Or Neptune posts with blare of trumpetshell

By shores that visionary seas engird. As soft as flutes, they croon the lullables Of cradle-years ; play clear as citherns ; wail Like harps Æolian in the grieving wind: Some are the deep-drawn human moan by

And silent faces—'neath lack-luster skies— Peering through panes on darkness uncon-

-Henry Jerome Stockard, in the Century.

### THE SON OF A TAILOR.

BY CHARLES STOKES WAYNE.



WOUNG Engfer remembered quite distinctly that morning seven years when Sturgis had come with her mother to his to be measured

for a ridinghabit. He remembered the frock of feathers; but what had made a still deeper impression upon his boyish mind was her pretty pink-and-white face, her great hazel eyes, and her at the nape of her neck with a dark blue ribbon, went rippling down over her rough brown coat nearly to her waist. He had stood at the little desk it was a Saturday, and, there being no life. school, he was engaged at his usual holiday occupation.

He was sixteen then, and he fancied that it was her first riding-habit, and self, the children of poor tradesmenthat they did not care for an expensive it was certainly a wild notion that posone, because she would outgrow it. He sessed him to woo and win this aristorecalled that she had blushed at this, cratic little maiden, whose people were as though it were a crime to be young not only rich enough to buy and sell and growing, and that a feeling of re- him and his father a thousand times sentment had come into his heart over, but were of a social stratum far against her mother for subjecting her above that in which the Englers lived to such an embarrassment.

Seven years had wrought a great his chosen profession.

self, because he was really a conscien- home disappointed. tious young fellow at heart, and he The days when he saw Madeline he than all else, she was really almost believed that there was such a thing as called his red-letter days, and for a familiar. The chasm which had once been born and raised, than from any ing Sunday. burning desire to lift his fellow-man | From that time on he saw her more slough of despond.

ordered her first riding-habit from his opposite pew. father on that Saturday seven years

hypocritically base.

These moods, as might be supposed, were morbidly depressing. All theless; for in following her at what what, his voice seemed so strange and over again in his heart the same old tance, his eyes never once leaving her The next moment he was stumbling battle between the right and the lithe young figure, clad in a well fit- up the area steps on to the sidewalk; wrong of it; and now, tired out by ting spring jacket that his father had and an instant later he had come into the struggle, he had come down from cut with his own hand, he had seen her collision with some one who was about his little upper room into the tailor

the scene diverted him for the mo-

fallen upon his ear.

The old man was evidently in trouble. He had spoken, somewhat graciously, to his cutter, who was dine. busy chalking out a pair of trousers, which were for Herr Fleischman, the walking gentleman at Amberg's Theatre, and which must be finished in time the following evening. His question was as to who would carry home a certain riding habit for "Mees Sturgis." The errand-boy was out. Karl knew that it was the busiest season of the field had said: "Any man may be vear with his father, and that Gottlieb, the cutter, could not be spared for outdoor service. But the garment was promised and must be sent.

Karl turned away from the door. "Let me take it, father," he said. It's only a step down to Washington place, and I don't mind."

luctantly consented to allow his son, of whom he was more than proud, and rang the bell. for whom he had ambitions that towexed to a bishopric, to deliver the par-

In any American city other than New York the spectacle of a young man so well dressed carrying a large bundle on a crowded thoroughfare would have attracted attention, but in the metropolis people are more apt to father's shop mind their own business than are the people elsewhere, and so it happened that as Karl made his way down Sixth. avenue with the riding-habit wrapped large plaid that she wore, all green and in a brown paper under his arm, blue and black, and he remembered scarcely a head was turned to look her blue felt hat with its ostrich after him. Had it been otherwise, however, it is doubtful whether the young theological student would have observed it. He was plunged deeply in thought, and as his feet traversed sunny curls, which, after being caught the six or seven blocks that lay between his father's shop and the Sturgis residence his mind traveled once again over the seven years that had interin the corner, making out bills-for Madeline Sturgis had come into his you were expecting it, and-

As he looked back at the boy that he was then he wondered how he had ventured to let the seed of hope take root that she was a year or two younger; in his heart. The son of a cheap Gerfor he had overheard her mother say man tailor; his companions, like himand moved and had their being.

