

POETRY.

THE RECORD ON THE STONE.

"Here she lies." This is the sole inscription On the stone...

Grey with age, with weeds and moss and lichen Overgrown Yet I long to know more of thy story, Poor unknown.

Years have passed since gentle loving fingers Nursed thy tomb Now above thee but the lonely bramble Sheds its gloom...

Yet thou wert a flower, perchance, and died In thy bloom. "I don't understand you."

"I am glad that length of time," said the ghost, "since I first came here. Mine is not an ordinary case."

"You see, I am sure Mr. Hinckman will not return to-night." "I am sure of it as I can be of anything."

"I am sure of it as I can be of anything," I answered. "He left to-day for Bristol, two hundred miles away."

"Then I will go on," said the ghost, "for I am glad to have the opportunity of talking to some one who will listen to me."

"This is all very strange," I said, greatly puzzled by what I had heard. "Are you the ghost of Mr. Hinckman?"

"This is a bold question, but my mind was so full of other emotions that there seemed to be no room for that of fear."

"Yes, I am his ghost," my companion replied, "and yet I have no right to be. And this is what makes me so uneasy."

"What if I believed? (And this was saddest) If I believed, thy poor soul wandered lonely."

"Then the grave's cold arms were kind that clasped thee To her breast. And some gentle heart, thus moved to pity, Who had known...

All thy life's sad trial, carved this record On the stone, And with benediction led thee sleeping Here alone?"

From thy silent resting place there cometh No replies; But the whip-poor-will lamenteth nightly With his cries, And the broken stone alone repeateth 'Here she lies.'"

A. M. A. A doubly pious way consists when we our thanks would bring. In recognizing God exists in every living thing.

That when our heart or man we touch with pity-helping care, 'Tis known in Heaven just as much, as if we did it there."

When in some happy future hour—God grant it may be given We by his merciful all-wise power shall find our way to Heaven,

When we shall see the streets of gold gleam through the peary portal And realize the wealth untold of joys that are immortal,

Backward shall turn the echoing scroll, vocal with love here spoken; And hallowed accents fill the soul with melody unbroken."

SELECT STORY THE TRANSFERRED GHOST. BY FRANK R. STOCKTON. AUTHOR OF "RUDDER GRANGE," "THE LATE MRS. SULL," ETC.

The country residence of John Hinckman was a delightful place to me, for many reasons. It was the abode of a genial, though somewhat impulsive, hospitality.

It had broad, smooth-sawn lawns and towering oaks and elms; there were bosky shades at several points, and not far from the house there was a little rill spanned by a rustic bridge with the bark on it;

there were fruits and flowers, pleasant people, chess, billiards, rides, walks, and fishing. These were great attractions; but none of them, nor all of them together, would have been sufficient to hold me to the place very long.

I had been invited for the trout season, but should, probably, have finished my visit early in the summer had it not been that upon fair days, when the grass was dry, and the sun was not too hot, and there was but a little wind, there strolled and through the lofty elms, or passed lightly through the bosky shades, the form of my Madeline.

what I was about to think, but at this instant the figure spoke. "Do you know," he said, with a countenance that indicated anxiety, "if Mr. Hinckman will return to-night?"

"I thought it well to maintain a calm exterior, and I answered,—"We do not expect him."

"I am glad that," said he, sinking into the chair by which he stood. "During the two years and a half that I have inhabited this house, that man has never been away for a single night. You can't imagine the relief it gives me."

"And as he spoke he stretched out his legs, and leaned back in the chair. His form became less vague, and the colors of his garments more distinct and evident, while an expression of gratified relief succeeded to the anxiety of his countenance."

"Two years and a half!" I exclaimed. "I don't understand you." "I am certain that length of time," said the ghost, "since I first came here. Mine is not an ordinary case."

"You see, I am sure Mr. Hinckman will not return to-night." "I am sure of it as I can be of anything," I answered. "He left to-day for Bristol, two hundred miles away."

