SIGH AND SONG

Daylight dying, dying: Night, where shadows throng Little time for sighing And little time for song.

Life on fleet wings flying From the right and wrong; Little time for sighing -Little time for song,

Star to star replying Echoes: "Soul, be strong Little time for sighing-Little time for song!"

-F. L. Stanton, in Chicago Times-Herald.

THE NEW BROOM.



throve exceedingly. There were, indeed, riding officers stationed hard by, but they were not numerous enough to interfere effectually-nor, 'tis said, were they notably eager to have their hands strengthened.

But this season of prosperity and untroubled quiet came to an end. Peace to England meant the very reverse to Trewarne. It was with the utmost disgust that its people saw their old friends being replaced, or so surrounded with new colleagues, altogether unused to the ways of the district, that they could not remain harmless if they would. It was soon beyond a doubt that the revenue men were really in earnest in their endeavors to suppress the free trade.

Among the men of Trewarne the whole blame in this matter was laid upon the shoulders of John Coffin, a new man, whose energy was such that in mere self-defence his comrades were compelled to emulate his activity.

Of all the young men in those parts Jim Penlerrick was the most promis-There was none but knew the ing. traditions of the smuggling, and could help if help were needed. But Jim was one of those rare spirits who made traditions. He was hardly more than four-and-twenty, tall, fair and boyish, but he had already made himself a name by the eleverness of the dodges he invented, and the magnificent coolness with which he carried them into execution. It was no wonder that Maggie Opic, the prettiest girl in Trewarne, was proud to have him known as her sweetheart.

One day Maggie reported to him cortain events which had befallen her while he was away upon his last voyage to Roscoff. Once or twice lately it had been borne in upon her that John Coffin was much more polite to her than he had any reason to be. She had fo borne to speak the inst of

" stories which ad to Mbegoad a doubt that it was oftentimes convenient for such a one as she to matter any longer.

It appeared that

Jim Penlerrick and the men of the he would still have lacked the power night, and got it into a place of security without untimely interruption. The next morning Maggie came to her she heard a whistle, and, glancing up the road, she saw Jim Penlerrick coming to call on her. So she descended quickly, heard the tale of his adventures during the time of this last ab-

sence, and, in conclusion, told her own tale. "It looked to me," she added, "like as if the man wanted me to tell all I know, and offered to make me Mrs. night. Maggie caw his difficulty and Coffin in reward. Now, Jim, don't

haps he never meant it after all." URING the good old days of the French Jim laughed grimly. war, when Eng-

"Perhaps not," he said. "All the land was so occusame, I fancy a bit of a lesson would pied upon the seas do him no harm. He can't have that she had little thought you was bad hearted, so he time to guard her must ha' fancied you could be fooled back and told me what they had done. easy. And he must be cured of all But, soon as I was abed, I began to coasts minutely. the people of Tresuch fancies as that." warne were smug-Maggie flushed. glers to a man, and

"I never thought o' that," she said. "Jim' you can do just what you like with him."

And Jim went off to his breakfast full of thought as to how the end in view was to be obtained.

That afternoon he went through the village with a friend, carrying a stout post some ten or twelve feet in length. They made off in the direction of a small and secluded cove, about a mile to the west of Trewarne.

Later in the day John Coffin chanced upon a little girl who was idly wan-dering by the roadside. He was about to pass on, when the child spoke.

"Do'ee know the lane leadin' to Pentrize Cove?" said the child.

"Yes," said Coffin. "Well, said the child, I got a mess-

age for 'ec. You must be at the top of the lane by half-past seven, to meet a friend.

Coffin inspected the messenger suspiciously.

"Who sent you?" he asked. "Aw," said the child, "said I mustn't mention no name."

Coffin laughed.

"Well," he said, "I don't know that you need. Here, this will buy you some lollipops.

He gave the child some coppers and azine. passed on. And he was perfectly right in the impression he carried with him, for the little girl waited until he was out of sight, and then went off as speedily as might be to Maggie Opie's home, where she reported progress and showed Coffin's gift.

"Well done," said Maggie. "Spoil the Egyptians where and when you can. There's good examples for that."

