DICK RODNEY;

Or, The Adventures of An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

"All's over now," said Tom Lambourne, as he grasped the tiller with a firm hand, after carefully wrapping a blanket round poor Hislop, who drooped beside him in the stern-sheets.

"Which way shall we pull?" asked the bowman, as we paused with our oars in the rowlocks.

"It matters little, mates," cried Tom, in a loud voice, with his left hand at the side of his mouth, to send what he said forward above the roar of the wind and sea. "We must be many hundred miles from Brazil, the nearest land, and we can do nothing now but keep our boat alive by baling and steering till daybreak. Now, Master Hislop," he added, lowering his voice, "how do you feel, sir?"

"I feel that I am quite in your way, my lads—a useless hand aboard, to consume your food and water," replied Hislop, faintly.

"Why, sir," said Probart, the stroke oarsman, "you don't think we could have left you to burn in that poor old brig?"

"No, not exactly; still I am of no use to you, and I feel—"

"What, sir, what?" asked Tom, anxiously.

"Heart sick and despairing," moaned Hislop, letting his chin drop on his breast.

"Don't talk so, sir," said Lambourne, stoutly; "despair never found a place in the heart of a British sailor."

"You are right, Tom; and perhaps I'll gather headway and get to windward yet."

"Of course you will," replied Tom, cheerfully; "but here's a sea coming—together, lads, pull together!"

Despair might well have found a place in all our breasts at that awful crisis; but Tom's bluff and cheerful way prevented our hearts from sinking, though the hours of that awful night seemed dark and long.

Well, without compass, chart, or quadrant, there we were, ten in number, in an open boat, tossing upon a dark and stormy sea, enveloped in clouds, with the red lightning gleaming through their ragged openings, or at the far and flat horizon—ignorant of where we were, where to steer for, or what to do, and full of terrible anticipations for the future!

We were silent and sleepless.

My heart was full of horror, grief and vague alarm, when I thought of my home—the quiet, the happy and peaceful old rectory, with all who loved me there, and whom I might never see again.

The hot tears that started to my eyes mingled with the cold spray that drenched my cheeks, and there seemed but one consolation for me, that my father, my affectionate mother and sisters, dear Dot and little Sybil, could never know how I perished by hunger or drowning, if such were to be my fate.

All the stories I had heard or read of ship-wrecked men—their sufferings, their endurance of gnawing hunger and burning thirst, their cannibalism, their mortal struggles with their dearest friends for the last morsel of food, for the last drop of water, and how the weak perished that the strong might live—crowded upon my memory to augment the real terrors of our situation.

So suddenly had this final catastrophe come upon us that we had considerable difficulty in assuring ourselves of its reality, and that it was not a dream—a dream, alas! from which there might be no awakening.

So hour after hour passed darkly, slowly, and silently on.

The turbulence of the wind and waves abated, the lightning passed away, the scud ceased to whirl, the vapors were divided in heaven, and a faint light that stole tremulously upward from the horizon served to indicate the east and the dawn of the coming day.

CHAPTER XXVI.
Discover Land.

The following are the names of those who escaped with me in the long-boat:

Marc Hislop, mate.
Thomas Lambourne, second mate.
Francis Probart, carpenter.
John Thomas Burnett, ship's cook.
Edward Carlton.
Henry Warren.
Hugh Chute.
Matthew Hipkin.
William Wilkins, usually called "Boy Bill."

As the morning light came in there appeared to the southwestward a vast bank of mist or cloud, which shrouded half the sky and assumed a variety of beautiful tints when the rising sun shone on it—yellow and saffron, deepening into purple and blue as its masses changed in the contrary currents of air; while to the eastward, in the quarter of the sun's ascension, the rippling ocean shone as if covered with tremulous and glittering plates of mingled gold and green.

A ration of rum-and-water in equal proportions was now served round to each man, the leathern cover of a bung being our only cup, as we had omitted a drinking vessel among our hastily collected stores. Half of a biscuit given to each constituted our breakfast, and with hope dawning with the day in our hearts we shipped our oars and pulled stoutly toward the west.

