

What the Ship Brought Me.

I waited long by the wide bay's side,
Watched until the sun went down,
And the mountain peak against the sky
Leaned, wearing a gleaming gold crown.
The crickets chirped in the waving grass,
The waves made music in passing along,
While many a bird just going to rest
Sang its soft, melodious vesper song.

I heard the bells of the village ring,
Ringing the close of the long day's toil,
The end of the factory's busy hum,
And the daily labor's brisk turmoil;
And the shadows deepened while I sat there
Watching, eye, watching for one to come,
One who had been for a whole long year
Many and many a mile from home.

What was that voice that I listened to,
That sang a song of sweetness rare?
What was the whisper that came to me
As I sat watching the bright waves there?
It was the voice of the heart's strong faith,
Of the soul's high trust it was the song,
And I knew that I soon would behold the face
Of him who had been absent so long.

And the moon arose with her wonted grace,
And smiled on a sail so purely white
It seemed like the wing of some spirit pale
That had come abroad in the moonlight night—
I watched its coming with hope and fear
As I saw the vessel more plainly grow
To my sight, though it came on sluggish feet,
Aye, it came, it seemed to me, so slow!

But joy for me was in that ship,
For it brought my loved one back to me—
Him who had carried his faith and hope
All over the cruel, tempestuous sea;
And now, whenever I sit beside
That white-capped bay and a sail appears,
I think of the joy which a sail brought me
One summer eve in the long-gone years.

—Caleb Dunn.

THREE BRAVE MEN.

Pretty Barbara Ferron would not marry. Her mother was in consternation.

"Why are you so stubborn, Barbara?" she asked. "You have plenty of lovers?"

"But they do not suit," said Barbara, coolly tying her curls before the mirror.

"Why not?"

"I want to marry a man who is brave, equal to any emergency. If I give up my liberty I want it taken care of."

"Silly child! What is the matter with Big Barney, the blacksmith?"

"He is big, but I never heard that he was brave."

"And you never heard that he was not. What is the matter with Ernest, the gunsmith?"

"He is as placid as goat's milk."

"That's no sign he is a coward. There is Little Fritz, the tanner; he is quarrelsome enough for you, surely?"

"He is no bigger than a bantam cock. It is little good he can do if the house was set upon by robbers."

"It is not always strength that wins a fight, girl. It takes brains as well as brawn. Come now, Barbara, give these three young fellows a fair trial."

Barbara turned her face before the mirror, letting down one raven tress and looping up another.

"I will, mother," she said, at last.

That evening Ernest, the gunsmith, knocked at the door.

"You sent for me, Barbara?" he said, going to the girl, who stood upon the hearth, coquettishly warming one pretty foot and then the other.

"Yes, Ernest," she replied, "I've been thinking on what you said the other night when you were here."

"Well, Barbara?"

Ernest spoke quietly, but his dark blue eyes flashed, and he looked at her intently.

"I want to test you."

"How?"

"I want to see if you dare do a very disagreeable thing."

"What is it?"

"There is an old coffin up-stairs. It smells moldy. They say Redmond, the murderer, was buried in it; but Satan came for his body and left the coffin empty at the end of a week, and it was finally taken from the tomb. It is up-stairs in the room grandfather died in, and they say grandfathers does not rest easy in his grave for some reason, though that I know nothing about. Dare you make that coffin your bed to-night?"

Ernest laughed.

"Is that all. I will do that and sleep soundly. Why, pretty one, did you think I had weak nerves?"

"Your nerves will have good proof if you undertake it. Remember, no one sleeps in that wing of the house."

"I shall sleep the sounder."

"Good night, then; I will send a lad to show you the chamber. If you stay till morning," said the imperious Miss Barbara, with a nod of her pretty head, "I will marry you."

"You vow it?"

Ernest turned straight away, and followed the lad in waiting, through dim rooms and passages, up echoing stairs, along narrow damp ways, where rats scuttled pale, to a low chamber. The lad looked pale and scared, evidently wanting to hurry away, but Ernest made him wait till he took a survey by the aid of his lamp. It was very large, and full of recesses, which had been barred across. He remembered that

the old grandsire Ferron had been insane for several years before his death, so that this precaution had been necessary for the safety of himself and others. In the centre of the room stood a coffin, beside it stood a chair. The room was otherwise perfectly empty.

Ernest stretched himself out in the coffin.

"Be kind enough to tell Miss Barbara it is a very good fit," he said.