But at 7.30 she was talking at the cottage gate with the daughter of a neighbor, nor did she quit her home until more than an hour later, when Jim Penlerrick turned up and suggested a brief stroll. He had manifestly some jest to share with her.

as to the identity of the sector of the message, At 7.30 precisely he began to mount the hilly lane, and when he toms. The case of the hen with the have something of a hold over such as had reached the appointed place he lit swimming ducklings may be called a he. But now she could not ignore the a pipe and waited. For a long time classic; and the distress of the henno one came. He began to grow more | mother with young turkeys, when these and more impatient, knowing that the infants follow their instincts and run girl could have nothing on earth to far afield, disobeying her calls, is there dwelt upon him a dreadful doubt ; the ducklings. could it be that she had fooled him, ently, and would have turned away, had not a roar of laughtor suddenly arrested him. Before he could recover from his surprise he was struggling in the midst of half a dozen men,

Dream landed their cargo that very of speech. He realized that this vengeance of the smugglers was not so much a return for his interferences with their actual trade as for the few window early and inspected the har-bor which it overlooked. The Dream was there; even while she looked at it had betrayed him. His heart was bit-

He waited and waited.

Suddenly he awoke as if from a drugged sleep, and found that day was breaking. The waves were far removed. And Maggie stood in front of him, the red handkerchief in her hand. She looked at him strangely, and he endeavored to recall the events of the spoke.

"Are 'ee better now?" she said. 'T' was me that put 'ee there. I told, and the men swore they would punish ee for a joke, so they fastened 'ee there, taking care to put 'ee just where the tide would stop when it came up. And I laughed over it when they came think what fear you would have-I could see you standing there waiting for death; 'twas as if I stood there myself. I knew 'twas but a joke, and, Lord knows, I've no love for revenue men. So I fought against it at first. But, at last I couldn't stand against it no longer ; I came out to set 'ee free.'

She cut the bands, and he took the gag from his month. In a moment, Maggie was on the other side again. "Look !" she said, "you won't make

a row about it. 'Twas only a joke with them. The tide never wetted more than your feet.

John Coffin turned and looked at her in silence.

"No," he said at last, "I will say nothing. But you are hard on a man whose sin was that he thought you the prettiest maid he had ever seen. He turned away from her and moved stiffly and slowly toward the path which led up the face of the cliff. Maggie watched him as he went.

"I have no love for revenue men," she had said; which is carious, for when she was married six months later she took the name of Coffin.

I had this very story from a grandson of theirs, himself a coastguard, and afterward discovered it was still told by the older folk among the inhabitants of Trewarne .-- Strand Mag-

Strange Adoptions.

The record of singular adoptions on the part of animals is so long that it seems almost safe to say that an animal mother will take and do her best to bring up the young of any other species not greatly removed from her in size. All that seems necessary is to exercise proper care in presenting the mother with her foster children.

Hens have adopted kittens, and mother cats have adopted chickens. A female monkey "mothering" a young cat was an interesting spectacle at a recent exhibition. A cow had been known to do her best for a baby colt. Sometimes the adopted progeny gives the foster mother great trouble with its difference of manners and cus-

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

On the Quiet-A Discovery-The Difference-a'Fatal Disease-A Nice Dog-Knew His Business

-The Way Only, Etc.

Ne'er did a man on earth abide, With genius, or with lack of it, Who did not fondly hug his pride, And reck himself a famous wit.

A FATAL DISEASE.

Pat-"Phwat does they use grape shot for ?"

Mike-"Shure, it is to give the inemy appendicitis."-Puck.

A DISCOVERY.

Mamma-"Why did you give the baby that drum?"

Papa-"Because he makes less noise when he has the drum."-Life.

KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

Baron-"Show me the most start ling thing you have." Tailor-"Certainly, Mr. Baron; you shall see your bill in a moment,"-Fliegende Blaetter.

A NICE DOG.

oyle. "May I inquire if your query is rompted by a matrimonial inclina-ion?" asked the young lady. He (an undesired visitor)-"Nice dog, very! Have you taught it any "Why-er-er-well, yes," stamnew tricks since I was here last?" nered the young man. She (sweetly)-"Yes; it will fetch your hat if you whistle." "That being the case, I will answer

THE DIFFERENCE.

THE ONLY WAY.