"Then I will go on," said the ghost, "for I am glad to have the opportunity of talking to some one who will listen to me; but if John Hinckman should come in and catch me here, I should be frightened out of my wits."

"This is all very strange," I said, greatly puzzled by what I had heard. "Are you the ghost of Mr. Hinckman?" "This is a bold question, but my mind was so full of other emotions that there seemed to be no room for that of fear."

"Yes, I am his ghost," my companion replied, "and yet I have no right to be. And this is what makes me so uneasy, and so much afraid of him. It is a strange story, and I truly believe, without proceeding to any details, that you are quite an exceptional ghost, and I do not think would ordinarily arise in regard to beings of his class."

"I must go now," said the ghost, rising; "but I will see you somewhere to-morrow night. And remember—your help me, and I'll help you."

"I had doubts the next morning as to the propriety of telling Madeline any thing about this interview, and soon convinced myself that I must keep silent on the subject. If she knew there was a ghost about the house, she would probably leave the place instantly. I did not mention the matter, and so regulated my demeanor that I am quite sure Madeline never suspected what had taken place. For some time I had wished that Mr. Hinckman would absent himself from the premises. In such a case I thought I might more easily nerve myself up to the subject of speaking to Madeline on the subject of our future collateral existence."

And, now that the opportunity for such speech had really occurred, I did not feel ready to avail myself of it. What would become of me if she refused me? CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

A NEW ROBINSON CRUOE. Beautiful Story About a Shipwrecked Sailor on a New Found Island. News received from San Jose, the capital of Costa Rica, says that in a recent return from the coast of Patagonia to the port of Santa Cruz, the Atlantic steamer cutter San Juan sighted and came to anchor off an island hitherto unknown, fifty miles from shore, three miles long by one mile wide, averaging probably thirty feet above high tide, with a rocky, almost perpendicular coast line, extremely tedious of ascent. In the interior, however, it was found to be well wooded, and the Captain of the cutter reports having encountered in his rambles many species of wild animals and thousands of birds. A number of clear, sparkling fresh-water springs were seen. Besides one of these a human footprint was discovered. A search of the vicinity led to the finding of a man asleep upon the ground, close by the beach. He was perfectly devoid of clothing but a snow-white beard and hair reached nearly to his knees. When first awakened he attempted to escape and acted like a wild man, but, being captured soon recovered his speech. He was a native of Spain, 48 years of age and gave his name as Mariano Rodriguez. He had been shipped from Montevideo in 1850 in an American schooner from New York, bound around the Horn. A violent storm had cast the vessel upon the rocks, and he alone of all the crew had succeeded in gaining shore in safety. No other ship had been sighted since the day he landed upon the San Juan coast. He had lived on raw fish and his bird's eggs, which were obtainable in abundance; but his sufferings from exposure to the weather at times variable and bitter cold, had been terrible and almost unbearable. The island has been named "Isla de Rodriguez" after the new Robinson Crusoe. Rodriguez was sent back to Spain a few days ago at the expense of the Government of Costa Rica. Congress will be asked at its coming session to vote a gold medal to the Captain of the San Juan for having discovered the island and rescued its solitary shipwrecked occupant.