He remembered how he had carried many changes, but the shop was in the home that first riding-habit when it havesame old place there on Sixth avenue, was finished, and how he had been under the shapow of the Jefferson asked to wait in the dining-room until with the elevated railroad trains rum- tain whether it was entirely satisfacbling past the windows of the upper tory; and he recalled how he had sat room where he studied and where he there in that basement apartment with slept. Karl Engfer, the tailor's son, its extension table and its leatherhowever, was no longer a a school-boy, covered chairs; how he had looked looking after his father's books and with admiration upon the engravings making out his father's bills on holi- in walnut frames that hung upon the days. He was now a student at the walls and how he had hoped, all the general theological seminary-a Pro-time, that there might be some comtestant Episcopal clergyman in embryo plaint, so that the liltle lady would -and he wore sombre black garments come down to show him just what was the soft light cast by the pink shades two hearts. of a somewhat clerical cut to indicate wrong, and he could get another that adorned the candles in the glimpse of her. But his father was a delabra he thought he had never before Why he had gone into the church he good workman. The habit was all that realized how beautiful she was. She hardly dared to confess, even to him- could be desired and he had returned was so bright this evening, too-so

a divine call to the priesthood. In time they were fewer than those that his case he doubted if the call was are indicated in the printed calendars. divine. The orthodox teachings of a One January afternoon, however, Mrs. maiden lady who presided over the Sturgis had come into the shop and class in the mission Sunday-school that had asked his father if Karl would not closed entirely. he attended on Carmine street had not like to go to the mission Sundaybeen without effect. He had accepted school on Carmine street, in which she the Scripture as truth, he had been was very much interested, and his good news I heard to-day; that you baptized and he had been confirmed, father, who would have gone through are coming to the mission to take Mr. but the impulse to go forth and preach fire and flood to please a customer, so the Gospel had come rather from a fearful was he or losing a dollar's wish to elevate himself above the lever worth of trade, had said that Karl of the surroundings in which he had would certainly be there on the follow-

frequently, and his infatuation in-Young Engfer now and then inflicted creased in proportion. She taught a upon himself a sort of moral flagella- class of small boys across the aisle from tion. At such times he opened his where he usually sat, and on more than own heart to his own honest gaze, one occasion the maiden lady who preand he invariably found there a sided over the group of larger boys, deeper underlying motive for his of which he was one, was compelled to course, of which he was half ashamed. demand with some emphesis his return It was nothing more nor less than an to the business of the hour, his gaze ambition to gain a position from which having a way of wandering repeatedly he might aspire to the love of the little from his catechism or his Bible to the deal of you, there?" maid in the piaid frock who had face of the pretty little teacher in the

some pleasure had occurred on a Sun- heard whom Mr. David is going to It would not have been an unworthy day afternoon in early spring. He marry?" ambition, he told himself, under other had noticed that Mrs. Sturgis was not circumstances. If it were only a sec- present in the chapel; that Madeline ondary consideration! If he had given had come alone; and he had wondered suddenly unable to breathe. There himself to the church first, and this all through the lesson whether it would was a rumbling, rushing sound in his desire had come afterward, he could seem rude on his part, after the close have pacified his chiding conscience of the session, to offer to walk home with the assurance that a wife such as with her. If he only could, he thought, a tingling chilliness, and then of a Madeline Sturgis would make him it would be the happiest day of his numbness in his hands, his feet, and would be of incalculable assistance to life; but he feared that she might think his legs from the knees down. He him in his parochial work; but now he him impudent and presuming, and, felt that he was using his holy calling when the school was dismissed and the gether-to hide his feelings-but he as a means to accomplish an end that scholars and teachers filed out into the failed. He felt that he was stifling; was distinctly solfish, and as such street, he lacked the courage to go that he must get into the fresh air, at forward and speak to her.

the afternoon he had been fighting he considered a most respectful dis- unnatural. rudely jostled by a drunken man, and to mount the stoop. his most cherished memories; and across the way had revealed to him the

by his father's voice, at that instant assistant minister at the mission had and a fire came into his eyes. Then, when I, too, may be asked there to

And now he was thinking that day might not be so far distant; for, was he not going to the mission, the week for the premier of the new comedy on of that very same assistant minister, the Rev. Mr. David, who, he had heard. was to be married and go to Europe for a three months' honeymoon tour? "Yes, it was true, as Lord Beacons-

what he makes up his mind to be." ferred that was on the verge of reali- end of a long pier, with the dark river The old German protested, but Karl rier air than was to be found in the blowing in his face; a thousand lights insisted, and eventually the father re- hymnal, as he tripped lightly down glittered on the opposite shore. the stone steps of the areaway, and

