

THE SHIP OF LOVE.

Gales that blow the ships away / Over leagues of lonesome sea, / Search the dreary deep to-day / Wait Love's wandering ship to me!

DR. "WILL'S" PATIENT.

DR. WALKER sat alone in his office at the Orthopedic Hospital one dark stormy night. Outside the wind and rain were howling at all their own way.

Within the hospital dead silence reigned. The patients were supposed to be disposed of for the night, and lights were out, except in the wards where the sufferers were so dangerously ill that the watchers by their bedside sat waiting with patient outward composure for the approaching end.

Doctor Walker—he was familiarly known throughout the institution as "Doctor Will"—sat pouring over a huge volume upon the table before him and striving to concentrate his thoughts upon its contents. But he appeared to be out of sorts; he seemed restless and uneasy.

"I wonder what ails me to-night?" he exclaimed half aloud, closing the book at last, and pushing it aside with a weary gesture. "Somehow I cannot study or find interest in my work. Now, if I were like some of my nervous patients I would say that I feel as if something were going to happen! Bah! what folly in a strong man to allow his nerves to so completely affect his whole life. One must exert will power and—"

"Ah! what is it? Do you speak to me, Kate?" For that at the half-open door of the office Dr. Will's quick glance had detected one of the night nurses—a pleasant faced, kindly-looking woman, who had been long attached to the hospital. She stepped to the threshold and threw open the door.

"Yes, doctor; I wanted to tell you that there is a new patient in the reception room; a young man who has just been brought here in a cab. His arm is broken, I think. The driver says the young man hailed the cab about an hour ago, on Green street, and said that he had broken his arm, and wished to be taken to friends at the other end of the city. The driver drove him to the street and number designated, but there was no one there. The house was quite empty, and a policeman near said that the family had gone to Europe. At that the young man uttered a cry of disappointment, which the cab driver says made his own heart ache, and then he reeled unsteadily and nearly fell to the ground. But the driver and the policeman together placed him in the cab, and he was brought here, as it happened to be only a few blocks away."

By this time Dr. Will had followed Kate into the reception room, where a slight form in a neat gray suit lay upon a sofa, quite unconscious. The doctor dispatched the nurse for his surgical instruments and soon had removed the stranger's coat and rolled up the sleeves of his snowy undergarments, soft and fine. The face upon the sofa pillow was delicate and refined; a face with perfect features; the long, dark eyelashes sweeping the white cheeks, the soft, dark hair curling slightly, pushed away from a broad, low brow. The interesting patient did not appear to be more than seventeen. No trace of beard or moustache darkened the soft, fair skin. He looked as helpless as a child lying there before the keen, searching eyes of the young physician. Something—a strange sensation, which Dr. Will did not stop to analyze—moved his heart as he touched the round white arm and prepared to examine the injuries.

"Compound fracture!" he muttered, concisely. "Come here, Kate; you will have to assist me!" "Dear me!" ejaculated the nurse, bending over the slim, graceful form, "he's as delicate as a girl. Look! See the blue veins in his arm. Poor young chap. He has to suffer yet before that arm will be well."

A little later, his injuries attended to, the strange patient was placed in bed. He had recovered consciousness and opened a pair of great, dark, beautiful eyes to meet Doctor Will's sympathetic gaze.

"Where am I?" faltered the patient. "In the Orthopedic Hospital, sir. You have broken your arm, and were brought here by a cab driver. You are perfectly safe here. Tell me your name and where shall I send for your friends?" "My name," a slight hesitation, "is"

Halton—Parke Halton. My friends? Ah! I have none! I—I went to the house of old friends—they have gone to Europe. I have not been here long. I have no place to go to. But I have money."

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Halton. You are all right here. The wards are full, and I have had you placed in a private room."

"Thank you! I am able to pay for it. You will get me well as soon as possible, Dr. —?" with a slight interrogation.

"I am Dr. William Walker, of this hospital. I shall do all in my power for you. It is nothing dangerous, my dear sir; only you must have rest. Now, I will give you a sleeping potion, and hope to find you better in the morning."

Parke Halton drank the sleeping draught, and almost immediately fell asleep.

Dr. Will sat watching the pale, beautiful face upon the pillow before him with an odd sensation struggling under his left vest pocket.

"What a spiritual face for a man—or a boy, rather!" he exclaimed. "I declare I was never so interested in a patient before in my life!"

The next morning Parke Halton was much better, and as the days went by grew rapidly stronger.

