world thou should'st not see
Or that our life's a cheat and banter.
The heart's deep wrong, the maiden's tear;
The pain, the strife, suspense and fear;
Our woes to know thou art too wise,
Sweet heaven haunter.
Dost sing the joys of warmer climes,
My little stranger?
Those changeless green Canary isles,
Where ever long the summer smiles
On tamarin and forest ranger?
On those green isles, lapt by the sea,
Perennial blooms thy parent tree,
Far from man's sins, far from his crimes,
And far from danger.
How came thee from thy sunny isles,
In cold to wander?
As poets from the heavens are flung
Poor mortals of this earth among,
For bread to sing, and starve, and pander
Thou minstrel of the stately palms,
In frosty climes now sing for alms,
Where man beguiles with heartless wiles,
Deceit and slander.
The yucca and the citron tree
Thou knowest no more.
The guavas sweet and mangosteen
Will never more by thee be seen,
Thy treble note no more will pour
O'er mango, palm and asphodel,
No more, my bird, thy vision's free
To see thy native shore.
There is a more of brighter beams
Thine eyes beneath,
Than ever shone to mortal view,
Or laney's painting ever drew.
Thy downy form is but the sheath;
And music, flashing on its throne
Of paradise and diamond zone,
Thy world illumines, and incense teems
On thy laurel wreath.
When low the plumes of awful death
In dusk descends
Upon the couch where life is run,
And cold oblivion's night begets,
Ere yet the soul its casement rends,
The lights of heaven pass in review,
And waning hopes their pulse renew:
Such scenes are thine, to which thy breath
Its sweetness lends.
Oh! minstrel of the mystic thrill,
And rhyme elastic!
There is a singer in my breast
That rises to thy vocal crest,
Though long her lute has lain monastic,
Thy dulcet notes with these she'd share;
But since thy song's untimely with care,
She stoops, and droops, and wanders still
Amid her dreams dynamic.
A well in space and nothingness,
With thee I'd soar.
I live in echoes of the past,
Whence from the grave are to me sent,
Like phantoms on the midnight shore.
When hope would come, a weight is here,
Which crushes pride and scatters fear;
For hope's misgivings bring distress
None can explore.
To thy far heights with thee I'd rise,
With soul unchained;
To that domain beyond the sky,
Beyond the clouds that on me lie,
Beyond what thought has e'er attained.
Oh! there falls a sheen of golden light,
Chasing away the pensive night;
It blends with rays of milder glow,
And bears me from this world below,
Till faith's maintained.

—Hugh F. McDermott.

MEG.

Margaret Neale, a girl of twenty or thereabouts, sat on a low, broad stone at the edge of the cliff that overhung the sea. Her features were irregular, but she had a certain dark, gypsy-like beauty of her own. Her hands were clasped about her knees; there was a hard, set look about the unsmiling mouth; and the eyes, that were sometimes most tender, had a dangerous light in them as they gazed steadfastly off over the darkening sea to a distant horizon, still red with the reflected glow of the sunset.
At a little distance, but with his back toward her, and his steel-blue eyes just as steadfastly bent in the opposite direction, stood Matthew Erickson, a handsome young fellow enough, in the rough dress of a miner, tall, strong and ruddy, with a full, curling, chestnut beard, and hair of the same rich color. A blue ribbon dangled from his left hand.
There had evidently been a quarrel, and a love quarrel in a struggling mine-field on the north-west coast of England does not differ greatly from one in a scattered fishing hamlet on the eastern coast of Maine. Forms of speech may differ, but love and anger are much the same the wide world over.
Tired of the silence at length, the young miner sauntered away with an air of assumed indifference, and picking up a handful of pebbles, slowly tossed them, one by one, into the waves below. Margaret's eyes did not waver, but none the less did she follow every motion of his hand. Having watched the fall of his last pebble, he came back and stood be-

hind her, winding the ribbon round his finger to its evident detriment.

"So you will not wear it, Meg?" he said at last.

"No, I will not," she answered, without turning her head. "Why do you vex me? There's no more to be said about it."

"But why, Meg?" and he laid his hand on her shoulder as with an attempt at reconciliation. "Tell me why, surely you can do no less."