> bundle and to make off as quickly as others? And, oh, I must have taken possible. He had no notion of being so many to-night. How tired I am!" recognized, and above all he wished to avoid the possibility of a request to Something was whispering to him to await in the dining room, as he had of take that one step more. It was for yore, the verdict as to fit. In making her, it told him, that he had adopted these plans he had counted upon the the church as his calling. Of what bell being answered by a housemaid, use was all his learning-his Greek and and when, instead of a servant, the Latin and Hebrew, his knowledge of door was opened by Miss Sturgis her- the Bible, his knowledge of theology? self, his mode of procedure was, of necessity, somewhat altered. To escape Then another voice, low serve the woman he most cared to which had suddenly died to a zepher. timation, he blushed to the roots of bade him look up. his flaxen hair.

'Why, Mr. Engfer," she exclaimed,

"Well, you see I-that is father," vened since that eventful day when he stammered, "thought that possibly

"Yes, I was expecting it," Miss Sturgis put in; "in fact, I was very anxious' for it. I couldn't wait for Delia to get to the door; but I had no idea that you would have to bring it." "I was coming this way," Karl pre-

varicated, "and I offered-"Won't you come in?" the young oman interrupted again. "You can spare a moment, can't you? Weshan't treat you as an errand boy, you know' and she laughed in a way that made young Engfer hesitate between embarassment and pleasure.

"I'm afraid," he began to protest, 'that I can't stop this evening.

"Just aminute," Miss Sturgis plead-"You must let me thank you for Market Police Court's brick walls, and Miss Sturgis could try it on and ascer- your trouble; and then, I want to congratulate you, too."

Karl followed her into the diningroom, where the table was spread for

"Sit down," she said, and she drew a chair out for him and another for lets her parents think for her. herself. "Now, Mr. Engfer," she went on, "I am awfully obliged to you for well informed man in a few years. having brought me my habit."

As the young man looked at her in cheering-and, what was dearer to him seemed so wide between them was growing parrower and parrower. There was no doubt of that. Once he was or- during the vociferous period of infancy. dained the breach might easily be

"And now," she went on, "I want to offer you my congratulations upon the

David's place." Karl could hardly believe that he heard aright. Could it be that she was actually pleased that Mr. David was going away? At one time during the latter part of his attendance at the mission Sunday-school he had thought that she cared something for the young divine, and he had really been a little jealous of him.

"You are very kind, Miss Sturgis," formerly?"

"Oh, dear, yes. More than ever!" "Then I suppose I shall see a good "Of me?" she asked, surprisedly.

"Oh, you don't know, then! Why I One incident that he recalled with thought every one knew. Haven't you

A sharp pain as from a knife thrust, shot through Karl's heart. He seemed head and a swaying, darkening cloud before his eyes. He was conscious of made an effort to pull himself toany cost; and he heard himself But his happiness had come, never- mumbling something, he scarcely knew

dined with them on the evening before. suddenly, he grew dizzy again. Iron "The day will come," he had thought, fingers seemed to be pressing upon his temples with the terrible clutch of death, and he staggered away like a drunken man.

He wandered the streets for hours; a whirl of memories in his brain, a following, to take the place, temporily, leaden weight upon his heart up one thoroughfare and down another, through by-ways, in and out of blind alleys, seeing no thing, caring for nothing but to escape from himself and the torture that was within him.

Presently he became conscious of the sound of lapping waves-the mur-By the time young Engler reached mur of waters-and a chill in the air the Sturgis residence he had walked that pierced him to the marrow. Reand thought himself out of the gloom | called thus to a realization of his physof his blues and his self chidings into ical being, he glanced down, to see the radiant sunshine of a hope de- that he was standing on the extreme zation; and he whistled softly a mer- flowing below. A keen wind was

"Another step," he murmured, "and I should have been out of it all. Why It was his intention to hand in the did I not take that one as I took the

He stood for a moment in hesitation.

Then another voice, lower, sweeter, recognition was out of the question, more tender in its pleading, spoke to and, as he realized that in his effort to him. It seemed borne on the wind, please he had put himself in a position It answered the questions, one and that was likely to lower him in her es- all. It breathed encouragement. It

He raised his eyes heavenward. Across the river, above the roofs and I am so sorry you went to this chimneys and spires of the sleeping city was a faint but ever-increasing band of light. A new day was dawning .- Frank Leslie's Weekly.