She-"George, there is but one way

in which you can obtain the right to

POSTPONED.

decided that instead of a carat-and-i-

half she must have a three-carat ring"

AN IMPROVEMENT.

is only one thing more beautiful, more

important, than to have faith in lu-

manity, and that is-'

you."-Truth.

Preacher-"Yes, my brethren, there

Wealthy Stock Broker (in a whisper)

-"To get humanity to have faith in

A SEND OFF.

for a tour in the country--biking all

Candid Friend-"Ah! Bet it won"

be four hours before you're flat or

UNAPPRECIATED LIBERALITY.

much did that bonnet cost you?

inspect my millinery bill,"

He poppad.

months ago?'

-Judge.

venison, besides tenderloin steak and Little Muggins-"Because I am not delicacies. Can you provide them in like other men, I suppose you think I their raw state?"- Harper's Bazar. am simply awful?" Miss Tudor Sharp-"Just the re-

QUITE SECURE.

leliver your address at the Sorosis to-

light on 'The Absurd Influence of Dress on Women?'" "No, I'm not."

"My dressmaker disappointed me

igain, and my lovely new gown has tot arrived."-New York Ledger.

AWFUL DESPERATION.

Unresponsive Maiden-"It is, Har-ild. I cannot be your wile"

"Then there is nothing left for me

(At restaurant half an hour later,

b waiter)—"Bring me a few oysters b begin with."—Tid-Bits.

A SURE CURE. Romantic Miss-"Have there not

teen moments in your experience when life scemed full of unsatisfied

Mr. Hardhead-"Y-e-s, that's so !"

Romantic Miss-"At such times

aways fly to masic for relief. What by you do, Mr. Hardhead?"

'Mr. Hardhead-."I advertise."-lehoboth Sunday Herald."

CALLED HIS BLUFF.

"Oh, by the way, can you cook?" aid young Mr. Spudds to Miss Gar-

you fully. Yes, I can cook terrapin,

canvas-back duck, brook trout and

Hopeless Lover-"That's your final

"Why?"

lut death."

wants?"

- Puck.

nswer, is it, Marie?"

verse, Mr. Muggins-awfully simple." "I want to consult you on a certain point," said Miss Cash to her lawver. He--"Tell me, confidentially, how

- "I am at your service, Miss Cash," "You know Mr. Squildig?"
- "Very well, indeed." "He has done me the honor of pro-
- posing marriage."

"Ah !"

"What I wish to ask is if you think my money would be safe in his hands Strawber-"I thought you intendel if I were to marry him?"

"It would be so secure you could not even get it yourself." Pittsburg to announce your engagement two Singerly-"I did ; but she suddenly

Chronicle-Telegraph. A Curious Love Story.

Here's a curious story of love and courtship. About two years ago a young gentleman of this city, while in Savannah, got into a street car with a heavy umbrella under his arm. Like a great many other careless people he held it at a dangerous angle, with the point sticking out behind him, and ere long the car gave a lurch and a lady just behind him emitted an earsplitting scream. Everybody jumped and looked, and to his horror the young man found that the point of Middle-aged Novice-"I'm just off his umbrella had come in contact with the nose of the young lady seated just the way. It'll be tour weeks before I'm back in my flat again." behind him. Of course, he apolo-gized, or tried, but it was like apologizing for murder over the body of the victim, for the lady's nose was bleeding and she was almost in convulsions with pain.

The car was stopped at the next cor-

AUSTRALIA CONVICT SHIP.

Some Attractions Even in Such Float

All is grist that comes to the mill of the showman, and even a convict ship is serviceable if it can only be made attractive. There has lately arrived in the East India dock, at Blackwall, the Australian convict ship Success, which is to be put on exhibition forth. with. The vessel belongs to the old bad system of treating criminals with barbarous cruelty, bordering on initumanity. Built in 1790 in British India, of solid teak, the Success was first an East India trader and then an emigrant ship. It was in the year 1852 just at the time of the gold discoveries in Australia, that she was turned into a convict hulk, and moored at Williams. town, Victoria. The new gold fields at. tracted many bad characters from all parts, even convicts breaking loose from the penal establishments, and in order to afford safe quarters for the worst of the evil-doers five ships were turned into hulks. The Success form. ed one of the group, and was known as the "dark cell drill" ship, being fitted up with solitary cells that admit no light. One can well understand the horrors of the rigorous system of prison treatment practiced on board these hulks by an inspection of this ship.