Dr. Will spent more time in the room of his interesting patient than he had ever been known to do before. There seemed some subtle attraction between the two, and as time passed it grew and strengthened.

At last Parke was fully recovered, and in a few days would be discharged from the hospital.

One night Kate, the nurse, was startled by the sound of faint sobbing and stifled weeping, which seemed to come from the end of the long corridor, near the sleeping-room of Dr. Will. She hastened softly to the spot, determined to know what was the matter. This is what she saw:

Parke Halton on his knees at the door of the doctor's room, weeping bitterly.

Directly, the young man rose to his feet and entered the room, for the physician's door was never locked, but always ready for a hasty summons in the night.

In speechless amazement Kate noticed the young patient steal softly to the bedside, and, stooping, press a kiss upon the brow of the sleeping physician; then, weeping bitterly, steal away once more.

Out in the corridor the nurse suddenly confronted the young man. Halton fell back with a stifled cry.

"Explain yourself, sir," began the nurse. "Your conduct is rather unusual."

"Come to my room," he said, in a hurried whisper, "and I will tell you all. I have a confession to make!"

The next morning, when Dr. Will awoke from his slumber, he found upon his bed a small locket containing the pictured face of a girl. It is the exact counterpart of Parke Halton. When he left his room he was met by Kate, who announced that the young man was gone. She had found his bed empty that morning and a sum of money sufficient to more than cover his expenses at the hospital lying upon the table. But whatever the secret confided to Kate she kept it inviolate. Dr. Will's face clouded and a troubled look crept into his eyes. After that he became very quiet and taciturn, and altogether a changed man.

oned gaze of Leoline's dark eyes; they dropped. How could he answer that question. She arose to her feet. "Yes, Dr. Walker has met me before. I am Parke Halton." Her face was ghastly white now, and she trembled perceptibly. "I was very ignorant of the world's ways, as my guardian acknowledges—a friendless orphan—or I would long ago have appealed to the law for protection from his persecutions. In the wardrobe of the room where I was imprisoned I found a suit of men's clothing; I managed to alter them so that I could wear them; and knotting blankets and sheets together, finally escaped from the window, breaking my arm in my flight. I had hoped to find refuge until my twenty-first birthday with some acquaintances at the farther end of the city, but when I reached the house it was closed and the family gone abroad."

"I was in terrible pain with my broken arm, and that, with the disappointment, overcame me, and I fainted and was taken to the hospital. You know the rest, doctor. Can you ever forgive my unwomanly conduct?"

Dr. Will took both little hands in his own and led her from the room.

"I know this," he said in a low, tender tone, "that I love you as man never loved woman before."

Her eyes dropped from before his passionate gaze.

"I have loved you ever since my eyes first opened from that swoon in the hospital," she faltered, "and it nearly drove me distracted to reflect upon my false position. You cannot love or respect me?"

But there was no doubt of the love which filled his heart, and with true love respect comes always.

And that was the way in which his friend Walker found his wife.—Tit-Bits.

Tricks and Manners of Birds.

The love of the sparrow for the looking-glass is noteworthy, though one cannot but wonder at an editor of such acknowledged good taste and tenderness of heart having made public an incident evidently intended to be of a confidential kind. When a female preens herself in a mirror, even though it be in another person's room, it doesn't behoove the proprietor to reveal the circumstance. And, after all, it is but a poor triumph to convict a sparrow of vanity. Among our own race we have many examples of the same weakness in ladies whose plumage, so to speak, is not one whit more remarkable for beauty. As to birds being "capable of vanity," who that has seen a peacock spread its tail can doubt it? It is not so generally known, however, that birds are capable of vengeance, says the London News.

An inhabitant of Brenehay having shot a hen swallow skimming in the air with her mate, the enraged male bird flew at his face and attempted to molest him "with every appearance of anger" whenever he appeared abroad.

The incident happened at a time when there was little sentiment about such matters, but the man is described as having been really troubled about it, though he was not the first murderer, if we are to believe the classics, identified by a bird. One day only was he free from the little creature's reproaches. On Sunday it forbore to persecute him—as some thought, from religious motives, but more probably from its failing to recognize him in his go-to-meeting clothes.

A much more remarkable instance of vengeance in the swallow is vouchered for by Mr. Gavin Inglis, of Strathmore, as famous in his time as an observer of nature as White, of Selborne, himself. A sparrow had early in the spring taken possession of an old swallow's nest and had laid some eggs in it, when the original owner and builder made her appearance and claimed her rights. As the usurper would not budge she brought her mate and another bird (probably her legal adviser) to assist her, but all in vain. Then she brought other swallows (military and police) to effect the eviction, and that, too, failed; the sparrow sat hard and fast on her eggs, and pecked through the little hole at her enemies. Then the swallows despairing of accomplishing their object, brought clay and other materials and, plagiarizing the system adopted in Holy Isle and other monastic institutions, built up the poor bird alive.

