In Harbor.

I think it is over, over I think it is over at last: oices of foeman and lover, The sweet and the bitter, have pas Life, like a tempest of ocean, Hath outblown its ultimate blast. There's but a faint sobbing seaward, While the calm of the tide deepens leeward, ad behold! like the welcoming quive 9f heart-pulses throbbed through the river,

se lights in the Harbor at last-The heavenly Harbor at last! I feel it is over, over-The winds and the waters surcease: How few were the days of the Royer

That smiled in the beauty of peace ! And distant and dim was the omen That hinted redress or release. From the ravage of Life, and its riot, What marvel I yearn for the quie Which bides in this Harbor at last? For the lights, with their welcoming quiver, That throb through the sanctified river Which girdles the Harbor at last-The heavenly Harbor at last?

I know it is over, over-I know it is over at last: Down sail; the sheathed anchor uncover For the stress of the voyage has passed Life, like a tempest of ocean Hath outblown its ultimate blast.

There's but a faint sobbing seaward, While the calm of the tide deepens leeward, And behold! like the welcoming quiver of heart-pulses throbbed through the river, Those lights in the Harbor at last -The heavenly Harbor at last! -Paul H. Hayne, in Harper's Magazine.

John Redmond's Inheritance,

They were all assembled in the study at the old Grange to hear the reading of Gilbert Radmond's will. His widow sat in the large, high-backed chair opsite the great square window. The inlight fell on a kind, sad face, full of otherliness, though she had never nown the joys of maternity. Near her, nd leaning on the mantelpiece, stood er husband's nephew, John Redmond, a tall, strong built man of thirty years, with kindly, bright blue eyes, and sunny brown hair clustering over a forehead as fair and smooth as a maiden's. His battle with life had left some lines saround the firm mouth, which in his boyhood must have been singularly sweet, though never affeminate.

Seen now with that grave, set expression, he gave one the impression of strong, true manhood. But the power of his face lay in his smile. It was irresistibly winning.

Seated at Mrs. Redmond's knee was her niece, Winnie Barton, the adopted daughter of the house. A slight, graceful girl of eighteen summers, she was a perfect picture of blonde beauty reminding one forcibly, in her grief, of the sorrowful face of Beatrice Cenci. Her great brown eyes were full of tears and but for this she might have been carved in marble, so motionless was

With the addition of a dozen old servants, standing in sad and respectful silence at the further end of the apartment, my group is complete. They were awaiting the old family lawyer, Mr. Weston, and dreary as the stillness was no one was in the mood to break it.

Ten years ago, when Winnie was a child, and John Redmond a youth of twenty, his uncle had endeavored to induce him to give up his scheme of entering a medical college, promising him a liberal allowance, and to acknowledge him as his heir. But John refused to sacrifice his independence, and the uncle and nephew parted-with sad determination on one side and a command never again to enter the Grange on the

"If you are sick or in trouble you will send for me, uncle?" asked the boy, wistfully, as he turned from the stern

But though he returned no answer the words rang in his memory years after the bright young face had passed from the old mansion.

John Redmond won fame if not fortune from the world which he had entered. A year before he died the old man sent for him, and when he came could hardly trace in the bronzed, bearded man the boy he so well remembered. But he was proud of him, and won a reluctant consent that he would make the old Grange his home.

"It will not be for long, John. The grave will soon claim me," he said.

And it was so. One short year and the restless heart was set at rest forever. Now for the last time would he utter the wishes that had always been as laws.

Steps were heard approaching, and in another moment the lawyer was bowing gravely to the family. Then, without further introduction, he read the will. Like most other actions of Gilbert Redmond's life it was eccentric. Toward the end he had conceived the notion of a marriage between John and Winnie. Although never hinting his reason to the young people he had contrived that they should be much together. His property was now to be equally divided between them in the event of their union. If either of the parties refused to comcousin. With sundry small bequests to him.

friends and servants this was the substance of the will.

The lawyer, taking off his spectacles. approached Mrs. Redmond and commenced a conversation with her in a low key, kindly abstaining from noticing Winnie, who, with burning cheeks, left the room as soon as possible. John's face, too, was flushed, and his manner tinged with embarrassment as he replied to the few questions put to him by his aunt, who told him they would look for his answer in three days; then he escaped to the library with his friend, Percy Norton. There we will leave him and follow Winnie to her room.