"Because I can't abide blue, Matt Erickson. It's hateful to me."

"But I like it, Meg! and if you cared for me you would be glad to wear a blue ribbon to the fair when I ask it."

"Why did you buy it?" she asked shortly, turning toward him by a hair's breadth. "Not to please me, that's sure."

"Yes, to please you and to please myself. Jenny wears ribbons as blue as her own eyes, and I am sure you cannot say they are not pretty. You are just stubborn, Meg."

"Poor Matt! In his uneducated, masculine blindness he could not see that the delicate color that harmonized so well with his pretty cousin's pink and white cheeks and sunny curls was utterly unsuited to his brown Meg, who needed rich dark hues and warm reds to brighten her somewhat swarthy complexion."

And poor Meg! She had an instinctive sense of fitness that taught her this, but she was not wise enough to know how to explain it to her somewhat imperious lover. She could not say she "hated him!"

Besides, Meg had carried a sore spot in her heart for two months; ever since this same cousin Jenny of Matt's came on a visit to Rysdyk. She was a dimpled, delicate little creature from the south—from near London, in fact—where, as Meg was very certain, everything was nicer and finer than in Lancashire. Jenny had sweet little coaxing ways with her, and she was always purring around her cousin Matt like a kitten; and—she wore blue ribbons! Meg would none of them.

She sat for a moment as if turned to stone. Then she blazed out:

"Jenny! Jenny! I am tired of 'Jenny'! She has turned your head with her flirting ways like a butterfly, and her flirty hair and her flirty eyes. Give your blue ribbon to her, and take her to the fair—for I'll not wear it."

"And you'll not go to the fair, either?" said Matt, in tones of suppressed passion. "Is that what you mean?"

"I'll not go with you," she answered, growing cool herself as she grew angry. "Yet it's likely enough that I may go. There are plenty of lads who would be glad to take me with no ribbons at all."

With a strong effort the young man put the curb upon his tongue, but his face darkened. "You will go with me or no one, Meg," he said. "This is all nonsense—and we to be married next Michaelmas! But come," and he put out his hand to raise her from the stone; "it grows dark."

Meg, still angry but willing to be pacified, if she must, allowed him to assist her, and stood beside her stalwart lover with burning cheeks and downcast eyes. She rather liked, on the whole, his tacit refusal to defend himself and his masterful way of telling her it was "all nonsense." But just at this moment, as ill-luck would have it, a small brown-paper parcel dropped from the folds of her shawl. Matt stooped to pick it up. It burst open and a yard or two of scarlet ribbon rippled over his fingers.

Now our poor Meg, not to be outdone by the fair Jenny, had bought this ribbon herself that very evening, meaning to wear it to the fair next week. But it so happened that when Matt went to Mother Marley's shop to buy his own blue love-token he had found Dan Willis there—the only man in Rysdyk whose rivalry he had ever feared. And Dan was buying a ribbon precisely like this. Mother Marley had wrapped it in this very piece of paper, Matt was sure, and he had seen Dan put it in his pocket and walk off with it.

And now, here it was! His gift was spurned, then, and his rival's accepted; and all Meg's talk about Jenny was a mere subterfuge—an excuse for a quarrel.

Yet if she would not wear his love token she certainly should not wear Dan's. He hardly meant to do it; he was sorry the next minute. But what he did, as the tide of passion swept him off his feet for an instant, was to wind the two ribbons into a knot and throw them vehemently into the sea.

"There!" he cried, "that's settled once for all."

"And something else is settled to, Matt Erickson," retorted Meg, in a white heat. "There'll be no marriage for us next Michaelmas, no marriage then or ever! You would strike me some day, for aught I know, if I should choose to wear a red knot rather than a blue. I'll not run the risk. I'll have nothing more to say to you while the stars shine," and darting round the cliff, she was half way down to the beach before he ever thought of stopping her.

