The sailor clinched a trembling mast,

*Mid mountains round him flowing,
While through the darkness, thick and fast,
The wintry winds were blowing;
"Heaven save the landsman, now," he said,
"With chimneys toppling round his head!" But when the world grew mild once more,

This tar, despondent growing, Said, "If I could but walk the shore, Though all the winds were blowing!"
The landsman thought, "Though storms

there be, I would that I could sail the sea!" -Will Carleton, in Harper's Bazar.

The Colonel's Romance.

Colonel Alured Turner stepping jauntily down St. James street on a summer morning could

Turner stepping jauntily down St. James street on a summer morning could fail to observe that the little gentleman was on very good terms with himself. And, indeed, the Colonel had everything that makes life worth living. He was just fifty; his liver and his digestion were in good condition; he had a charming set of room; in Piccadilly overlooking the Green Park; his soldier servant was absolutely irreproachable.

On this morning, the Colonel on turning over his letters came upon an oblong pink envelope adorned with a gilt monogram, and addressed in a nervous feminine hand. As no presentiment warned him of the terrible consequences about to spring from that innocent looking note, he smiled, for he recognized his sister-in-law's hand writing, and guessed that she was making some bewildred appeal to his knowledge of the world. He opened the pink envelope with the handle of a fork, as was his wont, and read an impassioned summons to call on the writer that afternoon (doubly underof a fork, as was his wont, and read an impassioned summons to call on the writer that afternoon (doubly under-lined), and remained his very affectionate Selina Turner.

About half-past four the Colonel, having enjoyed his after luncheon cigar and doze, strolled, a rotund and trimly groomed figure, toward his sister-in-law's house.

house.

"Oh, Alured," she exclaimed, as soon as she had ascertained that the servant had quite shut the door, "I am in such distress! That wretched boy of mine!"

"Well, well, Selina," said the Colonel,
"what has he done? Don't give way."

"On, but how dreadful it is! Only think, Alured, he's going to be married."

"What!" said the Colonel, taking his gold-rimmed eyeglass out of his eye in magisterial fashion. "The young dog! Why, he's not twenty-one yet!" "No; and that makes it all the worse.

"No; and that makes it all the worse. Oh, I'm sure he's been caught by one of those designing actresses who are always on the lookout for very young men."

'"And where is this precious scape-grace of yours?"

"At Bognor. He went there for a few days last menth, and has stayed there ever since. I wondered what was the attraction, and now I know. It's very hard."

"It is," assented the Colonel ruefully, for he saw that this meant a journey to Bognor for him, and the desertion of London at its best. "And so he'r going to be married?"
"So he says."

"And who is she?"

"And who is she?"
"I don't know; except that he declares she is the most beautiful woman in the world, and that he loves her. I think she must be older than he is."
"That, my dear Selina, goes without saying. Hoys of twenty never have violent passions for a woman under thirty. She is older than he is and eleverer. And where is the young rascal constrored?" quartered?"
"Here is his letter, Alured. You had

better take it. Heaven knows there is nothing private in it."

The Colonel had got his marching

bothing private in it."

The Colonel had got his marching orders; so he rose to go, but with a heavy heart, for London in the season was the breath of life to him, while larger and a lowesick penhaw in June Roymor and a lowesick penhaw in June Alured—don't you remember me?"

Bognor and a lovesick nephew in June were by no means to his liking.

He was a simple, straightforward soul, with a great affection for his late brother's widow and her only son, and never thought of hesitating or delaying when his services were needed on their behalf; but for all that, he felt very like a schoolbox whose holidays are drawing behalf; but for all that, he lett vey like e, schoolboy whose holidays are drawing to a close. He told the incomparable Wilks while dressing for dinner that they must start for Bognor the first thing the following morning, and then resigned all responsibility. By the time his master returned from the club to bed, Wilks he wed every preserving had resigned all responsibility. By the time his master returned from the club to bed, Wilks had made every preparation, had chosen the train and hotel, and arranged for the forwarding of all the letters.

Personally conducted by Wilks, Colorell Turner arrived at the hotel selected for him in time for a late lunch, and

for him in time for a late lunch, and then strolled out along the Chichester road to concoct a method of approaching the enemy, while Wilks went out to re-

After dinner he established himself on a deck-chair in the veranda, and, reverently lighting a Trichinopoly, abolished all thoughts of his nephew, and gave himself up to a lazy contemplation of the effect of the moonlight on the sea. But he was little more than half way through with his first cigar when Wilks marched up, saluted, and came to attention. The Colonel was a little short breath, especially after dinner, so merely nodded his head and said: of breath,

"Mr. Charles is at the Porpoise, sir."

"Anybody with him?" "Didn't see you, did he?" "No, sir."

"No, sir."