Lying in the East India dock, she is a weather-beaten old wooden vessel, dingy and free from any suspicion of new paint. The first wonder, indeed, is that she ever accomplished the voyage from Australia to London, which took no less than five months and a half, but her stout timbers of tenk of great thickness make her almost impregnable as a fortress. The quarters once occupied by the warders are shown on the quarter deck, where there are exhibited various rusty muskets; pistols, leg irons and manacles, as well as an original copy of a "ticket of leave," signed by the governor of the colony. The 'tween deck is fitted with cells on each side, every cell having been for the accommodation of three men, and on the lower deck, where no light and but little air could penetrate, are the dark, solitary cells, which must almost have been living tombs to t occupants. At the end of each cell is a space shut off by iron ralls called the "tigers' den," which was used for thes regarded as irreclaimable. Here : most outrageous offenders were her together in semi-darkness, and of murder was committed among them selves as the result of an old grudge or dispute.

The barbarity of the hulk system is further illustrated by iron necklets by which unfortunate malefactors we fastened by a line as if by halters, an in some torture chambers prisoner were so chained that they could neith er lie, sit or kneel. Hardened ruffin though the convicts were, yet sud treatment could only have the mis fiendish results, and the prisoners of the Success in 1857 found an opportu nity of revenging themselves by assis sinating the official head of the convic establishment, Inspector General Price The public sentiment revolted against the hulk system, which was supersed in 1859. The old hulks were broken up with the exception of the Success which after being maliciously scutt in Sydney harbor, was raised an hibited as a show vessel at vari ports in Australia. This old hulk, r ing with the memories of many ties committed in the name of the is not allowed to tell her own tale somewhat questionably it is sough heighten the effect by the aid of figures in cells, and tableaux of so with notorious bushrangers, which appeal rather to morbid tastes London Chronicle.

back to the village from a visit to Breach, a little church town two miles distant from Trewarne. She had hardly started when she met John Coffin.

"Good afternoon, Miss Opie," he said. ""Tis pleasant weather for the time of the year ;" and he stopped, so that Maggie could hardly pass on immediately.

"Iss," she said, "'tis pretty weather."

"May I keep 'ee company along the road?" said the man. ""Tis a lonely old road."

Maggie raised her eyes to his: then they fluttered and tell.

Tis very kind of you."

They discussed a multitude of indifferent subjects. Then:

"I didn't see Mr. Penlerrick when I was down in Trewarne just now," said Coffin:

"No?" said Maggie.

"I didn't see the Dream, either. I suppose she's gone to sea again?'

"How should I know?" said Maggie, innocently. "Is Jim Peulerrick the man to tell a girl what are his plans?"

"Well," said Coffin, "I suppose he'll be back for Sunday, being Feasten Sunday. I shouldn't think he'd be later than Thursday, for the fair's on Friday."

"Are 'ee going to the fair, Mr. Coffin?" said Maggie.

The man smiled.

"If I could see you there-"

"Aw," wid Maggie, "you can see that any lime. Why, the waxworks is coming that haven't been here these four yours."

"Waxworks is no attraction," said able. Coffin, contemptuously. "Give me flesh and blood

le there.'

In a minute the subject was changed. "Tis a lonely life down here for one that's been used to bigger places,' said Coffin. "It a man had a wife, perhaps 'twould be all he'd want. He'd have some interest in his work then; but as it is-

"I won't bring 'ee no further, Mr. Coffin," said Maggie, interrupting "Many thanks for your comhim. pany."

And the little man looked at her meltingly.

"No need of thanks !" he ejaculated, * 'Tis yours whenever you feel like it, and for so long a time as you choose.

He raised his hat with a flourish, and Maggie walked on homeward, having now reached the outskirts of the village. She knew not whether to laugh or be indignant. Finally she did both.

and a moment later they had overpowered and bound him, putting a ing between his teeth.

All this time they had not spoken a word, and it was still in utter silence that he was compelled to march, a man at either arm, in the direction of the Cove. Coffin did not doubt that he had fallen into the hands of smugglers resolved to revenge on him the recent injuries to the traffic they had carried on. He remembered a hundred horrid tales of violence, and his heart quailed within him.