#### WISE WORDS.

The flowers shed no tears. What women say, men do. Credit is the character of cash. We lose the bud in the blossom. Travel should be a great eduator. Learn something from everything. Covetousness is a chrysalis of crime. Nature abhors a vacuum in the affec-

Avarice is a vise that squeezes men's Injustice may begin before its object

The person without will has a malady Happiness is to pleasure as home is

to a hotel. The more we forget the better satisfled we are.

The girl who doesn't think, seldom

A little history every day makes a Cupid can't shoot straight. His arrows never go through the centers of

Suffering alone might break the untried spirit, but with the prop of happiness it is bent to grace.

One sees how ridiculous or misplaced is a fashion or a passion only when its days of prestige are over. One's wishes are never so fully re-

garded and so promptly executed as

Life is an angel. Some men are born where the lines meet, and they broaden as they grow; others are born at the wide end and narrow down the further along they get.

We believe in the dignity of manual labor and the advisibility of young men learning a trade to relieve the congested professions; especially is this true with regard to the sons of our acquaintances.

## A Monster Petrifled Whale.

Leon del Mar, a Frenchman attached to the surveying corps connected with the National Museum, San he said, "very kind. Do you take as Jose, Costa Rica, reports a find of much interest in the mission as equal or greater value than the Montezuma (Col.), fossilized monster. Leo's find is not a "Dinosaur" or other half mythical creature which the lapse of ages has transformed into stone, but a common everyday whale, 216 feet in length, with bones mineralized until they are as hard as jasper and as heavy as lead. The "Museo" officials are in a quandary, and are debating as to which would be the cheapest, to move their museum buildings over onto the mountain range where the petrified monster lies, or to try to transfer. his flinty remains to the Costa Rican capital.

The point selected by this antediluvian giant when he concluded to give up the ghost, along about the time of the close of the cretaceous or some other geological period, is a rift between two mountain peaks, seventytwo miles from San Jose and 3300 feet above sea level. There must have been a season of high waters in that section at one time. Either that or Del Mar's specimen was a regular mountain climber. -St. Louis Republic.

# Restoring a Withered Arm.

The story comes from London of a wonderful surgical operation that shop on the ground floor, and was had dashed to her aid almost before he The shock steadied him. He started promises to be successful. Five years standing looking out through the glass realized what he was doing. The re- to apologize, but the words died on ago a workman injured his right arm, door at the passing throngs on the collection of her gratitude was one of his tongue. The light of a street lamp and a careless surgeon so treated it that it withered and became useless. Recently Workingmen and workingwomen now, as he turned into Washington face which he had suddenly come to it was decided to examine the arm, and were hurrying home from their day's place, he was thinking of how, on that abhor-the face of the one man in all it was accordingly opened and extoil; the surface cars were crowded, occasion, her manner was so cordial the world whom he hated; the face of plored. The nerve was found to be and at short intervals long, heavy and so completely lacking in any indi- the thief who had robbed him of a partially divided. Two fresh ends were trains thundered by on the elevated cation that, she recognized any differ- hope that for seven years had been to made and a section of the sciatic nerve road overhead. The hurry-scurry of ence whatever in their social station. him more than life itself, and of an from a live rabbit was stitched in. The He remembered that it was on that ambition that had raised him from the patient has now recovered the power ment, and he would probably have been lifted completely out of his dolbeen lifted completely out of his doldrums, had not that one name, spoken grew out of her telling him that the

#### HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

FLOUR AS A PURIFIER.

Flour has long been known as an excellent purifier. Children's hoods of Angora wool may be perfectly restored, when soiled, by rubbing them with flour that has been made very hot. When the flour is cold, pin the hoods on a line and leave them in a strong wind, or beat thoroughly with a rattan. Angera fur may be cleansed in the same way. The flour must be stirred while heating to prevent scorching. - New York World.

HOW TO SCOUR WATER BOTTLES.

Carafes, which have so largely replaced the ice pitcher, are really very pleasing and refreshing to look at if they are kept fastidiously clean and bright. Unfortunately the purest water obtainable very soon dulls the inside, and it isn't every one who knows a quick and easy method of removing

A very simple thing to do is to tear a newspaper into small bits and nearly or quite fill the carafe. Then pour in warm soapsuds with a little ammonia added, and shake well. The paper will soon scour the inside of the bottle thoroughly clean, and it only remains to rinse it well before using again .-New York Herald.

### WORTH ENOWING.

Put powdered or dissolved copperas down the sink and other drain pipes as often as once a week, and flush them well on washing days.