The boy went out and shut the door, leaving the young gunsmith alone in the dark.

Meanwhile Barbara was talking with the big blacksmith in the sitting room.

"Barney," said she, pulling her hand away from his grasp when he would have kissed her, "I've a test to put you to before I give you an answer. There is a corpse lying in the chamber where my grandsire died, in the untenanted wing of the house. If you dare sit with it all night and let nothing drive you away from your post you will not ask me again in vain."

"You will give me a light and a bottle of wine and a book to read?"

"Nothing."

"Are these all the conditions you can offer me, Barbara?"

"All. And if you are frightened you need never look me in the face again."

So Barney was conducted to his post by the lad, who had been instructed in the secret, and whose involuntary start at Ernest's placid face as he lay in the coffin, was attributed by Barney to the natural awe of a corpse. He took his seat and the boy left him alone with the darkness, the bats, and the coffin.

Shortly after, young Fritz, the tanner, arrived, flattered and hopeful from the fact that Barbara had sent for him.

"Have you changed your mind, Barbara?"

"No; and I shall not until I know that you can do a really brave thing."

"What shall it be? I swear to satisfy you, Barbara."

"I have a proposal to make to you. My plan requires skill as well as courage."

"Tell me."

"Well, in this house there is a man watching a corpse. He has sworn not to leave his post till morning. If you can make him do it I shall be satisfied that you are as smart and as brave as I require a husband to be."

"Why, nothing is so easy!" exclaimed Fritz. "I can scare him away. Furnish me with a sheet, show me the room and go to your rest, Barbara. You shall find me at the post in the morning."

Barbara did as required and saw the tanner step lightly away to his task. It was then nearly 12 o'clock and she sought her own chamber.

Barney was sitting at his vigil, and so far all had been well.

The night had been very long, for he had no means of counting the time. At times a thrill went through him, for it seemed as if he could hear a low suppressed breathing not far away. He persuaded himself that it was the wind blowing through the crevices of the old house. Still it was, very lonely and not at all cheerful.

The face in the coffin gleamed white still. The rats squeaked as if there was a famine upon them and they smelled dead flesh. The thought made him shudder. He got up and walked about, but something made a noise behind him, and he put his chair with its back against the wall and sat down again. He had been at work all day, and at last grew sleepy. Finally he nodded and snored.

Suddenly it seemed as if somebody had touched him. He awoke with a start, and saw nobody near, though in the centre of the room stood a white figure.

"Curse you, get out of this," he exclaimed, in a fright, using the first words that came to his tongue.

The figure held out its arm and slowly approached him. He started to his feet. The spectre came nearer, pressing him into the corner.

"The mischief take you!" cried Barney, in his extremity.

Involuntarily he stepped back; still the figure advanced, coming nearer and nearer, as if to take him in a ghostly embrace. The hair started up on Barney's head; he grew desperate, and just as the gleaming arm would have touched him he fell on the ghost like a whirlwind, tearing the sheet, thumping, pounding, beating, and kicking, more and more enraged at the resistance he met with, which told him the truth.

As the reader knows, he was big, and Fritz was little, and while he was pounding the little fellow terribly, and Fritz was trying to get a lunge at Barney's stomach, to take the wind out of him, both kicking and plunging like horses, they were petrified by hearing a voice cry:

"Take one of your size, Big Barney."

Looking around they saw the corpse sitting up in his coffin. This was too

much. They released each other and sprang for the door. They never knew how they got out; but they ran home in hot haste, panting like stags.

It was Barbara herself who came and opened the door the next morning.

"It's very early; one more little nap," said he, "one more little nap," turning over in his coffin.

So she married him; though she sent Fritz and Barney invitations to the wedding, they did not appear. If they discovered the trick they kept the knowledge to themselves and never willingly faced Barbara's laughing eyes again.

THE SHETLAND PONY.

Characteristics of the Little Animal—Entirely Devoid of Viciousness.