On entering she had flung herself into a wide, deep arm-chair near the window. The rays of the setting sun touched the bowed, golden head and lingered there, lighting it into still brighter glory. Shame, resentment and wounded pride were struggling with softer feelings in her heart. Kind as he now be so inconsiderate? How dared he fling her at any man's head, and least of all John Redmond's! John who had been her hero ever since they had brought her home, a poor little motherless babe, and his were the only arms in which she would rest! They had been firm friends ever since, and the greatest sorrow and joy of her short life had been his exile and return.

Perhaps, whispered hope, he may love you, and all will yet be right.

But the timid little voice was silenced as memory brought back a host of actions, all kind, but none lovelike. Long did she sit there, and many a wild scheme passed through her head of stealing away into the world and leaving John in possession of the fortune.

"What is to be done must be done quickly," she said, " or he will be before me in the refusal of the property; and I must go away and let them think me dead."

Then she rose, bathed her eyes, and stole down to the garden. Her favorite seat was just outside the library windows, and it was here she went just in time to hear John's voice saying:

"Yes, we have always been fond of each other in a cousinly fashion, but I tell you, Percy, under the circumstances I never can and never will ask her to marry me; and, poor little girl! to save for her that money, must refuse her."

Gathering her skirts around her Winnie fled noiselessly back to her room, but not this time to think or weep. She was cut to the heart, for, all unknown to herself, she loved John Redmond with the full strength of her woman's nature, and, womanlike, prepared to sacrifice herself for the man she loved. For an hour she busied herself in settling the contents of the various drawers and boxes in the room, making up some of the plainer articles of clothing into a small bundle. She then sat down, and, taking pen and paper, wrote the following note;

"DEAR AUNT LOUISE . Ere read this I shall be lying dark waters of the river. Weston I absolutely refuse to comply with the terms of my uncle's will. I could not; a barrier greater than you know exists to his desire. Try and think kindly of me, and tell John not to think harshly of his little sister.

" WINNIE." "It is better they should think me dead," she said. "If they knew my real intentions they would never cease to seek for me." Then, stooping down, with a foolishly tender thought, she kissed John's name where she had written it, and, sealing the note, left it where they would find it.

Putting on her hat and cloak she took down from the shelf her pretty garden hat, and carrying that and the bundle ning, tender smile, and kneeling down stole from the room. At the door she on one knee took both the cold, trembpaused and looked back. She had been ling little hands in his warm, strong her sobs she fled down the old familiar avenue and took the path leading to the

And now let us go back to the library. Had poor little Winnie but come a moment before she need not now be speeding away from her home with so sore a heart. John Redmond loved her with a love equal to her own, and the words that she heard were spoken under the belief that she loved him with only a sisterly affection, which he was too noble to play upon by inducing her to become his wife.

Percy had to return to his home, and his friend determined to walk with him as far as the station, as the night had become cloudy and threatened a storm, and the former was unfamiliar with the road. He was now returning, and just as Winnie's figure had emerged from the gate he caught sight of it, and at once recognized her.

"Where can the child be going at this late hour?" he soliloquized. "It seems dishonorable to follow her, and impertinent to question, and-good heaven! she must be walking in her sleep. In any case, I must follow to

A very little watching sufficed to show him that she was at least wide awake, ply with the conditions his or her por- so on they walked, the young man tion was to go to the other. In case of keeping in the deep shadow of the both refusing the whole went to a distant trees, so that she did not discover

here she paused. A thrill of fear caused him to hasten his steps. But no. Winnie's was too noble a soul to dream of self-destruction. It was now raining heavily, and the flashes of lightning showed him the slight figure bend over the stream and drop into it the garden hat that she carried, and then turn away toward a bridge a few yards farther down. He followed noiselessly, almost breathless from astonishment; the lightning revealed her standing on the bridge, which was struck by the next flash and she sank

from sight beneath the waters. It was the work of a second to spring in after her, cursing himself for not having stopped her before, and seize the unconscious form as it rose to the surface. He was a good swimmer and soon gained the bank, where he laid his unconscious burden. She was not as he at first supposed, dead, but dazed her uncle had always been, now could by the shock. His professional skill enabled him to use the best means to promote her recovery, and he was rewarded; for in a few moments she opened her eyes, and recognizing him, exclaimed, as in the old, childish days: "Dear old John!"

Then, as he raised her in his arms murmuring tender, loving words, she remembered all and endeavored to break from his hold; but the exertion was too much and she sank back faint ing. They were only a quarter of a mile from the house, and he carried her home, never feeling the burden in the joy of having her safe, his own darling, after those few terrible moments of despair. Carrying her into the library he quickly summoned her aunt, and the girl was soon put to bed.