An Immense Chilean Tunnel. The safety and rapidity of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, across the Cordilleras, will be facilitated and improved through a recent decree of Senor Jorge Montt, the President of Chile. It is known that work is actively being pushed to cut the immense tunnel through which the railroad is destined to connect Chile and the Argentine Republic. It will pass under the top of the Andes, or, rather, the Cordilleras. But until this tunnel is completed, which will not be before six or eight years, the portion of the route which occupies the terminus of the Argentine and that of the Chilean railroad, has to be traversed by means of a road, or, rather, a path, not always in good shape for traveling. The decree of President Montt says that "Whereas, there exists between Junca and the summit of the mountain only a path dangerous for riding, especially in the portion called the Suesta de los Caracots," the Government approves the plan proposed by the Department of Public Works, the cost of which will amount to \$88,079, and bids are invited from the contractors toward the improvement of that part of the Cordilleras road.—Chicago Herald.

There is talk of reconstructing the old Statehouse on Beacon Hill, Boston. The scheme meets with much approval in that city.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Easter in Greenwood."

TEXT: "And the field of Hebron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field, and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham."—Genesis xxiii, 17, 18.

Will it be the same body that in the last day shall be reanimated? Yes, but infinitely improved. Our bodies change every seven years, and yet in one sense it is the same body. On my wrist and the second finger of my right hand there is a scar. I made that at twelve years of age, when I was at the presence of two warts, I took a red-hot iron and burned them off and burned them out. Since then my body has changed at least a half dozen times, but those scars prove it is the same body.

We never lose our identity. If God can and does sometimes rebuild a man five, ten times in this world, is it mysterious that He can rebuild him once more and that in the resurrection? If He can do it ten times, I think He can do it eleven times. I'll look at the seventeen year locusts. For seventeen years gone, at the end of seventeen years they appear, and by rubbing the hind leg against the wing make that rattle at which all the husbandmen and vine dressers tremble as the insect host takes up its march of devastation. Resurrection every seventeen years—a wonderful fact!

Another consideration makes the idea of resurrection easier. God made Adam. He had never been a human organism, and so there was nothing to copy. At the first attempt God made a perfect man. He made him out of the dust of the earth. If out of ordinary dust of the earth and without a model God could make a perfect man, why should He not make a perfect man out of the extraordinary dust of mortal body and with millions of models God can make each one of us a perfect being in the resurrection. Surely the last unperfected world is not greater than the first. See the gospel algebra. Ordinary dust multiplied by will equals a perfect man. Extraordinary dust plus a model equals a resurrection body. Mysteries about it? Oh, yes. That is one reason why I believe it. It would not be a miracle if God could do it, for it is as far as I can understand. Mysteries? Oh, yes. But no more about the resurrection of your body than about its present existence.

I will explain to you the last mystery of the resurrection and make it as plain to you as that two and two make four. You will see how your mind, which is entirely independent of your body, can act upon your body so that at your will you can open, or your feet walk, or your hand is extended. So I find nothing in the Bible statement concerning the resurrection that staggers my mind for a moment. All doubts clear from my mind. I say that the cemeteries, however beautiful now, will be more beautiful when the bodies of our loved ones come up in the morning of the resurrection.

They will come in improved condition. They will come up rested. The most of them lay down at the last very tired. How often you have heard them say, "I am so tired." The fact is, it is a tired world. If I should go through in a day, and I should round the world, I could not find a person any stye of life ignorant of the sensation of fatigue.

I do not believe there are fifty persons in this audience who are not tired. Your head is tired, or your back is tired, or your feet are tired, or your brain is tired, or your nerves are tired. Long journeying, or long explanation or bereavement or sickness has put on you heavy weights. So the vast majority of those who went out of this world went out, fatigued. At the poorest place to rest in is this world. I am a sleeper, its surroundings and even his head is fatigued. So God stops our earthly life and mercifully closes the eyes, and more especially gives quiescence to feeling and heart, that have not had ten minutes' rest from the first respiration and the first breath.