Tom Lambourne steered; the sea was smooth, the wind light, and in our favor; so ere long the mast was shipped and a sail hoisted to lessen the labor of the rowers.

We were anxious for the dense bank of purple cloud to clear away, that we might have a more extensive view of the horizon, and perhaps discover a sail, but the envious vapor seemed to darken and to roll before us, or rather before the wind that bore us aft after it.

About midday, when we were pausing on our oars, breathless and panting with heat, drenched with perspiration, which ran into our eyes and trickled down our breasts, and when visions of ice-water and bitter beer came tantalizingly to memory—for sea and sky were equally hot, as the former seemed to welter and become oily under the blaze of the latter—a sharp-winged bird that skimmed past us suddenly caught the hollow eye of Hislop, who, I thought, was sleeping.

"Do you see that bird, Tom?" he exclaimed, half starting up from the stern-sheets; "it is a man-of-war bird!"

"What then, sir?"

"We must be near land," replied the mate.

"Land!" reiterated every one in the boat, their voices expressing joy, surprise or incredulity.

"Is it Brazil?" asked Tattooed Tom, with amazement in his singular face.

"I do not think so," said Hislop, passing a hand wearily and reflectively over his pale forehead. "Brazil—it is impossible, by the last reckoning I made before that Spaniard wounded me. But Heaven only knows where we may have drifted to since then!"

"The wind and currents may have taken us many hundred miles from where the last observation was made," added Carlton.

"But I am convinced that we are near land—look at the sea-wrack that passes us now; and we must be out of the track of the Gulf-weed," continued the mate, with confidence.

"And may I never see the Nore again if that ain't land now, looming right ahead through the fog-bank!" exclaimed Tom, starting up and shading his eyes from the sun with both hands, as he peered intently westward.

As the reader may imagine, we all gazed anxiously enough in the direction indicated by the old seaman, and a swell of rapture rose in the breasts of all when something in the form of a headland or bluff could be distinctly seen right ahead, bearing due west, about seven miles distant, standing out from the bank of vapor, or looming like a darker shadow within it.

This appearance never changed in outline, but remained stationary, and every moment became more defined and confirmed.

Exclamations of joy now broke from us, and we congratulated each other on making the land so soon and so unexpectedly, without enduring the miseries which so frequently fall to the lot of those who are cast away, as we were, in an open boat, at sea.

"But what land is it?" was the general inquiry.

Another allowance of grog was served round; the oars were again shipped, we bent our backs and breasts sturdily to the task, and at every stroke almost lifted the boat clean out of the shining water in our eagerness to reach this suddenly discovered shore.

This had such an effect upon Marc Hislop that, though weak and sinking as he had been, he begged that he might be allowed to steer the boat a little way, while Tom Lambourne kept a bright lookout ahead, to watch for any ripple or surf that might indicate the locality of a treacherous coral reef, as such might prove dangerous to a large and heavily laden craft like ours.

With every stroke of the bending oars the land seemed to rise higher and more high.

Ere long we could make out its form clearly. It was bold, rocky and mountainous, and as the mist dispersed or rose upward into mid air, we could see the dark brown of the bluff, and some trees of strange aspect, with drooping foliage on its summit, were clearly defined, as they stood between us and the blue sky beyond.

We soon made out distinctly that it was a large island. The shore was somewhat level to the northeast, and in the center towered an almost perpendicular mountain of vast height, the sides of which seemed covered with furze, gorse and brushwood.

Elsewhere its dusky and copper-colored rocks started sheer out of the sea, whose waters formed a zone of snow-white surf around their base.

We headed the boat to the northeast, where the shore seemed more approachable, and as we pulled along it, but keeping fully three miles off, we saw high crags, deep ravines, shady woods and dells in the interior, though no appearance of houses, of wigwams, or of inhabitants.

Many speculations were now ventured as to what island this might be.

"May it not be land that has never before been discovered?" I suggested, with a glow of pleasure, in the anticipation of being among the first to tread an unexplored and hitherto unknown shore. Hislop smiled and shook his head.