When, after awhile they found the note, John could not understand it all, although, with rare trust in a man, he felt sure that whatever might be the selution of this strange enigma Winnie was still the noble Winnie of old.

Mrs. Redmond being a woman saw deeper, and in the few carefully chosen words read the whole pitiful little story and the true woman's heart of the young girl who was now lying in a high fever, and raving of wills and dark rivers, and repeating over and over again the words she had heard in the library, which, in one of his visits to the sick-room, John chanced to hear and recognized as his own, making clear to him what had been dark, and causing a sigh for what might have been. For bright little Winnie, the household darling and queen, lay apparently dy-

Many nights they watched, despairing; at last she was pronounced out of danger, and one day soon afterward saw her in the old sunny window of the library. She was only a pale little shadow of herself, with all her life and spirit crushed out, and it became apparent to all that the burden on her mind must be removed or she would never recover So John carried her downstairs, and as the golden head lay on his breast, he could not help thinking of that night when the curls were wet and storm tossed, and he bent to kiss her as he had done then. The caress brought a wave of color to the pale cheeks, making her look more like the Winnie of old days. When he laid her on the lounge and arranged the shawl and pillows, she looked wistfully at Aunt Louise, who, smiling kindly at her, went to attend some household concerns.

"John will entertain you dear," she said, as she closed the door.

For a moment neither spoke, for both were thinking of the explanation which they felt must come. Then John, seeing the pain and shame on the dear face, went over to her with the old winning, tender smile, and kneeling so happy here -so happy! But stifling ones, and said, in the low, tender tones in which he always spoke to her:

"We will let the past go, Winnie dear, and I never will ask the reason of that night's story; but, little one, I want you to trust me, too. I have loved you a long while dear, and Uncle Gilbert's fortune could be no temptation to me Yes, I know just what you mean," as she interrupted him; "I know what you heard that night, but, dear, you did not hear it all. I would not ask you to marry me because I believed you did not love me; but now, Winnie, will you be my wife?"

She had meant to be brave and digni fied, but her illness had made her weak as a child, and his tender trust broke down the last remnant of her pride and self-possession. just clasped her arms around She his neck, and, laying her head on his shoulder, cried softly. Neither spoke word, but with his strong arms around her she felt that the old bitter sorrow had gone forever, and a future full of happiness was before her.

When she was calmer she insisted on telling him all, and then he knew that if she had erred her fault was at least s generous one.

"You have not answered my question yet, Winnie," he said, looking down into the blushing, happy face raised so trustfully to his; "do you love me, my darling ?"

"I have loved you all my life, John," dustry lifts them above temptation

At last they reached the river, and she said, conquering her shyness in the endeavor to make some return for his noble trust.

"Thank God, dear!" he said, reverently, bending to kiss her lips.

A Terrible Tragedy of the Sea.

The murder of Captain James S. Dwight, of the American ship Freeman Clark, from Singapore for New York, by the steward and the cook of the vessel, both Malay Chinamen, was a terrible affair. The two Chinamen had been ordered to stop smoking opium, as it made them unfit to attend to their duties. They disobeyed the order, and Captain Dwight ordered that the opium in their possession be thrown overboard. This was done, and is believed to have been the incentive for the crime. The published account of Captain Dwight's murder is as follows: On a Friday night, before going to bed, Captain Dwight complained that he did not feel right. He was not at all sick and had no definite cause of complaint. Nevertheless he seemed to be unaccountably depressed in spirits. When he left the deck for his cabin he called the second officer, James M. Lowry, and shook hands with him. The incident was vividly recalled by Mr. Lowry after the mutiny had occurred. Second Officer Lowry went off duty at midnight and at 4 o'clock on Saturday morning his watch was resumed. The second officer took a cup of coffee from the steward, and then went forward about

It was about this time, it is supposed, that the steward and the cook, each with a hatchet and an ordinary butcher knife, went into the captain's room and hacked and stabbed the unfortunate commander to death. The murder completed, the two villains went through the cabin to First Officer Williams' room, forward. Mr. Williams was sleeping, but he was aroused by a cut over the head from one of the assailants. Just as the cook raised his hatchet to inflict another blow, a seaman named Francesco, who had been attracted to the room by the mate's cry of "Murder!" grap. pled with the assassin. The four men struggling together, got out on the forward deck. In the meantime Second Officer Lowry had heard Mr. Williams' calls and saw the struggling men. He ran for help to the captain's room, and found his commander crouched on his knees by his bunk, bleeding profusely and moaning.

