

IN SHADOW.

One moth sticks in a flaming flower;
A light leans on the old church tower;
I watch the moon, I watch the moon—
A moth a white slip—
One silver tip.

GOING ON BOARD.

It was a wet, dreary night in that cheerless part of the great metropolis known as Wapping. The rain, which had been falling heavily for hours, still fell steadily on to the sloppy pavements and roads, and joining forces in the gutter rushed impetuously to the nearest sewer.

to the roof or the steps he opened the door of what looked like a small pantry, but which was really the mate's boudoir.
"Jem," said the captain gruffly.
There was no reply, and jumping to the conclusion that he was above the captain tumbled up the steps and gained the deck, which as far as he could see was in the same deserted condition as when he left it.

As he expected, there was a complete sleeping chorus below—the deep, satisfied snoring of half a dozen seamen, who regardless of the tide and their captain's feelings, were slumbering sweetly in blissful ignorance of all that The Lancet might say upon the twin subjects of overcrowding and ventilation.

"Below there, you lazy thieves," roared the captain; "tumble up, tumble up."
The snores stopped. "Aye, aye," said a sleepy voice. "What's the matter, master?"
"Mattar!" repeated the other, choking violently. "Ain't you going to sail to-night?"

"Where's the mate?" inquired the captain.
"Man with red whiskers and pimply nose?" said the man interrogatively.
"That's him to a hair," answered the other.
"Ain't you seen him since he took me on at 11," said the man.

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"Why, the Mary Ann," chorused the astonished crew.
"Mary Ann," faltered the agonized captain, after a long pause. "My lads," He stopped and swallowed something in his throat. "I've been and brought away the wrong ship," he continued, with an effort; "that's what I've done. I must have been bewitched."

"The church bells in Wapping and Rotherhithe were just striking the hour of midday—though they were heard by few above the noisy din of workers on wharves and ships—as a short, stout captain and a mate with red whiskers and a pimply nose stood up in a waterman's boat in the center of the river and gazed at each other in blank astonishment.

"She's gone—clean gone," murmured the bewildered crew.
"Clean as a whistle," said the mate. "The new hands must ha' run away with her."
Then the bereaved captain raised his voice and pronounced a pathetic and beautiful eulogy on the departed vessel, somewhat marred by an appendix in which he consigned the new hands, their heirs and descendants to every conceivable misery.

"Aho!" cried the waterman, who was getting tired of the business, addressing a grimy looking seaman hanging meditatively over the side of the schooner.
"Where's the Mary Ann?"
"Went away at half past 1 this morning," said the reply.
"Cos here's the cap'n an' the mate," said the waterman, indicating the forlorn couple with a bob of his head.

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Ball Bearings for Farm Vehicles.
The advantages of ball bearings and pneumatic tires have been recognized by manufacturers and riders of bicycles so long that the wonder is, not that those friction saving devices have been applied to track sleds, but that they were not utilized on all varieties of light vehicles long ago.

It is estimated that the combination of ball bearings and pneumatic tires added from two to three seconds to Nancy Hanks' speed by lessening the draft of her sulky. A gain of such a large percentage in lightness of draft will be appreciated by owners of good roadsters, and now that their attention has been called to it the time cannot be far distant when they will want pneumatic tires and ball bearings on their buggies.

The passenger with long hair and short trousers had been figuring industriously on the back of a soiled envelope ever since the train left the Battery. He was evidently deeply interested in some problem. Two or three of the other passengers remained with him in the car until Seventy-second street was reached.

About three times each week I make an extra trip from Rector street to Forty-second street and back. That is eight miles a day for 156 days, which amounts to 1,248 miles. Then I average twelve miles at least in my Sunday pleasure rides, for I usually go to both ends of the road. That would make 624 miles more, which, added to the other total for the year, gives a grand total of 9,172 miles.—New York Times.

Shakespeare's Allusions to Strawberries.
Though history and story are alike silent as to the cultivation of the strawberry in early times, we know that the fruit was well known in England in the Fifteenth century. Shakespeare has three allusions to strawberries. In "Henry V" the Bishop of Ely, in illustration of the good qualities which the young king possessed, in spite of his wild habits and objectionable companions, says:

The girl was having a private conference with her father on the subject of marriage.
"The young man hasn't enough to support you on," urged the father.
"But you will give us something," she said.

Just outside the town of Tascora, in the panhandle of Texas, is a bare and desolate mound known as Boot Hill. A correspondent who visited the spot says that there are twenty-three nameless graves in the clay and gravel of Boot Hill, where lie the remains of twenty-three men who died with their boots on.—New Orleans Picayune.

GEMS IN VERSE.

Letters to the Editor.
"I send you here an article that's bound to make a hit."
"Enclosed please find a joke or two to spice your page with wit."
"I send a little poem which will please beyond a doubt;
Please mail me twenty copies of the paper when it's out."
"I liked your editorial on 'Times Are Growing Better.'
And so I have indorsed it in a fifteen column letter."

What is fame?
'Tis the sun gleam on the mountain
Spreading brightly ere it flies,
'Tis the bubble of the fountain
Rising lightly ere it dies;
Or, if here and there a hero
Be remembered through the years,
Yet to him the gain is zero;
Death hath stilled his hopes and fears.
Yet what danger men will dare
If but only in the air
May be heard some eager mention of their name;
Though they hear it not themselves, 'tis much the same.

What is life?
'Tis the earthly hour of trial
For a life that's but begun,
When the prize of self denial
Must be quickly lost or won;
'Tis the hour when love may moonbeam
To an everlasting flower,
Or when lusts their victims urge on
To defy immortal power.
Yet how lightly men ignore
All the future holds in store,
Spending brief but golden moments all in strife,
Or in suicidal madness grasp the knife.

The Model Husband.
Most wives will end their story with,
"Ah, well, men are but human!"
I long to tell the secret of
A truly happy woman.
Through all the sunshine lighted years,
Lived now in retrospect,
My husband's word brought never tears
Nor caused a sad reflection.

The Merit of the Deed.
The painter paints a picture of the summer sky of blue,
But he cannot steal the rainbow lights from the smallest drop of dew;
But the painter makes his picture from the Master Artist's own,
And he takes his brightest coloring where His faintest tints have shown.

How to Live on Love.
The girl was having a private conference with her father on the subject of marriage.
"The young man hasn't enough to support you on," urged the father.
"But you will give us something," she said.

Perfection Not Wanted.
She—And don't you drink?
He—No, dear.
"Nor smoke?"
"No."
"Nor use bad language?"
"No."
"And haven't any bad habits?"
"None."
"Then you must learn some. I won't marry a man I can't have some excuse for scolding."—Exchange.

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