Henry Warren, who had been an old South Sea whaler, suggested that it was the island Grando, but Hislop assured us that this was impossible. In the first place, by the position of the sun, he could see that we were not so far south as the parallel of Port San Giorgio on the Brazilian shore, and in the second, the existence of such an island was doubted.

"Can it be Trinidad Island—Tristan da Cunha, or the Rocks of Martin Vaz?" asked Tom Lambourne.

"If the latter," replied Hislop, "we should now be in south latitude 20 deg. 27 min., but this land in no way answers to the aspect of the Martin Vaz Rocks."

"Did you ever see them, sir?" asked several.

"No; but they are described by La Perrouse as appearing like five distinct headlands." After pausing and pondering for a moment, he suddenly added, with confidence. "It is the Island of Alphonso de Albuquerque!"

"How do you know?" I inquired.

"By the appearance of that cliff, and the mountain inland."

"You have been here before?" asked Probart.

"Never; but I know it to be Alphonso by that cliff on the north, and the mountain, too, which were particularly described in a Spanish book I lost in the Eugenie. The mountain is a peak which the author says resembles—did any of you ever see a place like it before?"

"It is as like Tenny Reef from the port of Santa Cruz as one egg is like another!" exclaimed Tom Lambourne.

"Exactly, Tom, that is what the Spanish author likens it to, though he doesn't use the simile. So if it is the island of Alphonso, we are now somewhere in south latitude 37 deg. 6 min., and west longitude 12 deg. 2 min. Pull southward, my lads, the shore opens a bit beyond that headland. We shall find a smooth beach probably within that bight yonder."

"Anyway we're not in pilot's water," added Tom, laughing; "give way, mates—stretch out."

We pulled with a hearty will, and ere long were close in shore—so close that our larboard oars seemed almost to touch the mighty rocks which rose sheer from the sea, like mighty cyclopean walls, but covered with the greenest moss; they overhung and overshadowed the dark, deep water that washed their base, and as they shielded us from the fierce noonday heat of the sun, we found the partial coolness refreshing and delightful.

As Hislop had foreseen, on rounding the bluff, the shore receded inward, and through a line of white surf, like that which boils over the bar at a river's mouth, we dashed into a beautiful little bay, the sandy beach of which was shaded by groves of bright green trees.

Still we saw no trace of inhabitants; but selecting a small creek, which was almost concealed by trees that grew, like mangroves, close to the edge of the water, we ran our boat in, moored her securely, where none were likely to find her save ourselves, and then all save Hislop and Billy the cabin boy, who remained to attend him, we went on an exploring expedition in search of natives or whatever might turn up next.

(To be continued.)

GLOVE MAKING.

Changes That Have Taken Place in Methods.

The glove industry, which was first settled in Gloversville, N. Y., in 1809, now represents an investment of no less than $15,000,000. Rough mittens made from the deerskins received from the traders in exchange for tin were the first product of the settlement, and the first load of gloves that went to Boston was forwarded in 1825. In the early days of the industry glovemaking was followed exclusively by women, but it now engages the services of a large number of men. The old style was for the glover to lay his pattern on the leather and then, after marking the outline with a leadpencil, to cut it out with his shears. The glove was sewed by hand, and when seams had been pounded it went through the process of pressing. This was done by placing it between two boards, on which the glovemaker sat while making another pair. The modern method of manufacturing the glove is to cut the leather and fold it over so that the back is larger than the front. The operator then makes three cuts through the doubled pieces, so that it may produce the back and front for the four fingers. Next an ovoid hole is cut for the insertion of the thumbpiece. Long strips or gussets are sewn on the inner side of the first and fourth fingers; but the second and third finger gussets are sewn on both sides. Afterward small diamond-shaped pieces are cut, fitted and sewn in the spaces between the bases of the fingers. The ornamental embroidery is then stitched on the back, the buttons or fasteners fitted and the wrists hemmed and the glove is finished. The operators earn on an average $2 a day.

Weeping at the Theater.