The next day Erickson, magnanimous, great-hearted fellow that he was, after all, having gotten over his quarrel from Meg's standpoint, it occurred to him that he might have drawn uncalculated inferences. Dan Willis might have a dozen sweethearts who all liked red ribbons for aught he knew. And how like a fool he had behaved, losing his temper like a hot-headed boy and throwing Meg's poor little trinkets over the cliff! No wonder she was afraid to trust him. More than one husband in Rysdyk was in the habit of beating his wife on a slight provocation as the hue of a ribbon; and it was not strange that a high-spirited girl like Meg should decline to run the risk after she had once seen him in a fury.

As for Jenny, she had come in between him and Meg. He could see it now. But she was going home the day after the fair, and he would see Meg that very night and tell her so. For he did not dream that all was indeed over between them. He could hardly wait for the hour to leave the mine.

He changed his soiled clothes, ate his supper hurriedly, and was soon on his way to Meg, stopping as he went to buy another ribbon—red this time, and broader and richer and handsomer than the one he had robbed her of.

Then he went on through the crooked, scattered little village till he reached the Widow Neale's cottage, just on the outskirts.

To his surprise he found the door locked and the shutters closed. As he stood in his perplexity, a white-haired urchin who was turning somersaults near by shouted: "Ho, you, Matt Erickson! It's no good to wait there; the widow and Meg have gone away."

"Gone? Where?"

"Gone? To France, like enough—or to America—or to London—or somewhere else. They took a big box and a bundle, and they don't know

but they'll stay forever'n ever. Meg said so," and making a rotating wheel of himself, the lad vanished round the corner.

Just then the door of the nearest cottage opened and a woman's face looked out. It was growing dark.

"Is it you, Erickson! There's no one at home in the house there. But I have something here that I was to give you when you came this way."

"Her face was stern and set and white in the fading light as he took the little packet from the woman's hand."

"Where have they gone?" was all he said.

"I don't just know. To visit some of their kindfolk a great way off," the widow said. "Oh, but she's a close-mouthed one, she is—and Meg's a bit like her. They're not gossip folk. You never get much out of them," she added, with an injured air.

As soon as he was out of sight Matthew Erickson opened the packet. He knew what was in it before he untied the knot—a string of curiously-carved beads with a strange, foreign, spicy odor, that he had bought of a wandering trader and fastened around Meg's neck one happy night, and two or three other trifles he had given her. And he found this note slowly and painfully written, badly spelled, perhaps, and not punctuated at all. But what of that? The meaning was plain enough; all too plain, Matt thought, as he drew his hand across his eyes as if to clear his vision:

"I gave you back your troth last night. Here are the beads, and the silver piece, and the heron feathers. Now all is over between us." Here she had evidently hesitated a moment, wondering if her words were strong enough; for, on the line below she had written, as with an echo from the prayer-book reverberating in her ears:

"Forever and forever, amen. Margaret Neale."

Not Meg, his Meg, his proud, high-spirited sweetheart—but Margaret Neale! It set her at such an immeasurable distance from him. "All is over between us." As if she were dead and buried out of his sight. And he had spoken to James Ray about the snug cottage beyond the bay; and they were to have been married at Michaelmas!

He knew enough of the Widow Neale's habits to ask no more questions of the neighbors. As one of them had said, she was close-mouthed. He knew she had a sister living in Scotland, for whom Meg was named; but where, even he did not know. Scotland was like a distant foreign land to the people in Rysdyk. But the widow had money enough to go to Scotland or farther if she wished, even on short notice. She had never worked in the mines, neither had Meg. She had a comfortable annuity, left her by her old mistress; for she had served in a great family before she had married John Neale.

Month after month passed. Michaelmas was over, winter came and went, and Rysdyk knew no more of her or of Meg than when they left. The silence, the void, grew unendurable to Matt.

With the early spring he carried into effect what had been the one dream of his life before he learned to love Meg. America was the land of promise for miners as well as others, and had he not a friend who worked in the great iron mines at Ishpeming, Michigan, on the shores of the wonderful Northern lake that was itself almost as large as all England?

So when one fine morning, nearly a year after her sudden flitting, the neighbors awoke to find the door of Widow Neale's cottage ajar and the shutters open, the first bit of news Meg heard was that Matt Erickson had gone to America.