If drummer boys were compiled in the army to beat his drum for twenty-four hours without stopping, his officer would be court-martialed for cruelty. If the drummer boy should be commanded to beat his drum for a week without ceasing, day and night, he would die in attempting it. But under your vestment is a poor heart that began its drum-beat for the march of life thirty or forty or sixty or eighty years ago, and it has had no thorough by day or night, and whether in conscious or unconscious state it went right on, for if it had stopped seven seconds your life would have ceased. And your heart will keep going until some time after your spirit has flown, for the ascension says that after the last expiration of lung and the last throbbing of pulse, and after the spirit has flown, the heart keeps on beating for a time. What a keeps, then, it is that the grave is the place where that wondrous machinery of ventricle and artery can halt.

Under the beautiful chemistry of the soil all the wear and tear of nerve and muscle and bone will be subtracted, and that bath of cool fresh clean soil will wash off the last ache, and then some of the same style of dust out of which the body of Adam was constructed may be infused into the resurrection body. How can the bodies of the human race, which have had no replenishment from the dust since the time of Adam in paradise, get any recuperation from the storehouse from which he was constructed without our going back into the grave, and the original life giving material having been added to the body as it once was, and all the defects left behind, that a body will be the resurrection body? And will not hundreds of thousands of such appearing above the ground, and the hills of the resurrection, more beautiful than any June morning after a shower? The dust of the earth being the original material for the fashioning of the first human being, we have to go back to the same place to get a perfect body.

Factories are apt to be rough places, and those who toil in them have their garments grimy and their hands smudged. But who cares for that when they turn out for us beautiful musical instruments or exquisite upholstery? What though they are rough places—it is a resurrection body manufactory, and from it shall come the radiant and resplendent forms of our friends on the brightest morning the world ever saw. You put into a factory cotton, and it comes out apparel. You put into a factory lumber and lead, and they come out pianos and organs. And so in the factory of the grave you put in pneumonias and consumptions, and they come out health. You put in gonorrhea, and they come out baldness, or, on the final day, the most attractive places are not the parks, or the gardens, or the palaces, but the cemeteries.

We are not told in winter season that day will come. If it should be winter, those who come up will be more lustrous than the snow that covered them. If in the autumn, those who come up will be more gorgeous than the woods after the frosts had peeled them. If in the spring, the bloom on which they tread will be dull compared with the rubound of their cheeks. Oh, the perfect resurrection body! Almost everybody has some defect in his physical constitution—a dull ear, or a dim eye, or a rheumatic foot, or a nasalid brow, or a twisted muscle, or a weak side, or an inflamed tonsil, or some point at which the east wind or a season of overwork assaults him.

But the resurrection body shall be without one weak spot, and all that the doctors and apothecaries of earth will therapeutically have to do will be to rest without interruption after the resurrection, in their earthly existence. Not only will that day be the beautification of well kept cemeteries, but some of the graveyards that have been neglected and been the pasture ground for cattle and resting place for swine will for the first time have attractiveness given them.

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lever, and then come forth the very tones, the very song of the person that breathed into it once, but is now departed. If a man can do that, cannot he mightily and gloriously bring, return the voice of your departed? And if he can return the voice, why not the lips, and the tongue, and the throat that fashioned the voice? And if the lips, and the tongue, and the throat, why not the brain that suggested the words? And if the brain, why not the nerves, of which the brain is the headquarters? And if he can return the nerves, why not the muscles, which are less ingenious? And if the muscles, why not the bones, that are less wonderful? And if the voice, and the brain, and the muscles, and the bones, why not the entire body? If man can do the phonograph, God can do the resurrection.

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ful generations planted no trees and twisted no garlands, and sculptured no marble for their Christian ancestry. But on the day of which I speak the resurrected shall make the place of their feet glorious. From under the shadow of the church where they slumbered among nettles and mullein stalks and thistles and slaw stalks, they shall arise with a glory that shall flush the windows of the village church, and by the bell tower that used to call them to worship, and above the old spire beside which their prayers formerly ascended. What triumphal procession never did for a street, what an oratorical grandeur did for an academy, what an orator's lever did for a brilliant auditor, what obituary never did for a king, resurrection morn will do for all the cemeteries.

This Easter tells us that in Christ's resurrection our resurrection. If we are His, and the resurrection of all the pious dead, is assured, for He was "the first fruits of them that sleep." Roman says He did not rise, but 580 witnesses, sixty of them Christ's enemies, say He did rise, for they saw Him after He had risen. He did not rise, however, as a soldier let Him get away? Surely sixty living soldiers ought to be able to keep one dead man. Blessed be God! He did get away.