They led him onward until the sound of the sea broke on his cars, and soon he was being led by a wild and dangerous path down to the little yellow beach. His captors dealt none too gently with him when they came to the cross space of tumbled bowlders at the foot of the cliff. And when they had gained the beath they led

him to where a tall wooden post had been fixed in an upright position in the sand. One of the men advanced close by, and began to browse the and kicked it. It quivered, but otherwise was firm, being deeply sunk, and having big stones buried about its And John Coffin would have base. cried aloud for mercy had he been

For he realized what they were going to do with him. They raised "Well," said Maggie, "if waxworks him and bound him about the wooden is no attraction, I suppose you won't post, and he looked desperately out to sea-gagged, so that he still could not speak-and wondered how long it would be before the advancing tide would reach him. The men moved about in silence, testing all the knots with tremendous vigilance before they moved away in a band and vanished in the blackness of the cliff's shadow. There was no moon. The clear starlight quivered in silver lines on

the dark plain of the sea. John Coffin could distinguish through the Times.

gloom the glimmer of the breakers; there was a heavy ground swell on, and he knew that, even if he had been able to shout, even if any human being chanced to approach this lonely region of the coast after the fall of darkness, it would still be in vain to A cold fear froze his heart. They might have taken away the gag, and Globe-Democrat.

teep her at this hour. And slowly scarcely less than that of the hen with

Ordinarily, indeed, the young turand was not coming at all? He put keys do not understand the language the thought from him, but only for a of the hen. Language with them is time. In the end he swore vehem- apparently not a matter of education but of inheritance, of instinct. Young turkeys, for instance, understand the turkey hen's warning against hawks the first time they hear it. The henmother's warning they do not understand, and continue to range while it is being uttered, to the great agitation and alarm of the hea.

An amusing case of similar distress is recorded in a journal devoted to natural science. A country gentleman who happened to have a young hare, several days old, without a mother, made the experiment of letting a cat find it, as if by accident, among her nursing kittens. The experiment succeeded. The cat made no objection to the little hare, and the hare, for his part, was well contented with its surroundings.

But trouble began when the cat attempted to teach the hare to catch mice. The little creature steadfastly refused to engage in that work. The cat boxed his large ears, and returned again and again to the task. but education proved unavailing against natural inclination.

One day, when the hare had had his cars boxed anew, he ran to the lawn, Following him, the cat saw grass. him thus occupied, and seemed to be greatly astonished. Presently her astonishment seemed to change to indignation. She first advanced as if to box the creature's ears, and then turned by a sudden impulse and ran away. -Youth's Companion.

A Featherless Chicken.

Edward Harscher, of Pittsford, Penn., has a Plymouth Rock chicken about four months old, and, instead of having a coat of feathers, it is partly covered by something of a silky, downy appearance, from one to two inches in length, and somewhat resembles the hair of an Angora goat. It is only partly covered by this strange covering, the back and other parts of the body being bare.-Rochester

Significance of "Spain,"

The name of Spain was bestowed by the Phoenicians from the word span, signifying "a rabbit," an allusion to the great numbers of this animal on the Spanish plains. The country was hope for rescue, since his voice would formerly called Iberia from the tribe not be heard above the din of the tide. of Ibert, who took their name from the River Ibro or Ebro.-St. Louis

"You are going to be tried before a his client.

"I am glad of that."

your back again !"-Punch.

"You needn't be. If you are found guilty he'll give you all the penalty the law allows."-Detroit Free Press.

RIGHT WHERE SHE LEFT OFF.

about this evening?

Wife-"I'm studying how to even with those horrid people in the flat upstairs,' Husband-"You might take up your

singing lessons again !"-- Chicago Record.

EXPERT OPINION.

"A trout is the queerest fish," said Brickley; "it will bite, get hooked badly, and bite again."

The widow looked at him absentmindedly for a minute, and then added, "Yes; but the poor fellow is to be excused ; it's human nature, you know."

VEILED MYSTERIES.

Ethel-"I suppose I shall have to wear this veil; it's the only one I have. It's so thick one can hardly see my face through it."

Edith-"Oh, wear it by all means. Everybody says you never had anything half so becoming."-Boston Transcript.

THREE MONTHS DUE.