"There's just this about crying at the theater,' said the average woman. "You'll cry if you're in the mood for it and you won't if you're not—no matter how harrowing or nonharrowing the play may be. Like most average women, I rarely cry, either at the theater or anywhere, but I long ago discovered that it depends entirely upon my mood at the time. I once went to a genuine comedy and found the tears filling my eyes just because I happened to be blue at the time, and I've been at many a play with all the women around me mopping their eyes and drying their pocket-handkerchiefs on their fans, while I—being for some reason or other uplifted—sat there dry-eyed, almost smiling. No matter what my mood, however, the thing sure to keep me from weeping at the theater is any emotional display on the part of her who is with me. I can attend the weepiest kind of a play unmoved with my sister, for she starts in away ahead of time, making me feel more like laughing than crying, and then when the true lachrymose opportunity arrives it finds me pathos-proof. This is the only way by which I may make myself immune from weeping at theaters upon all occasions."—Philadelphia Times.

The "Eye" of an Awful Storm.

The observations of Captain Carpenter, of the Royal Navy, show that the hurricane which destroyed more than 17,000 houses and hundreds of lives in the islands of Barbadoes and St. Vincent last September had a calm 'eye' at its center four miles in diameter. The phenomenon of a central calm at the core of a whirling storm is characteristic of the West Indian hurricanes. The diameter of the storm center, including the circling winds that enclosed the eye, was about thirty-five miles during the period of greatest destruction. After the hurricane passed St. Vincent, the storm center enlarged to a diameter of 170 miles.

The Special Delivery Letters.

A special delivery stamp crowns an ordinary letter and insures it royal care. It travels first-class; the clerks pass it rapidly on its way; on reaching its destination all schedules are disregarded; it is honored by being sent by a special messenger. This service was begun in 1886; in 1896 the number of these stamps issued was over 5,000,000. New York city delivered the greatest number of these letters—about 693,000. Boston came next, with 275,000. The average time, throughout the nation, for delivery from postoffice to addressee was seventeen minutes.

GREATEST DAM IN THE WORLD.

Will Turn 2,500 Square Miles of Desert Into a Garden.

(London Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.)

Less than 350 miles northwest from Mount Sinai, to which the Lord descended in a fire and said: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," Queen Victoria's third son, the Duke of Connaught, a few Sundays ago laid the mortar on the foundation stone for the greatest work Egypt has seen since the pyramids were built.

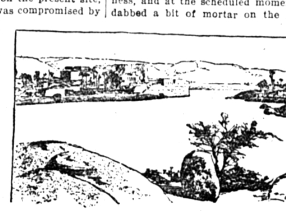
The structure thus begun is the dam across the Nile at Assouan, and is to be the biggest thing of its kind in the world. It will bring to the land of the Pharaohs the greatest change it has known since Moses, cradled in the waters of this same old Nile, led the children of Israel out of this same old Egypt.

Comparatively little has been said about the wonderful work now going on at Assouan as fast as 5,000 workmen and an army of engineers can push it, because the scene of operations is so far away from the newspapers. It is 600 miles south from Alexandria and twenty-four hours' journey by rail from Cairo. Hence it has not been generally realized that the purpose of this dam is to turn 2,500 square miles of Egypt—a distance more than half the size of the state of Connecticut—from a desert into a garden so fertile that three crops a year can be raised on it. Egypt's productive capacity will be increased one-fourth, and it is said that her output of raw sugar will be at least doubled.

Lord Rosebery, who is somewhat given to epigram, once observed that "the Nile is Egypt, and Egypt is the Nile." That part of the country which has been able to keep its irrigation canals filled from the river has been phenomenally productive, and the rest of it has been more or less a desert, according to how much help it can get at odd times from Father Nile. The work of the new dam will be to store up the water from the flood season and distribute it for irrigation in new territory to build up a new Egypt. The dam will be a mile and a quarter long, and will rise straight up 300 feet from the bed of the river, creating at its back a lake 144 miles long, and, in the flood season, 66 feet deeper than nature intended. It is estimated that the reservoir thus created will hold 1,000,000,000 tons of water.