After His resurrection Mary Magdalene saw Him. Cleopas saw Him. Ten disciples in an upper room at Jerusalem saw Him. On a mountain the eleven saw Him. Five hundred at once saw Him. Professor Ernst Ranke, who did not see Him, will excuse us for taking the testimony of the 500 who did see Him. Yes, yes. He got away. And that makes me sure that our departed loved ones and we ourselves shall get away. Freed Himself from the shackles of old He is not going to leave us and ours in the lurch. When our resurrection morn shall make of our family sepulcher, for we cannot come out of ourselves, but there is a doorknob on the outside, and that Jesus shall lay hold of, and opening, will say: "Good morning! You looked long enough arise, arise." And then what a resurrection morn shall be of our rekindled eyes, and what gladness rushing across the family lot, with cries of: "Father, is that you?" "Mother, is that you?" "My darling, is that you?" "How long has it been since we parted, the group, the group, the consumption group, the paralysis group, the weariness group. Come, let us ascend together! The other ones first, the younger ones next! Quick, now, get into line! The skyward procession has already started! Steadily now by that embankment of cloud for the nearest gate!"

And, as we ascend, on one side the earth gets smaller until it is no larger than a mountain, and smaller until it is no larger than a ship, and smaller until it is no larger than a wheel, and smaller until it is no larger than a speck.

Farwell, dissolving earth! But on the other side, as we rise, heaven at first appears no larger than your hand. And nearer it looks like a chair, and nearer it looks like a throne, and nearer it looks like a star, and nearer it looks like a sun, and nearer it looks like a universe. Hail, angels that shall always wave! Hail, anthems that shall always roll! Hail, companionships, never again to part! All the departed, and all the waiting, for all the cemeteries and graveyards from the Machpelah that was opened by Father Abraham in Hebron to the Machpelah yesterday consecrated. And that makes Lady Huntington's immortal rhythm most appropriate.

When Thou, my darling, didst die, I was so sad, I took Thy ransom of propitiety. I shall love you in the land of the living, and I shall love you in the land of the dead, and I shall love you in the land of the resurrection. Amen.

Among the artists in me he found / Whom he had sought in vain, / Three hours of the dawn I saw / While I was in the land of the living. / With shades of heaven I saw.

An Eccentric Physician.

Professor Zakharin, of Moscow, who attended the Czar during his recent serious illness, is almost as well known in Russia for his "eccentricities" as for his eminence as a physician.

British Medical Journal state when he is called to attend to a special arrangement must be made for the house; all dogs must be kept of the way, all clocks must stop, all doors must be thrown wide open.

The professor on entering begins a process of gradual undressing, leaving his furs in the hall, his overcoat in the next room, his goshies in the third, etc. He insists on perfect silence on the part of the afflicted relatives, except in reply to his questions, when their speech must be literally "Yes" and "Nay." He has a theory which he expresses in the maxim "Take a rest before you are tired," and accordingly he sits down every eight or ten steps. His demeanor towards doctors with whom he happens to be unacquainted makes him greatly feared by them, and some eight years ago a kind of public agitation was got up in opposition to him in which many hundreds of doctors took part. Resolutions were passed and addresses were presented, and echoes of the gathering storm made themselves heard in the press. Those manifestations of feeling were speedily repressed in a way characteristic of Russia. The then General-Governor of Moscow, Prince Dolgoroukoff, sent for the editor of the medical journal in which the addresses were printed and told him that if he published a word more about Zakharin he would have to leave Moscow in twenty-four hours' time. His eccentricities, however, cease at the bedside of his patient; there he is courteous and considerate, most painstaking and minute in his examination, and very thorough in his treatment. So successful has he been in his profession that he is believed to be worth some \$2,500,000.

New Method of Producing Pictures.

Art students in this city are devoting a good bit of attention to a new method of producing pictures. The giant fungus that is found growing from the sides of trees is gathered and allowed to dry and then the yellowish growth that covers it is scraped away. This leaves the face of the fungus covered with an ivorylike substance that cuts cleanly under a graver.

A design is sketched on this face of the fungus and cut through it. The deeper the cutting is made the darker the color of the heart exposed, and this variation in tone lends the artist the degree of light and shade essential to make a picture.

The results gained in this class of art work remind one of the first cuttings in the process of cameo making. After the picture is finished the fungus is mounted in silver or plumb and the effect is beautiful.

Portraiture seems to be the most popular subject for this sort of work.—St. Louis Republic.

London has about one hundred and seventy-eight rainy days in a year.