Mrs. Oweington-"That is one of my best cups and saucers you have broken, Julia! I shall take it out of your wages !" Julia-"Will yez take it out ov the

last month's wages, Mum, or the month before that, or this month, Mum?"-Puck.

A PRELIMINARY.

"If I give your friend a place," said the banker, "he will have to give a bond. I suppose you will go on?"

"Bond?" exclaimed the other man. "Why, he can be trusted with un-

counted millions. "Yes; but all the money we have is

"Dear me," said Mrs. Wickwire, looking up from her paper, "but women are getting brave, nowadays." "Brave?" echoed Mr. Wickwire.

"Yes, here is a story about a woman who shot a mouse. She-pshav! I read it wrong. It was only a moose. - Indianapolis Journal.

WOMAN'S WAY.

ner, where there happened to be a very liberal judge," said a lawyer to drug store, and the young man, aided and abetted by one or two elderly ladies, who at once took a lively interest in the case, helped the young lady off and into the store and posted off after a doctor. One was found, and the unlucky nose was soon put in working order, and the owner, attended by Husband-"What are you brooding the married ladies, was sent home in a carriage.

The young man took her address man, for by the time the nose was out

and hunted up a mutual acquaintance, with whom he called the next day to see how the nose was getting along. The nose did well, so did the young

of danger he had got in the habit of calling, so that it became natural for him to step around in the evening. So in the course of time they were married, and she is the only lady in the United States whose courtship began by a punch in the nose from her future husband. - Athens (Ga.) News.

She Had Him There.

It is told in the Far East that a lady one day found a man following her, and she asked him why he did so. His reply was: "You are very beautiful, and I am in love with you." "Oh, you think me beautiful, do you? There is my sister over there. You will find her more beautiful than I am. Go and make love to her." On hearing this the man went to see the sister, but found she was very ugly, so he came back in an angry mood and asked the hady why she had told him a false-hood. Then she answered: "Why did you tell me a falshood?" The man was surprised at this accusation and asked when he had done so. Her answer was: "You said you loved me. If that had been true, you would not have gone to make love to another woman." Every man ought to know when he is a liar. - New Orleans Picayune.

Horses for Fertilizer.

A firm engaged in the manufacture of grease and fertilizer in central Ohio is purchasing horses to kill for their hides, grease, bones and tankage. They bought at a monthly stock sale, the first Saturday of September, a lot of twenty-eight horses for the round sum of \$50. The month before they bought nineteen horses for \$32. The horses were brought in by gypsy traders. As the pastures in this part of Ohio are dried up and the hay crop short the fertilizer men expect to buy a large number of such horses. The hides are valued at about \$3.50 each, the bones and tankage at \$1.50 to \$2. The amount of grease from a horse 15 small compared with that from a steer. "Well, dear, are you all prepared to | - Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.

MUSIC AND ANIMALS

On Some It Has a Subduing Effect. Others None.

The notion that music has a subd influence on the spirits of anima not true, although some animals affected by it. Dogs sometimes : their apreciation of music by emit sympathetic howls. Cats, on the o hand, are apparently disgusted harmonious sounds as produced human agency, and at once rotire distance, solacing themselves with own vocal renditions. Singing however, are charmingly affected trill as if their little breasts i break in their effort to surpass th former. Hyenas, rhinoceroses, potamuses, pigs, ostriches, deer, llat tigers, llons and leopards appare are not affected by music, except that they occasionally show some riosity.

Mice seem to have a great foods for all sorts of harmonic sounds have been known to come out of holes and listen attentively to a whistling. Cows care nothing at all music, nor, as far as can be learned asses. Elephants and horses. 02 other hand, are in some degree scious of its charms, and will when marching in a procession, a modate their step to the beat of music. But though music has no ch for the lion and tiger, it has been covered by a naturalist who has conducting some experiments is London Zoological Gardens, that i animals are instantly and power affected by the smell of lavender Under its influence they become cile as lambs, forgetting even ht The effect is not unlike that el upon cats by catnlp and mint.

An Iron Soldier.

A Spanish inventor has cot an iron soldier. His inner organ machinery. He is fed on card and he carries a rifle, which d turned in any direction and de 50,000 shots in fifteen minutes machinery is set in motion by tricity, but the figgre itself will stand and shoot.

counted."-Indianapolis Journal. CARELESS READING.