The native live stock of Shetland cannot generally be commended, but the well known pony of that part of the world is perfect of its kind. As carts would be out of place on the steep sides of the hills, ponies are kept by every family for the purpose of carrying peat for the winter. The fuel, after being dried, is placed in baskets called "cassies," one of which hangs on each side of the animal's back, a strong, broad back, admirably adapted for the purpose of bearing heavy burdens. The "Sheltie" is an animal which for many generations has been bred and trained under special and peculiar circumstances, and hence his physique and general character, his hereditary instincts and intelligence, his small size and his purity and fixity of type. A pony belonging to a breed which has had to pick its zigzag way down a steep declivity during many generations, must be sure-footed. By the same rule, a pony, whose grooms and playmates include a dozen juveniles—the children of the neighborhood, who roll about underneath him, or upon his back—must be gentle, and the same pony, living on the seathold on air sometimes, rather than on herbage, must be hardy. The pony of the Shetland Isles is in fact the offspring of circumstances. He is the pet of the family, gentle as the Arab steed under similar training. He will follow his friends indoors like a dog, and lick the platters or the children's faces. He has no more kick in him than a cat, and no more bite in him than a puppy. He is a noble example of the complete suppression of those vicious propensities that some of his kind exhibit when they are ill-treated, and of the intelligence and good temper that may be developed in horses by kindness. There is no precedent for his running away, nor for his becoming frightened or tired, even when he has carried some stout laird from Lerwick to his house, many Scotch miles across the hills. He moves down the rugged hillsides with admirable circumspection, loaded pannier fashion with two heavy "cassies" of peat, picking his way step by step, sometimes sideways. In crossing boggy spots, where the water is retained and a green carpet of aquatic grass might deceive some steeds, and bring them headlong to grief in the spongy trap, he carefully smells the surface, and is thus enabled to circumvent the danger. In the winter the Shetland pony wears a coat made of felted hair, and specially suited for the occasion. His thick winter garment is well adapted for protecting him against the fogs and damps of the climate. It is exceedingly warm and comfortable, fits close to the wearer's dapper form, and is not bad looking when new. But when the coat grows old toward spring—at the season when the new one should appear—it becomes the shabbiest garment of the kind that you often see. Its very amplitude and the abundance of the material, render it conspicuous when it peels and hangs for a while ragged and worn out, and then falls bit by bit, till the whole of it disappears. The number of ponies bred in different districts depends upon circumstances. A good breeding district must possess a good hill—that is, a hill lying well for shelter, and well clothed with native vegetation, such as heather.—*Forestry.*

Rules for Entertaining Guests.

Don't invite them if you don't want them.

Don't run in debt to entertain them in style.

Don't turn your house upside down for them.

Don't wear your Sunday dress when you are cooking the dinner.

Don't show them off too publicly if they happen to be distinguished individuals, and don't hide them if they are poor relatives.

Don't change the complexion of your family prayers to match the religion they happen to belong to.

Don't tell them every minute to make themselves at home, but make your house so home-like that they can't help feeling at home.

CONCEALED WEALTH.

The Curious Places Where Money Has Been Found When Hidden or Lost.

"I have been sent for very often in my time," said an elderly New York detective, to a *Sun* reporter, "to search for money concealed by eccentric people. There was more of this hiding of cash forty years ago, than there is now, owing probably, to the doubtful character of some of the old savings banks.

"Some fifteen years ago, I went up to a farm house in Orange county, at the request of the heirs, to look for money. The deceased had no striking characteristics for my purpose, and after trying several lines of search for three days, I grew doubtful. His riding saddle had been ripped open, his boot-heels knocked off for diamonds, his shoes split up and his upholstery pulled to pieces. Bricks had been taken out, the hearth torn up, and the wainscoting pulled down. Even the back-boards of picture frames had been taken out, and the boys had dug around the roots of every tree in the orchard, but still no money had been found. The reward was too large to be lost, but I was nearly at my wits' end. Finally the thought came like a flash: 'Where was the old gentleman in the habit of sitting?' I asked. 'Oh, he al-most always sat by that window,' said the brother; 'but we've pulled everything to pieces around there.' 'Sit down just as he did.' The man sat down. 'In which direction was he most apt to look?' 'Nowhere in particular; out of the window, generally.' 'Toward the barn?' 'No, this way.' I followed the look; it was in the line of an old used-up pump. 'Which way did he walk when he went out to the field?' 'Over to the pump, and then made a bee line for the pond.' These answers had a certain significance. Men like to have the place of concealment in sight, and it is well known that they will often walk over money they have buried, to see that the sod is undisturbed. I had the pump taken up and excavations made—no money. The pump was replaced. I entered the room once more, and stood by the window. Suddenly I saw a faint but peculiar looking mark on the sill; it was a surveyor's point. I lined it up to the pump, measured out to the exact centre of the line, and the digging began. A two-inch steam pipe was struck at a depth of four feet. The end was plugged; I took home a \$500 bill that night."