It struck her like a blow. Now, indeed, he had dropped out of her life as utterly as, months since, she had dropped out of his. For she, too, had had time to repent. Almost before the blue hills of Scotland had dawned upon her sight she had repented in dust and ashes. How foolish she had been, like a child who throws away his bread in a pet and goes to bed hungry. Why had she not worn the blue ribbon to please her lover, even if she did not like it? As for Jenny—but what nonsense was that! She would have been ashamed of Matt if he had not been kind to her.

To be sure, he had been cross and had thrown away her ribbon. But then he was a man, and men were strong and masterful and could not bear contradiction, and she had angered him by her foolish persistence.

And if she could but undo it all, and have her tall, brave, handsome lover back again!

She would have turned round and gone back to Rysdyk the very next day if she could have had her way. But a journey was a journey to people of her rank and condition, and her mother, who had taken it to please her, and somewhat against her own will, was not to be blown about like a feather by her caprices.

But why, do you ask, did not Meg write to her lover, if she felt she had been in the wrong? And why did no wiser ones than she always do the best thing, the right thing? Besides, she was a woman, and a proud one. After having discarded her lover she would not forthwith fall at his feet and ask him to marry her. But, ah! she thought as the long, slow days wore on, if she could but look upon his face once more, he would know all without the telling.

Once in a while, as the years went on, at rare intervals news of him came back to Rysdyk. He was well; he had fair wages, though gold was not to be had for the gathering in America any more than in England; he had been promoted and had charge of a gang of men. At length there was a long interval of silence.

Then came floating rumors of ill; and then after a while a letter in a strange hand writing, a letter to his uncle, who had died three weeks before it came. There had been a bad accident in the mines—an explosion; and in the effort to save others, Matthew Erickson had himself received dangerous injuries. No more thought he could live. But now, after months, he was slowly recovering; if recovery it could be called—for he was blind. The poisonous vapor had destroyed his sight.

It was five years since he went away—five years that had brought many changes to Meg. It was a sobered, thoughtful woman, not a hot-tempered girl, who knelt by the Widow Neale's side a week after the letter came, and said:

"Mother, have I been a good faithful child to you these many years?" Her mother looked at her wonderingly. Two quiet women living alone, they were not in the habit of being over demonstrative.

"A good child? Why do you ask that, Meg? There's not a better in all Lancashire!"

"Have I ever vexed you or given you sorrow? Tell me, mother."

"No," said the Widow Neale slowly "only—it vexes me that you will not marry; an old maid's no good, and you know that two of the best men in Rysdyk worship the very ground you tread on this day. I call no names and I say nothing. A woman must answer for herself. I wish you were married, Meg. I've saved up a good penny for your dowry; you know that."

"Yes," she said, her lips quivering.

"Whatever was the reason you did not have Matt Erickson?" her mother went on querulously. "You'd been a proud wife now, and he here hale and hearty."

With a quick gasp Meg threw up both arms, and then buried her face in her mother's lap, sobbing vehemently, while the latter sat aghast, frightened at the storm she had unwittingly raised. At last she touched her daughter's hair softly.

"Don't, Meg," she said, "I did not mean it!"

But Meg only drew the wringled hands about her neck, and let her tears flow unchecked. At length she looked up.

"It was I who drove him away—Matt Erickson," she said. "We had a little quarrel, just a few idle words about a ribbon, and I told him in my silly anger I would have no more to say to him while the stars shone. And now they do not shine for him, for he is blind—blind. Oh, mother, I cannot live, I cannot bear it!"

"Yes, you will live, child," the widow answered, quickly. "Your father was brought in to me dead—killed in three years when you were scarce three years old, my Meg, and I am alive yet."

"But this is worse than death," she cried, passionately. "Mother, do you hear? He who was my pledged husband is blind, in a far, strange country. I must go and bring him home, home to Rysdyk."

She had risen from her mother's arms and stood before her in the moonlight, pale, resolute, with her hands clasped rigidly. "Give me my dowry, mother, and let me go," she said. "Do not deny me this thing. I am well and strong, and if I do say it, I am quick witted. I can make my way; I shall come back safely. Let me go, mother!"

"It is not your place, Meg. Let some one else go."

"Who? Tell me that! Has he father or brother or uncle? Who is there to go?"