There is one feature of this vast enterprise that will break the heart of the archaeologist and cause the tourist to weep. John Bull made a few caustic comments on American lack of poetry and sentiment when it became apparent that the diversion of great quantities of water from above Niagara Falls for the manufacture of electricity to turn all the wheels in the neighborhood might interfere with the beauty of the cataract to which all the world and his wife go on their wedding journey. What then shall be said of John Bull and his dam on the Nile, for, in spite of all equivocations, it seems to be certain that this practical enterprise is going to spoil the ruins of the temple of Philae, which stand on a tiny island in the river just above the dam, and within sight of it.

There was such a hue and cry at first about the impending doom of this little garden spot of Egypt's ancient gods that the engineers looked around a second time for some other location for the dam; but there was no other place where nature had done so much to save expense as on the present site, and so the matter was compromised by planning to make the dam several feet lower than had been originally intended. Apparently only result will be that the precious old ruins will not be quite so far under water as they otherwise would have been, which, no doubt, is highly gratifying.



THE PHILAE TEMPLE.

The Philae temples are said to be the finest existing specimens of ancient Egypt's sacred places; and, besides, was not Osiris, best and greatest of Egypt's gods, buried there? The priests in the temple of Isis, who was the wife of Osiris and also the Venus of Egypt, said he was, and were not disturbed because he was also buried in other places, for he was slain by his brother Set, cut in pieces, thrown into the Nile, and afterward brought to life again by the loving care of Isis. Having assumed the privilege of dying more than once, it reasonably follows that he is entitled to more than one burial place.

The chief of the Philae remains is the great temple of Isis, built between 222 and 247 B. C., by Ptolemy Philadelphus. A smaller roofless temple adjoining dates back a hundred years earlier, and the Pharaoh's Bed is credited to Trajan, 100 B. C. The temples have been of the greatest importance to archaeologists, because they contained more representations of the story of Osiris than can be found elsewhere, and have contributed invaluable facts to our scanty store of knowledge about the religion of ancient Egypt.

The suggestion has been made that the temples be taken apart, stone by stone, and rebuilt near Cairo, where they would be handy for the tourist, but that would be about as great a desecration as to leave them where

PHARAOH'S BED AND TOMB OF ISIS.

they are. Edward Dicey, the veteran author and traveler, who was present at the laying of the corner stone, says: "I hope and trust from what I hear that the temple may be removed to some safer position. But, standing where it does, it is bound to be submerged whenever the waters of the lake which the dam is about to construct reach the height necessary to secure a perennial water supply for Upper Egypt."

Some consolation for the damage to Philae can be found in the fact that the plans for the dam call for an imposing structure, which is to serve also as a bridge underneath whose carriage road the water will pass through sluices. A chain of half a dozen locks at one end of the dam will provide for the increasing river traffic.

Eventually two other dams are to be built to increase the irrigation of Egypt further north, one of them just below Cairo, and the other at Assiout, half way between Assouan and the mouth of the Nile.

Ground was broken for the new dam six months ago, the contract having been let to John Aird, a member of parliament, who also happened to be a famous contractor. So far the great army of workmen employed has been kept busy clearing the foundations, and the work will not be finished for fully five years.

When the Duke of Connaught arrived on the scene to lay the foundation stone he came upon a strange conglomeration of derricks, mud huts, husky little switch engines, ancient and moth-eaten camels, engineering experts and stolid children of the desert watching the work with calm indifference. There wasn't much elaborate ceremony after the affair of laying the corner stone. A nice little silver trowel was given to his royal highness, and at the scheduled moment he dabbed a bit of mortar on the stone and it was lowered into place with a few appropriate remarks from the duke to a handful of English guests and tourists in knickerbockers and the inevitable pith helmets.

The dam is to be built of the red granite that juts out in the little islands about which the Nile roars and tumbles down the first rapids just below the dam. It will cost somewhere near $10,000,000, and $6,000,000 more are to be spent in cutting canals and drains leading from the artificial lake. It is estimated that the work will increase the value of land in Egypt $230,000,000 and the total value of the crops $63,000,000, so it is a paying investment so far as actual dollars and cents are concerned.