The Colonel paused to think over the news. His Trichinopoly was three-quarters 'e; so he hurled the stump into the darkness and watched it turn over and over on the gravel, emitting a shower of sparks like a squib. Then he carefully lit another cigar, and, with a deep sigh—for he loved his ease—said: "Call me at 8 to-morrow, Wilks. Good night."

night."

"Good night, sir."

Next morning Colonel Turner put his poor little plan into action. Soon after breakfast, therefore, he appeared on the parade with his patent leather boots and gold-rimmed eyeglass flashing in the morning sun, and took up his position on a seat which communded, but not too ostentatiously, the main entrance to the Porpoise. He had not long to wait. He soon became aware that his nephew was in the hall of the Porpoise, giving orders to the porter; and so he rose and strolled gently toward the pier, rightly judging that Charles would not turn to the left and go toward the outskirts of the town, at any rate, so early in the day. In a few moments the Colonel turned short around and retraced his steps, and then uncle and nephew met 'Good night, sir."

steps, and then uncle and nephew met face to face.

"Hullo, uncle!"

"Hullo, Charles! What are you doing down here?"
"Oh, I'm—Well, I'm staying here, don't you know?"

don't you know?"

"I see. Like me, I suppose; taking a whiff of sea air in the middle of the season. And yet I haven tseen much of you in town, have I?"

"Why—er—no—not much," he stammered. "The fact is—come and have a drink," he blurted out with the sudden set infaction of one insulared.

drink," he blurted out with the sudden satisfaction of one inspired.

The Colonel was a moderate man, but he knew that wine warms the heart of boy even more than of man, and he was anxious to obtain his nephew's confidence. The result was exactly what the Colonel expected. They had not returned to the parade long before Charles, after nervously touching ou indifferent subjects, suddenly turned to his uncle with the story of his first serious passion.

year the sory of his list serious passion.

"Uncle, I want to get married."

The Colonel consulted the lighted end of his Trichinopoly, as was his custom.

"Where is she playing?" said he, after

"Where is she playing?" said he, after a pause.

"Playing? She doesn't play."

"Resting here, I suppose," went on the Colonel, who was a patron of the drama, and knew something of its vernacular.

"I don't know what you mean, uncle; she's a lady."

"They all are," murmured the Colonel confidentially to a distant fishing smack.

"She's a little older than I am," went on Charles stiffly.

on Charles stiffly.
"Of conrse," said the Colonel to the

Charles flushed to the roots of his fair hair. "This is not a subject for chaff," he said indignantly; "when a fellow's awfully in love he's—well, he's awfully

awfully in love he's—well, he's awfully gone, you know."

"My dear boy," said the philosophic uncle, laying his hand upon his nephew's shoulder, "take my advice: Have as many love affairs as you like, but don't think of marrying until you are thirty."

"Ah, that is all very fine for you," replied Charles, somewhat mollified; "but I've nearly ten beastly years to wat till then."

"Ten very excellent years," said the

"'Ten very excellent years," said the Colonel sententiously; "mind you do

not waste them." not waste them."

For a short time there were silence and a feeling of constraint between the two, and then Charles said suddenly, in

two, and then Charles said suddenly, in a tone of suppressed emotion: "Uncle Alured, there she is. I want you to know her, and she has often asked me to introduce you. Come along."

The Colonel looked, and saw a tall, trIm-waisted figure coming along the parade with a light springy step. He felt that the crisis had arrived, so he threw away his Trichinopoly and braced himself for the fray. As his nephew's first love swept gracefully toward them, the Colonel saw that she was by no means as youthful as the trimness of her figure might imply.

Charles introduced his uncle to his love with an air of proprietorship which could not but have been gratifying to both of them, and the Colonel raised his hat with his most gallant air. But the

"Georgina?" ejaculated the Colonel, so taken aback that for the only time on record he dropped his gold rimmed eye-

glass. "Yes, Georgina-or Mrs. Marshall," she replied, smiling at the Colonel's astonishment. "Did you not expect to

see me?"
"Indeed, no!" gasped Colonel Turner;
"most unexpected pleasure."
"Why, you wicked boy," said she,
turning to Charles, "didn't you tell me
that your uncle had been on the point of

three walked on together. It was wonderful whata number of reminiscences Mrs. Marshall and the Colonel had in common. They talked about persons who Charles had never heard, and of things that happened before he was born, and irritated him extremely by taking it as a matter of course that the beginning of all things worth mentioning did not coincide with his appearance in this world. At last his temper gor the better of him. He halted, raised his hat stiffly, and held out his hand to say "Good-by," but the dignity of his attitude was rather spoiled by the fact that neither of his companions noticed his intention, so that he had to follow them hat in hand.

The Colonel at once saw how matters stood, and promptly took advantage of the position. He apologized for absorbing so much of Mrs. Marshall's valuable time, told her how charmed he was to

thank you? I know you have routed this woman, for Charles appeared here in a furious state last Tuesday, and has now gone yachting with a man he hates. How did you manage it?"