"But—it's not right mainly to off after a lover, Meg. What will the folks say? And—would you marry a blind man?"

"Maidenly! It is maidenly to do right," said Meg, her brown cheek flushing. "What do I care for the folks! I'm not a young girl to drop my eyes and be shamefaced because folks will talk. They always talk. And as for marrying—it is not of marriage I am thinking now; it is of bringing Matt Erickson—whom I drove away with my ill-doings—back safe to his own country!"

She hesitated a moment and then went on: "But I'll not play false to you, mother. If I ask me to marry him, I'll do it. I'll ask me to marry him, after all that's passed, he shall have me, and I'll take care of him till I die."

Their talk lasted far into the night. But with it we have no more to do, nor the details by which a little money was made to go a great way. For, after many tears, the widow consented that Meg should take her dowry and spend it as she chose. If they had been more worldly-wise they would have known how to accomplish their purpose through the agency of others. As it was, they saw no other way than for Meg to do herself the thing she wanted done.

Oh, that weary, weary journey! Why was the world so wide, the way so long? Meg kept up a brave heart until the boisterous sea was crossed and she had made her way as far as Buffalo, where she had been told to take the steamer for Marquette. It seemed to her that she had traveled the width of the whole wide earth already since her foot first fell upon the soil of the strange new world.

"Is this Lake Superior, sir?" she asked of a policeman, as she left the cars and saw the water of Lake Erie stretching away in the distance. "And can you tell me, are we near Ishpeming?"

"Oh, no, my girl; this is Erie. Lake Superior is away up north, hundreds of miles from here—Ispheming. Never heard of such a place. But here's the steamer, if you're going up that way."

Her heart sank like lead. Would she ever, ever reach the end? All day, and day after day, she sat silently in the bow of the boat, gazing steadily forward!

It was like a new birth when, after many days, the steamer entered the beautiful Bay of Marquette, and the fair young city rose before her astonished eyes, its white cliffs gleaming in the sun, its green shores sweeping downward to the water's edge. She was near her goal at last.

For Ishpeming was about fifteen miles away up the railroad, and thither she went by the first train. How rough and wild it all was! And how the charred and blackened pine trees, lowered aloft like grim giants, and pointed their ghastly fingers at her as she swept through their solitude!

"Can you tell me where to find a man called Matthew Erickson?" she asked of the depot-master, trembling from head to foot.

"Erickson? Erickson? Blown up in the mines a year or so ago, wasn't he? He stays at Sam Ayres', the Englishman's, I believe. Just go around that corner, m'ann, then turn to the right and go up the hill—or stay! Let me look up and I'll go with you. Ever been in Ishpeming before? No? I thought you looked like a stranger in these parts."

He left her at Sam Ayres' gate, having opened it gallantly when he saw that her cold fingers were unfit to do her bidding. A kindly-faced woman came to the door and bade her welcome.

Meg's story was soon told.

"And you have come all this long way to take Erickson home again?" her eyes flitting. "God bless you, dear, for I'm sure He sent you. We've done the best we could for him, but you are his sister?"

"No, I'm a friend—a neighbor. There was no one else," she said, simply.

"No matter about my name; say a friend from the old country."

The woman came back presently.

"Be careful," she said, "his weak yet. But I want to tell you something just to keep your heart up, for he looks like a ghost. There was a great doctor from New York up here last week to look at his poor eyes, and he told Sam there was a chance for him yet—just one chance in a hundred."

"Does he know it?" asked Meg, tremulously, her color coming and going. She was but a woman, after all. Only blindness would have brought her there.

"No, and you must not tell him. The

doctor said so most particularly. Will you go up now?"

He had been sitting in the sun by the window all day brooding. They had been very kind to him, these people, but kindness wears itself out after awhile. What was to become of him? The wages he had laid up were wasting away. The early northern winter would soon set in. He shivered as he thought of the fierce winds, the pitiless, drifting snows. There was nothing a blind man could do here! If he were only at home in Rysdyk! Would Meg be sorry for him, he wondered, if she knew how desolate he was, how lonely in this strange land? If he were at home he could learn to weave baskets like old Timothy. Here he was just a dead weight.