"The captain's murdered!" cried Mr. Lowry to the man at the wheel, and he then dashed back to the forward deck. His appearance attracted the attention of the cook, who ran toward Lowry crying: "I will kill you, you -!" Lowry fled into the captain's room and secured the captain's sword. Ranning around to the forward deck he found the steward and the first officer clinched. Lowry cut the steward twice over the shoulder with his sword, and the mutineer released his hold of Mr. Williams. A seaman named Andrew Johnson, who had reached the spot, followed the cuts with a blow on the steward's head with a capstan bar. Charles Johnson, the ship's carpenter, who had been on deck only a few minutes, seized an iron pump handle and felled the steward. The latter died in about fifteen minutes.

Meanwhile Francesco, who had first come to Mr. Williams' assistance, on seeing the cook run after Lowry, ran to the carpenter's shop and secured an ax. The cook, finding that his intended victim had eluded him, rushed toward Francesco. The latter was chased to the aft deck, where he turned upon his pursuer, and both men struck at each other with their weapons at the same time. Francesco received a cut on the head, and he gashed the cook's face severely. The mutineer then fled forward and was hit with a claw-hammer by another sailor. The murderer fell and almost instantly died.

Mr. Lowry, the carpenter, and several seamen attempted in vain to revive Captain Dwight. He lingered for two or three hours and then expired. The gashes on the back of his head and on his face are described as something frightful. Fourteen wounds were inflicted on his body by the murderers. His right thumb was cut off. It is supposed that, awaking under the assault he seized his revolver, which hung over his head, but before he could use it the weapon was struck with a hatchet. After the murder the steward took the revolver and pointed it at some of the men during the struggle. Evidently, however, he did not know how to use it, and could not discharge it. First Officer Williams' wound received in the affray was not very severe. The bodies of the two Chinamen were thrown overboard without ceremony, and Captain Dwight's body was reverently consigned to the ocean's depths by his crew.

The census bureau shows that the number of men engaged in agricultural pursuits in the United States is 7,699,-212, as against 3,519,467 in manufacturing, mechanical and mining occupa-

Hard workers are usually honest. In-

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The gleam of falling water attracts certain insects as powerfully as does artificial light. In Iceland, moth after moth have been seen flying deliberately into a waterfall, where they disappear.

The influence of atmospheric electricity on vines has been tried, and grapes produced under it have been found to be richer in sugar and poorer in acid than those produced under natural conditions.

By breathing for some moments on a glass gobiet previously moistened with water, and next rinsing the glass in pure distilled water, this liquid will be found, by the usual tests, to contain ammonia and nitric acid.

The tsetse fly of Africa, whose bite proves fatal to domestic animals, lavs its eggs within the flesh at every bite, and the animal which dies from the effect proves to contain myriads of white worms in its stomach.

Professor Whitney does not lay any weight on the removal of forests as a cause of the dryness and desolation of former fertile and populous regions of the earth. He admits that the greater proportion of land to water in late geological eras may have a little to do with the decreased rain fall; but he attributes the diminished precipitation mainly to a lowering of the intensity of solar radiation during geological time.

The present increase of the population of England from the excess of births over deaths is about one and a half per cent. a year, and Proctor computes that if the world had started with one million inhabitants five thousand years ago (an estimate probably far too low) and had made a uniform increase at that rate, the earth's present population would be 213,800,000,000,000,000, 000.000.000.000.000.000.000. Even if the world's population had been only ten four thousand years ago, and the same rate of increase had been kept up that is now in progress in England, the number would now be so great that 122,000,000,000 such globes as this earth would only give standing room for the vast population, supposing the entire surface of each globe to be occu-

Eccentric Congressmen.

A Washington correspondent writing about some eccentric members of Congress says: An eccentric fellow was the delegate from Idaho, three or four congresses back. It was his pleasurable habit on warm days during the sessions of the House to take a nap. Back of the seats in the House, as everybody knows, are sofas, wide and luxurious, placed at short intervals all around the hall. The honorable gentleman from Idaho would begin his entertainment by nodding in his seat. Then, more asleep than awake, he would shuffle to one of those sofas. First he would pull off one boot, then think over it a moment, and finally pull off the other one. Next he would unbutton his vest and unloose his cravat. Then to sleep and to anore

I once had the misfortune to board at a hotel-a first-class hotel. My little family shared a very desirable table in a corner with an honorable Senator. It was in the days of Andy Johnson, and the Senator was in high favor. He was very good-natured, very honest, very frank and very green. He was temper. ate, dressed in broadcloth, and never would bore you with too much talk. Indeed, I may say, he would have been very agreeable but for one bad habit. He would blow his nose on the napkin. The first thing he did when he sat down to the table was to spread out the snowy linen and "whoop it up" like a house afire. If there is anything in the world that is revolting and cowardly it is an anonymous letter, but to that Senator I wrote one, containing simply these words: "Why don't you blow your nose on your handkerchief instead of your napkin?" It had the desired effect you may be sure. That Senator is still living, though he is not now in the Senate. If this paragraph ever falls under his eye, he will know who it was that did hint one of the greatest favors he ever received.