"There was but one way, Selina."

"And that was?"-"And that was?"—
"To marry her myself."
"Oh, Alured!" cried the mother, sinking into a chair, "what a sacrifice! And for me! How can I repay you?"
"The Chart spring propers a little

The Colonel smiled, perhaps a little sadly. "Surely I am in debt to you."

"And you who were so faithful to your first love! On, Alured, could you not green off?"

first love! On, Atureu,
get off?"
"Selina," said the Colonel, "do not
"Selina," said the Colonel, "do not
"self on my account. The

prayer meeting, and he was officious in all religious circles, but he cheeted me out of \$5000, and I don't want any of that religious circles, but he cheeted me out of \$5000, and I don't want any of that religion."

There are others who got into skepticism by a natural persistence in asking questions — why or how. How can God be acomplete sovereign and yet man a free agent? They cannot understand it. Neither can I. How can God be a complete sovereign and yet man a free agent? They cannot understand it. Neither can I. They cannot understand it. Neither can I. They cannot understand it. Neither can I. They cannot understand why a holy Gol lets sin come into the world. Neither can I. They say. "Here is a great mystery. Here is a disciple of fashion, frivolous and god less all her days—she lives on to be an octogenarian. Here is a Christian mother training her children for God and for heaven, set-sacrificing, Christilie, indispensable seemingly to that household—she takes the cancer and dies." The skeptie says, "I can't explain that." Neither can I.

Oh, I can see how men reason themselves it of the she that the blistering way. I know what it is to have a new or to be caricated that the she would give back in the did religion of their interest. So the the did religion of their interest. The helped and not through their heads, but through their heads, but through their heads, but through their heads. When these men really do come into the kingdom of God, they will be worth far more to the cause of Christ than those who never examined the evidences of Christianity. Thomas Chalmers once a skeptic; Robert Hall once a skeptic, Christmas Evans once a skeptic gode carried, but when they did lay hold of the gospel caariot, how they made it speed aloned. If therefore I stand this morning second.

Christianity.

Sometimes you have been riding along on a summer night by a swamp, an I you have seen lights that kindled over declyed vegetation—lights which are called jack-o'-lander of will-o'-the-wisp. These lights are merely poisonous miasmata. My friends, on your way to heaven you will want a becter light than the will-o'-the-wisps which camera on the rotten character of dead Christian.

Exudations from poisonous trees in our neighbor's garden will make a very poor bain for our wounds.

Sickness will come, and we will be pushed out toward the Red Sea which divides this world from the next, and not the inconsistency of Christians but the rod of failt will wave back the waters as a commanded wheels his host. The general tendence wheels his host. The general tendence with its thundrates seemaities, attended by butting will wave back the waters as a commanded by the standard of the cert of God like sparks from the deep laugh of God like sparks from the anvil, and 10,000 burning worlds shall blaz like banners in the track of God omnipotent. Oh, then we will stop and say, "There was a mean Christian; there was an impure Christian." In that day as now, "If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself, but if thou scornest thou aloue shall bear it," Why, my brother, the inconsistency of Christians end the way from God ought to be an argument to drive you to Him. The best place for a skillful doctor is a neighborhood where they are all poor dectors: the best place for a neight of the committed of the way of the stream of the place for a place of the skill ful doctor is a neighborhood where they are all poor dectors: the best place for a neight of the committed of the stream of the place for a place of the skill ful doctor is a neighborhood where they are all poor dectors: the best place for a neight of the stream of the place for a neight of the stream of the place for a neight of the stream of the place for a skillful doctor is a neighborhood where they are all poor dectors: the best place for a neight of the stre

gospel carriot, how they made it speed ahead?

If therefore I stand this morning before men and women who have drifted away into skepticism I throw out no sooff. I rather implead you by the memory of those

legality. The experiments continued, however, calf's blood being substituted for the human. The results were not encouraging, the physicians not being aware that the blood of animals injected into the veins of another belonging to a different reasies arted as a noisen. into the veins of another belonging to a different species acted as a poison. For 200 years the experiments were discontinued, and then one day, some years ago, the story of the death of a young medical student named Romain le Goff, while trying to save the life of a friend with his own blood, created a great sensation. A street in Paris, named after le Goff, commemorates his brave act. By this time the medical men had learned that to be successful the blood must neither be allowed to congulate, nor air suffered to enter the veins with it. Doctor Roussel, of Geneva, invented an apparatus which overcame both the above difficulties. Since that time the experiments have been continued with resurrished every with remarkable success. Many lives have been undoubtedly saved by it. An old employe of the Theatre Francais in Paris, named Dupnitch, has given up his blood several times to those in need of it, for which he has been awarded a magnificent gold medal by the Frence egg sl bolical

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