"Some one to see him from the old country?"

He turned his sightless eyes toward the door where Meg was entering noiselessly as a spirit, and his face kindled eagerly. Noiselessly she closed the door behind her. He was so changed, so white as his frame, and his own heart stopped its pulsations for a moment. She feared any sudden shock might overcome him. She dared not speak lest he should know her voice. Strange that she had not thought of this before!

He put out his hand vaguely, feeling the presence he could not see.

"You are very welcome," he said. "But I do not know who it is. Who are you?"

He thought it was some kindly Englishman, who having heard of his misfortunes had come to speak a word of cheer and comfort.

She gave him her hand, still silently. A woman's hand! A swift, thrill shot through his frame, and his face flushed. Holding herself still with a mighty effort, Meg knelt by his side, laying her hand upon his knee.

His hand touched her hair, her forehead, her lips. She gave a low cry, trembling like a leaf.

"Speak to me, quick," he whispered, hoarsely.

"Oh, Meg, my Meg!"—Sunday Afternoon.

Escorts as a Branch of Trade.

Among the many new and peculiar aids to material comfort in the metropolitan cities of New York correspondent, no single one contributes more to a happier rate than the district telegraph system. It includes, as you doubtless know, a messenger, police and fire service, but it also includes an escort service, which is comparatively little known, which, as it is for the special use and behoof of unprotected women, ought to be widely understood. Suppose a lady chance to stay over night in town and desire to go to the theater or opera, but has no one to attend her. She simply leaves her address and \$ at the nearest district telegraph office, and at the proper time a well-dressed, well-mannered man presents himself, and takes her to the play-house, buying the tickets, paying her fares, etc. for which she of course, supplies the funds. The man is quiet and modest, and in no possible way distinguished from the lady's husband, brother or friend; so that, so far as all practical aid is concerned, she is just as well off as if her natural guardians were with her. At first glance it might be supposed there would be little need of any such service; but in a great city like New York there are hundreds and thousands of women who have no man belonging to them, and who must either stay at home or put themselves to the annoyance of taking the good will of somebody upon whom they have no recognized claim. The fact that this branch of the district service is growing constantly and steadily shows how great was the need of it here.

Washington in Tears.

Washington had accepted an invitation from Arnold to breakfast with him on the very day the plot was discovered, but was prevented from keeping his engagement by what men call chance—by the earnest request, namely, of an old officer, near whose station they passed, to spend the night there and inspect some works in the neighborhood. Next day while Washington, with his staff, including Lafayette, were seated at a table at this officer's quarters, a dispatch was brought to the American general, which he immediately opened and read; then laid it down without comment. No alteration was visible in his countenance, but he remained perfectly silent. Conversation dropped among his suite; and after some minutes the general, beckoning Lafayette to follow him, passed to an inner apartment, turned to his young friend without uttering a syllable, placed the fatal dispatch in his hands, and then giving way to an ungovernable burst of feeling, fell on his neck and sobbed aloud. The effect produced on the young French Marquis, accustomed to regard his general (cold and dignified in his usual manner) as devoid of the usual weaknesses of humanity, may be imagined. "I believe," said Lafayette, in relating this anecdote, "that this was the only occasion throughout the long and sometimes hopeless struggle that Washington ever gave way, even for a moment, under a reverse of fortune; and, perhaps, I was the only human being who ever witnessed in him an exhibition of feeling so foreign to his temperament. As it was, he recovered before I had perceived the communication that had given rise to his emotion; and when we returned to his staff not a trace remained on his countenance either of grief or despondency."—Lippincott's Magazine.

How Gen. Shields was Cured.

The late Gen. Shields, at the battle of Cerro Gordo, in Mexico, was severely wounded while leading his men, but he refused to quit the field. He advanced to the charge, when he was struck in the chest by a copper grapeshot that passed through his lungs. He fell into the arms of Oglesby, at present United States Senator from Illinois, and was carried from the battlefield to all appearances lifeless. Obituary notices appeared afterwards in nearly all the papers of the country, so convinced were the brother officers of the impossibility of his surviving such a terrible wound. For weeks he lay at the brink of death in the neighborhood of the battlefield, and his cure seems little short of a miracle. The army surgeons had given him over for death when a Mexican doctor said he would live if he would let him remove the coagulated blood from the wound. Shields, as a kilt or cure remedy, told him to try, and a fine silk handkerchief was worked in and finally drawn through the wound, removing the extravasated blood, when daylight could be seen through the hole. He lived to be a hale and hearty man, from disease or any inconvenience from the wound, which was considered at that time mortal.