For frost bites keep away from the fire and rub the parts affected with snow or ice water until thawed, then treat as you would a burn.

When the eyes sre tired, or inflamed from loss of sleep, apply an old linen handkerchief dripping with water as hot as you can possibly bear it.

To throw water on burning kerosene only increases the danger by causing the oil to spread, but salt, flour or cornmeal will quickly smother the

In ordinary burns and scalds the only remedy required is to thoroughly exclude the air from the injured part. Cotton batting will do this more effec-

To relieve pain from bruises, and prevent discoloration and subsequent stiffness, nothing is more efficacious than fomentations of water as hot as it can be borne.

Five or ten minutes spent every morning during winter in rubbing the body briskly with a flesh brush or piece of flannel over the hand, will do much to keep the skin active and prevent colds. - American Agriculturist.

MOTHS. Among the many duties demanding the housekeeper's attention is the work of putting away clothing, so as to prevent the ravages of the moth, writes Mrs. E. R. Parker in the Courier-

Furs are usually the most difficult to care for. They should be brushed and well beaten to dislodge any moth eggs that may have been deposited in them, and then hung in the sun. Woolen dresses, overcoats, flannel underwear and extra blankets not needed for summer use should all undergo careful ex-

amination and airing, preparatory to being stowed away for the summer. The old-fashioned custom of our grandmothers-that of packing woolen goods in boxes with gum camphor or tobacco-is now declared a failure, and if we remember the many moth-eaten articles we have seen come forth from trunks and boxes, redolent with these particular odors, one will agree with the modern idea as to their want of efficacy. Many women take the precautionary measure of folding in papers and sewing up in cotton bags, but none of these are wholly safe, as the only guarantee against moths is to keep the moth miller from depositing its eggs, which they seem to do before it can be prevented in the spring. I have recently noticed an excellent bag, which seems to be the best article to

ase in putting away woolens and furs; it is airtight and entirely free from any unpleasant odor. Garments can be put in and taken out of these bags with ease, rendering one always sure of their condition.

For putting away the winter wear, articles of a kind should be put together, as it sometimes causes delay and trouble to have to hunt through bags or boxes when some particular garment is needed. It is an excellent plan to mark each bag on the outside, so the contents will be known without opening.

Proper attention given the work this month will relieve the housekeeper of all anxiety on the subject, as well as saving much expense by keeping the woolen clothes in good condition for another season.

RECIPES, +7

Carrot Fritters-Boil one good sized carrot until very tender, press through a sieve and season to taste with butter. salt and pepper. Shake the carrots in small, flat cakes, and saute in butter.

Strawberry Layer Cake-Cut a square sponge cake into balves. Upon one half put thick meringue, made from the whites of two eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; beat the eggs until light, then add the sugar and beat again until white. Stand large strawberries thickly over this; put on the upper half, cover with strawberries neatly arranged, sprinkle with sugar and serve with cream.

Minced Sandwiches-Chop half a pound of lean ham very fine; add one mixed pickle and a tablespoonful of mustard; put four ounces of butter in a frying-pan, stir over the fire until it creams; add the ham, the beaten yolk of one egg, with a little salt and pepper, remove the pan from the fire, stir all together, pour out on a large dish and let cool. When firm, cut in slices and lay between alices of buttered bread.

One of the most ingenious men in New England writes his letters in his ordinary handwriting, and then signs them in a backhanded style so as to make his correspondents think he makes use of a stenographer.

The corporation of the city of London has voted a present of \$12,500 as a betrothal present to Prince George and Princess May, of Teck.



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"I am profoundly impressed with the medical virtues of Hood's Sarsaparilia. I was threatened with cancer, and disagreeable cruptions on my back and other places. The cancer was appearing on my lip. Providentially I obtained a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilia, and by the time it was gone, the bad symptoms had nearly all disappeared. I have used four bottles, and I believe it has

Saved Me From Premature Death. I am now almost 73 years of age and I work like a tiger. And I know that Hood's Sarsaparilla has had much to do with my vigor and strength." Rev. O. H. Power, 2924 Hanover Street, Chicago, Ill.

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Radway's Ready Relief is a Sure Cure for
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A half to a teaspoonful in half a innature of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, spasms, Sour Stomach, Hearthurn, Nervousness, Sieeplessness Sick Headache, Diarrhess, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

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of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is prescribed by leading physicians everywhere for ailments that are causing rapid loss of flesh and vital strength.

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be assisted to throwoffimpuri-ties of the blood.

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