"I had a curious case two years ago. A wealthy man had been attacked with partial paralysis, and his speech and the greater part of his memory had left him. He wrote out the question: 'Where did I put my money?' The amount was large, \$32,000 in bonds, which he had been about to take to a safe deposit building. The heirs were wild. I stopped all the tearing up and cushion-pricking business, for the man was not a 'concealer,' though it was supposed by the doctors that he had felt the attack coming on, and had put the money in some out-of-the-way place. Just how, or in what spot in his library he had fallen, could not be made out. After a day's reflection, my partner and I had to conclude that he had been robbed. Two courses were open to us: we could make sudden arrests without any real evidence, always a hateful course for a good detective to take, or we must find the exact spot where the man fell, and 'line' up from that. The doctors helped us here: 'You had better examine the gentleman's body,' they said. We did so, and found a long horizontal mark on the hip, and blue marks on the knee and elbow. He had fallen sideways over an object not over sixteen inches high, and having a narrow, rounded edge of metal, for an iron mark was found on the clothing. Every piece of furniture in the house was inspected, but to no purpose. The heirs apparent were in despair. We took all night to think the matter over. Then my partner said: 'How about the cellar? That's where the household metal is.' They all laughed. 'He hasn't been there in a year,' they said. We went down. My partner glanced quickly around, and then gave me a look that I can almost feel running through my nerves to this day. He had discovered some common household articles which had not been used since the family had been searching the fireplaces. He was, in fact, looking over a lot of coal hods. 'There is our metallic edge,' he said. He turned the hods over carefully, and from out a mass of waste paper, there rolled at last the \$32,000 worth of bonds. The paralytic had fallen over the hod, and the money had dropped into it among his waste papers. Before the general search was made, all 'rubbish' had been taken to the cellar. Our friends had sought too deeply for what they had supposed to be concealed money, and had grossly neglected the science of the obvious. Some detectives do precisely the same thing. My

partner and I divided \$5,000 between us that night."

Invention of the Telephone.

This is Professor Bell's account of the way in which the telephone came to be invented. A reporter asked him: "Was the invention of the telephone the result of a deliberate research and experiment for that purpose, or was it a discovery rather than a creation?"

"It was the result of long and patient study of two distinct lines of thought which finally blended in one, producing the telephone. I had for a long time studied the subject of speech and the organs by which it is produced, as had my father before me, and in doing so conceived the idea of producing artificial sounds by a certain system. I came to Canada for my health, I am a native of Scotland, you know, and while studying electricity in the woods there, and on regaining my lost health, I was called by the officials of the Boston schools to introduce a new system of teaching the deaf. It was nothing less than teaching them to speak. I had long believed it possible to teach the deaf the use of the mouth and organs of speech and had demonstrated it in some degree, and gladly accepted the opportunity of putting the system into practical operation. I undertook the work, keeping up, however, my study of electricity and its application to sound production, working late at night after other people were at rest. In my efforts to demonstrate to the deaf how the sound waves affect the hearing ear I made use of a little instrument with a membranous diaphragm which responded to the sound waves. I conceived the idea of writing these sound waves on smoked glass so that they could be read. Continuing the experiment still further, I obtained a human ear, and found that by speaking into it I could produce similar but more satisfactory results, a little bone in the ear being moved by the vibration of the ear drum and writing the sound waves on the glass. All this time I was continuing my experiments with sound and the application of electricity to its production. I had succeeded in a considerable degree when suddenly the idea of connecting the two successful experiments occurred to me, and I did so, attaching the ear to the instrument by which the sounds were produced, and I had the telephone. The remainder was only a matter of detail. The two lines of thought and investigation which I had followed so long and patiently blended there, and the result was the telephone."

Curious Facts About Insane People.

The condition of idiots can sometimes be mended by proper training. There is an institution for this purpose near Media, Pa. It sometimes happens that the infliction of accidental violence upon the head of idiots is followed by the return of the mind. This is a very singular but well authenticated fact. It is stated by competent authorities that the bones of insane persons become unnaturally brittle. There is little doubt of the correctness of this statement; and this fact at times doubtless makes it appear as though great violence had been inflicted upon the insane; that is, very slight injuries will in these persons produce wounds which would require extraordinary violence for their production in healthy persons. A curious fact concerning melancholy is "that great actors, public orators, and others who undergo great fatigue to amuse the public are subject to this very form of derangement." The poet Cowper was said to be suffering from it at the time he wrote "John Gilpin." It is due insane persons that they be provided with the necessaries of life, and that they be protected from their own violence and from the violence of others as far as possible. It is also due society that the sane people in the world be protected from the violence of the insane. In no way can this be accomplished as effectually as by the hospitals for the insane. Notwithstanding all the furore which is at times raised against these institutions it is probable that most of them are managed in the best possible manner.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Selfishness.