Incidentally, the British bondholder expects to make a good percentage out of it, so he is quite nonchalant when he says: "Of course, it's most unfortunate about those old temples, and if anybody wants to pick 'em up out of the way and plant 'em somewhere else, we'll pay the expense, but it would have cost a lot more to build the dam above the weedy old place—and you couldn't expect that, you know."

CURTIS BROWN.

MEN WHO HUNT BARGAINS.

This Pastime Is Not Solely Confined to Women.

Persons who imagine that the craze for bargain-hunting is confined to women labor under a delusion, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. Judging by the number of young men that find time to visit the large shops on days when reductions in prices of desirable articles for masculine wear are advertised, they should be given credit for intelligent study of the business columns of their favorite newspaper, as well as for the praiseworthy ambition to secure all they can for their money. When Duck & Co. advertise a forced sale of spring shirts at ridiculous figures the counters are blocked with eager buyers, who purchase the garments by the dozen if the style and patterns suit them, and whose operations are conducted quite without feminine advice or assistance. A glove sale, a necktie sale, an underwear sale, all bring throngs of buyers of the right sort—young men that have their minds firmly made up as to what they want and the money in their pockets to pay for it when they find it. They are young men, too, who find time to take a prowl through their favorite "store" every day or so by habit, just to see if there is anything desirable lying around loose that the advertisement writer has overlooked. Of course the men here alluded to are all miserable bachelors. A married man never has any money to spend in department stores. His wife attends to that for him.

FOREIGN SERVANTS.

They Make American Households Cosmopolitan.

We are getting so cosmopolitan that we almost lose sight of our own nationality in some things. We very seldom hear of anything which is distinctly American. The things which seem to appeal to us are distinctly foreign. We are always looking for something imported, something unusual, something odd. We certainly have an opportunity to indulge ourselves in this curious propensity nowadays in the matter of domestic servants as well as in house furnishings and clothing. I do not refer to Irish, English, German, French or Italian, but to still more distant countries. When we advertise for a cook we are offered Oriental cooks—Chinese or Japanese. The former have a long established reputation on the western coast of this country and are now invading the eastern. Those who have lived in California know from experience the fine cooking of the Chinese, as well as their economy. They are now trying to compete with our favorite French cooks in New York. We are also offered Japanese valets and butlers. These little people are extremely neat, dextrous and quiet about the house, as are also the East Indians. They all know their business to the minutest detail, and attend to it strictly. They also know their place as servants, and have no aspirations which interfere with those duties. Consequently they are a real comfort. And so we have the greatest variety of nationalities in some of the most exclusive homes of the city. We are driven by English coachmen, accompanied by English footmen; the door is opened by a Japanese butler; we are attended by an Alsatian valet; take Russian tea in a Turkish corner served by an East Indian, smoke an Egyptian cigarette and wonder who we are and "where we are at!"

A Long Time on the Way.

In France, a little while ago, letters for three hundred people were delivered—to as many of the "addressees" as were still living—which had been mailed nearly twenty-eight years before. They were delivered, moreover, at the earliest possible moment, although the distance between the sender and the receiver was, in many cases, only a few miles. The story of this long trip is interesting. During the siege of Paris by the Germans in 1870, the postoffice administration hit upon the expedient, in addition to the balloons, of enclosing letters in small zinc globes, water-tight and hermetically sealed, and of dropping them into the Seine. They were floated—if they were not captured by the Germans—down the river to the French lines, where a net stretched across the river gathered them in, and they were sent on their way to Paris. Unfortunately for the French, the Germans discovered the character of these zinc floats, and as they could not hope to see and fish out by ordinary means all the letters that went down thus, they stretched across the river, at Villeneuve-Saint-George, a net of their own, and effectually stopped this new system of postal communication. The zinc balls and their use were pretty nearly forgotten, when, a short time ago, a fisherman found in the Seine, near Villeneuve, a queer-looking globe of zinc. With a large knife he opened it, to see what might be in it, and found three hundred letters, still legible, and all dated in December, 1870. They were delivered to the postal authorities, and after this long wait in the river, went their way; but their news of the state of things in the country was a little stale.

Satisfactorily Explained.