A Loving Wife's Terrible Death.

The most distressing death of the Monticello (Miss) cyclone was that of Mrs. Carroll, because of the manner in which it was brought about. Hearing the storm approaching, Mrs. Carroll. with her baby in her arms, rushed to her husband, Dr. Carroll, who threw his arms about her neck. At the same moment the wind blew the timbers of the house down upon them and crushed them to the floor, the mother with the infant in her arms, the husband with his arm around his wife's neck, and there he choked her to death. The falling timbers did not seem to hurt her, but locked the doctor's arm so closely about her neck that he could not move it. He was conscious that he was killing her, but all his efforts to throw off the timbers were fatile. Assistance came in two hours-too late! The spirit of his beautiful and loving wife had taken its flight—she was in death's cold embrace, and the husband felt that he was in a measure the cause of her death. For days he was almost a raving manuac. The babe was also killed.

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

In Germany even the smallest watch wheels are now made from paper pulp. The recent census showed that there

are 9,945,916 families in the United Rock | crystal, being found abundant-

ly in Brazil, is commercially known as Brazilian pebble. Emory is so called from Cape Emeri,

in the island of Naxos, where the best variety is obtained. A thermometer buried four inches

deep in the sand in South Africa will rise to 159 degrees. The Athenians used to beat on brass cettles at the moment of death, to

frighten away the Furies. An oxalis, growing in Angola, Africa, is so sensitive that its leaves close on the approach of footsteps.

The snake can stand erect, climb as well as an ape, swim like a fish, dart forward and do all but fly in seizing its

The forests of caoutchouc trees on the banks of the Madeira and its tributaries yield over 1,600,000 pounds

It is estimated that at the present rate of emigration the population of the United States fifty years hence will be

nearly 200,000,000. Belgian miners can perform a large amount of work almost without food. their strength being maintained by their habitual use of coffee.

Chica, a liquid which in Peru is handed round like coffee after meals, is prepared from maize moistened and fer-

mented by mastication. In Cambria county, Pa., there are two springs only a few feet apart, one of which finds its way into the Atlantic ocean and the other into the Gulf of Mexico.

In the time of Julius Cæsar quarries of white marble were opened on the coast of Etruria, and thenceforth Rome drew her supply from this place to the exclusion of Greek marbles.

The amount of horseflesh consumed in Paris last year was 1,670 tons and of donkey mest about 418 tons. The offal of neither is reckoned in these figures, though it was utilized all the same for making prime country sausages.

Authorities agree that the earliest date to be given pictorial representations on window glass is later than the year 1000. All colored windows before that time were ornamented by small pieces arranged in geometrical pat-

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Trust and you will not be trusted. A wrong cannot be justified by its object.

Credit often ruins both debtor and creditor.

Promise to pay is the father of bank ruptcy.

Strive for the best and provide against the worst.

What has been unjustly gained cannot be justly kept. Those are the most honorable who

are the most useful. Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.

No one can read another's mind; few can read their own. Education should bring to light the

ideal of the individual.

Hold on to virtue—it is above price to you at all times and places.

How many men and women are there without a weak spot somewhere?

A none part of every true life is to learn to undo what has been wrongly done.

We know that we must meet to part, but we know that we part to meet again. Where the tree of benficence takes

root it sends forth branches beyond the sky.

A man's good breeding is the best security against other people's ill

The silence that eccepts merit as the most natural thing in the world, is the highest applause.

The best that we can do for one another is to exchange our thoughts freely; and that, after all, is but little.

" I Told You So."

An old lady who was in the habit of boasting after the occurrence of any event that she had predicted it, was one day cleverly "sold" by her worthy spouse, who had got tired of hearing her eternal "I told you so." Rushing into the house, breathless with excitement, he dropped into a chair, elevated his hands and exclaimed: "Oh, my dear, what do you think? The old cow has gone and eaten up our grindstone!" The old lady was ready, and, hardly waiting to hear the last word, she screamed out at the top of her lungs: "I told you so. I told you so. You always would let it stand out of doors."

The Buckingham gold mine in Virginia is valued at \$2,000,000.