Poor human nature, which views the universe from the stand-point of its own interests, is illustrated in this anecdote:

A Scotch farmer was greatly exercised regarding the safety of his hay crop. The weather, though often threatening, favored his efforts till he had succeeded in getting it safely gathered in, being in this respect more fortunate than several of his neighbors. After seeing the last wisp of straw tied round his stacks, he exclaimed, with a self-satisfied air:

"Noo, sin' I hae gotten my hay a' safely in, I think the world would greatly better the better o' a guid shower."

Courtship.

It chanced, they say, upon a day,
A luring from the town,
That she was strolling on the way
As he was strolling down;
She humming low, as might be so,
A ditty sweet and small;
He whistling loud a tune, you know,
That had no tune at all.
It happened so, precisely so,
As all their friends and neighbors know.

As I and you perhaps might do,
They gazed upon the ground;
But when they'd gone a yard or two,
Of course they both looked round
They both were pained, they both explained
What caused their eyes to roam;
And nothing after that remained
But he should see her home.
It happened so, precisely so,
As all their friends and neighbors know.

Next day to that 'twas common chat,
Admitting no debate,
A bonnet close beside a hat
Was sitting on a gate,
A month, not more, had bustling o'er,
When, having nod and smile,
One blushing soul came through the door
Where two when up the aisle.
It happened so, precisely so,
As all their friends and neighbors know.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A young man biting his mustache is a case of "down in the mouth."

An improbable story is properly a canard, because intelligent people canardly believe it.

The average girl with a big hat loaded with flowers and feathers seems all head till you talk to her.

"How to Attain the Life Beyond," is the title of a 50-cent book. We will tell you for a cent. Eat a cucumber.

It is a Chicago scientist's prediction that if pointed shoes remain in use human toes will eventually be obliterated among civilized people.

The waitress inferred that the guest had taken a little something before supper from the mere fact of his ordering "tied fraters and chork pops."

Mrs. Gillyolly says she doesn't see what they want to send way over to Egypt to get rags for. She has been fully supplied since she married Gillyolly.

At Niagara Falls a young bride was very much embarrassed when a hackman pointed to her husband and said: "Do you want a carriage for your father, miss?"

Artemus Ward once indignantly remarked to a railroad president who refused him a favor: "You won't pass me, because your road is so slow it won't pass anybody."

Music teacher to scholar: "You see that note with an open space? 'That's a whole note. Can you remember that?' Scholar: "Yes'm—a whole note is a note with a hole it."

A Kansas woman was upbraiding her husband when a cyclone hove in sight, and, with a sigh of relief, the unhappy man ran out into its path, and was safely blown into the next county.

The Man With a Boil.

A broad-shouldered man was walking along Chatham street on Friday. He looked as if he was in great pain.

"What's the matter?" asked a friend.

"Oh, I'm in terrible agony! Got a boil as big as a watermelon on my calf. Can hardly walk. So long!" and the proprietor of Job's comforter moved off. As he did so another gentleman came along and shook hands with his friend.

"I've got the biggest joke of the season on— There he goes up the street. He was telling me how he was frightened by a dog this morning. Let's have some fun."

The new arrival was "in for it."

"You walk up behind him, grab him by the leg and bark like a dog. His nerves are all unstrung, and we'll have a big joke on him to see him jump."

"I'll do it," said the other, "and you walk on the other side and see me scare him to death."

The two parted to carry out the programme. The latest arrival proceeded after their mutual friend. Just as he got close up behind him he grabbed him by the boil and playfully barked: "Bow, wow, wow," just as naturally as a dog show.

The broad-shouldered man went up in the air, while his face looked as if he had suddenly swallowed a tree full of persimmons. When he came down he recited the alphabet backwards and then pointed his toe thirteen different times at his playful friend, slammed him up against a telegraph pole, mashed his hat over his eyes, and then walked away looking as if he would like to put the leg with the watermelon boil on it over his shoulder and carry it home.

After the "dog" had pulled himself out of his hat he hunted up and down Chatham street for the man who had put the job up on him, but he couldn't find him, for he was looking over the cornice of a neighboring house and bursting with grins.—*New York World.*