New York Journal: "What can I do for you, my good man?" inquired Alexander the Great, as he paused before the tub in which Diogenes reclined. "You might give me a job, your majesty," replied the philosopher. "I want a nice, easy one that will last a lifetime." "Very well," said the king; "I will give you some detective work." This explains how it happened that Diogenes was so often seen prowling about the streets with a lantern in broad daylight, and also why he never found the honest man he was looking for.

Easter in Olden Time.

Easter was at one time celebrated by feasts and games held in the churches. These at first were decorous and useful in bringing the congregations together in rejoicing after the severe duties imposed upon them during Lent. The custom was abandoned because of the excesses, which became a scandal to the church.

Funds for Burning Heretics.

A church in London still possesses an income originally given to it for the purpose of buying fagots for burning heretics.

How can society escape the storm that is brewing if it be only lukewarmly defended by honest men?—Proal.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Variety of Jokes—Gibes and Ironies, Original and Selected—Flotsam and Jetsam from the Tide of Humor—Witty Sayings.

New Moon.

Once, when the new moon glittered
So slender in the West,
I looked across my shoulder,
And a wild wish stirred my breast.

Over my white, right shoulder
I looked at the silver horn,
And wished a wish at even
To come to pass in the morn.

Whenever the new moon glittered,
So slender and so fine,
I looked across my shoulder,
And wished that wish of mine!

Now, when the West is rosy,
And the snow-wreaths blush below,
And I see the light white crescent
Float downward, soft and slow;

I never look over my shoulder,
As I used to look before;
For my heart is older and colder,
And now I wish no more!

True Value of Ceremony.

A Canadian minister had just married a couple. The registers were signed, and nothing remained but the giving and taking of the fee. The bridegroom, a strapping young fellow, asked: "How much is it?" The parson glanced at the smiling bride and slyly answered: "Whatever you think it's worth." Now, it should have been worth a good deal, for the girl was young and pretty.

"I reckon it's worth about 50 cents," said the swain, holding out two quarters. The clergyman looked blankly at the two coins, then turned to the fair one.

"I'll leave it to you, madam," he said. "What do you think it's worth?" The blushing bride reached out, took the coins, handed one quarter to the minister and put the other into her pocket! "A thrifty wife," said the Canadian, with a sigh, "is her husband's crown."

An Oversight.

Tom—It is a singular thing that these cookery books give no information concerning the most important matter connected with cooking.

His Wife—What is that, Tom?

Tom—How to keep a cook.

The King Had Arisen.

When King Kalakaua of the Hawaiian islands visited Shanghai he occupied a suite of rooms up one flight of stairs at the Astor house. Two American gentlemen called to pay their respects one morning, and, meeting the proprietor, inquired if the king was in.

"I will see," replied the landlord, and shouting to a Chinese servant at the head of the stairs, asked: "Boy! That piecey king top side, had got?"

"Hab got,' laconically answered the servant.

"Gentlemen, his majesty is in. Pray walk up," said the landlord.

Heading Off a "Touch."

Bill—I met that fellow Boggs yesterday.

Jill—Did he borrow anything from you?

"Not on your life! Before he had a chance I asked him to loan me a dollar."

"I see; you struck him in self-defense."

An Opinion Indorsed.

"Never allow it to be said that you ever gave a bribe," said the man of high ideals.

"Of course not," replied the painfully practical person. "You don't want to let anybody know about it except the man who got it. And he doesn't dare say anything."

His Was a True Sacrifice.

Father O'Flynn—And now, Pat Murphy, in this season of Lent, what is it you do by way of penance?

Pat Murphy—Sure, then, I—I come an' hear your riverance praych!

They Were Loud Enough.

Wheeler—Bevelgear never has a bell on his bicycle.

Scorcher—He doesn't need it. Just look at his stockings.

Success.

Clara—I'm so fond of music. I want to play the piano awfully!

Laura—Well, you do play it awfully.—Boston Traveler.

Coming Woe.

"Rastus, dis is de style now. How do you like my chignon?" "Hit's all wool, Chloe, an' a yahd wide."