TIMELY TOPICS.

A thorough test of the power, cost and comparative advantages of the electric light is to be made in the Capitol building at Washington, and three machines for the purpose have already been purchased. It is also proposed to place a light at the summit of the dome of such power as to illuminate a large portion of the city.

It is stated that at Christiana and at Stockholm, Sweden, the police arrest men who, in the streets and habits of pleasure resorts, indulge in the habit of pursuing, addressing and annoying women who freely circulate there. Such offenders are made to pay a fine of twenty-five kroner (equal to about six dollars) and their name, residence and profession are published in all the journals under the head of "Disturbers of the Peace of Women." It is needless to say that the public shame thus incurred is now very much shunned by men, and many would willingly pay, if they were allowed, a large sum of money to be permitted to escape.

Carlos, an Italian gymnast, well-known from his feats with a charged wooden cannon, was lifting it from its stand, during a recent exhibition in Corvia, when it fell, mouth downward. The gymnast, with the rapidity of lightning, endeavored to break the shock so as to prevent the weapon's exploding, but he was unsuccessful; the concussion fired the piece, and as the charge could not emerge, the cannon burst. Carlos died almost immediately. The consternation and horror among the spectators at this frightful scene were intense; only one of them was wounded, however, although the splinters of the cannon were driven about in every direction.

A recent review of Burmese troops is thus described by an eye-witness: "The number of men drawn up on the parade ground was five thousand, including infantry and cavalry, in addition to which there were eighty-five elephants. The infantry looked like so many monkeys; for size and soldierly bearing they are utterly contemptible. The cavalry were mounted upon thin and puny ponies. The guns of the elephant battery were of no greater bore than the common English duck gun. The Burmese were immensely excited over their warlike display but it would be difficult to imagine anything more ridiculous than such a sight to any one with the slightest acquaintance with the armies of Europe."

President Eliot, of Harvard College, at the dinner of the Massachusetts Medical Society of Boston, called the attention of the members of the society to certain peculiar diseases prevalent among the students of Harvard College. He had found that, in the senior class of two hundred young men, forty-two suffer so severely from diseases of the nose, throat and lungs that it is impossible, in the opinion of members of the Massachusetts Medical Society, for them to go to prayers; and a peculiar feature of the disease is that the same members of the society certify that it would be dangerous for them to go to prayers for six months to come. Another peculiarity is that the disease apparently increases the longer the student attends college, for while only ten per cent of the freshmen are afflicted, twenty-one per cent of the others are. Still another peculiarity of the disease is that it exists only a few moments in the day, and always about the same time; it does not prevent the patients from going to their meals, even though the prayer bell is ringing at the same time; it does not prevent their attending recitations; they can even go to the theater and ride out home in the horse-car late at night in mid-winter they can row in the boats, play baseball, and even sing in the glee club. It is known that the disease exists, however, for it is certified to by members of the Massachusetts Medical Society.

Words of Wisdom.

Men's muscles move better when their souls are making merry music.

Man has to go out and seek his path; woman's path usually lies close under her feet.

When people's feelings have got a deadly wound they can't be cured by favors.

Pleasure is the mere accident of our being, and work its most natural and holy necessity.

Some persons move through life as a hand of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to every one, far and near, that cares to listen.

If all were as willing to be pleasant and as anxious to please in their own homes as they are in the company of their neighbors they would have the happiest homes in the world.

Times of the greatest calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore comes from the hottest furnace; the brightest flash from the darkest cloud.

Our eyesight is the most exquisite of our senses, yet it does not serve us to discern wisdom; if it did what a glow of love would the kindly within us and who our lives would be beautified.

Good words do more than hard speeches; as the sunbeams without any noise will make the traveler cast off his cloak, which all