THE WAR ON LIQUOR. The women of Missouri are again commencing the anti-drink crusade. The movement was re-commenced by one of the women attacking saloons single-handed with an axe, after which the rest of the town served notice on the saloon-keepers to close or be closed by them. The saloon-keepers, in return, swore out warrants for the women on the charge of conspiracy, but with the intention of frightening them it had little effect. Mrs. G. W. Williams, Mrs. Howard Jerrold, Mrs. William Adgers and Mrs. Finlay met at the Presbyterian church during prayer meeting with an axe hidden under their heavy shawls. When they left the church they were joined by a dozen other women, similarly armed, some even carrying rifles, and marched down the road to Delossus, singing temperance hymns. Half a mile from this place they met August Tomson driving a wagon-load of beer. On their rather threatening march they dismounted, and sided them in unloading the beer, and was a witness to their work of destruction and the manner in which the crusaders, unaccustomed to the characteristics of the beverage, bedraggled themselves as it spurted up through the newly made burlings. Mrs. Foster now assumed command and drove her troops in the beerwagon to the Delossus railway station, where twenty-six kegs and twenty-five cases of beer were destroyed. The saloon men are highly excited about the matter and are arranging themselves for the purpose of taking the law into their own hands; but the women try to carry out their threats to destroy all the beer in Farmington.

A TRAVELLING PULPIT. A curious colonial relic, known as the "open-and-shut" pulpit, was sold by auction at Danielsonville, Conn., last week. One report of the sale says of the relic—"It had been in the Read family for 160 years, and was the property of Rev. Amos Read, the first Baptist minister in the state. Mr. Read had to travel great distances in order to 'spread the gospel,' and had this pulpit made to take with him. It opened and shut with hinges like a chest whose lid is very much larger than the box part. When the pulpit is shut up it is seemingly a fair sized box; opened, the solid lid stands straight before the preacher, a pulpit standard, on which the minister lays his Bible and hymn book, and behind which he discourses, standing on the other part of the box. Rev. Amos Read, when he set forth to preach in distant parts, just strapped up his pulpit, balanced it on his horse's back, and trotted forth, carrying church as well as gospel along with him."

AFRICAN AMAZONS. Dahomey is again at war with an European power, and some of the famous amazons or female soldiers of the king have been killed in a battle with the French Senegalese troops. The king's regular army is a permanent establishment, all the soldiers being enrolled for life or until incapacitated for further service. For special needs the regulars are reinforced by large auxiliaries bodies, these irregular troops are disbanded as soon as the particular occasion that made them useful has passed. The amazons belong to the regular army, and they are recruited in a remarkable manner. If a woman in Dahomey is found to be unfaithful to her husband she is at once sent to military headquarters and enrolled among the amazons. If she has an acrid temper or fails to bear children, or if her husband wants to get rid of her, he honors himself by presenting her to the king, who, if she has the requisite physical qualifications, turns her over to his army officers to be drilled as an amazon.

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BLACK HOBIERY IN DEMAND. Every once in a while some prophet of evil will arise and announce that black stockings must be got. It's all absolute rubbish. Women will not give up the hosiery that make the feet look so black. The black silk stockings are not going, but growing. They are having their apotheosis. It was shown some other day which have left the stocking age behind and have become full fledged tighties. Yes, the girls wear now with their riding habits and tailor-made frocks nothing less (or more) than black silk tighties, which cover feet and limbs to the hips and are joined to a yoke of flesh-tinted silk. Some very nice styles of black stockings are made with stripes of various colors running horizontally up the back and sides, leaving an inch or two of plain black on the front of the stocking. This is a much prettier effect than the stripes are in front, and is much newer.

TERROR IN ST. PETERSBURG. LONDON, April 4.—It is impossible to ascertain the exact state of affairs in St. Petersburg. The censorship, applied with more than usual rigour, stifles all the information. All kinds of wild rumors prevail in consequence and cause alarm here. It is evident danger again hangs over the house of the Romanoffs.

The latest conspiracy against the Czars, revealed by the letters of the Jesuit, is thought to have led to the Czar's illness, which has disquieted every market in Europe. This letter, it is said, disclosed the fact that the plot was not directed against the life of the Czar alone, but threatened the lives of his daughter, the Princess Zenaïde, his uncle, the Grand Duke Constantine, and Elizabeth, the wife of the Grand Duke.

IN VIEW of these disclosures it is not surprising that a reign of terror prevails in the Russian capital.

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FOUND THEIR WEAK POINT. Cowboys (in graceful chorus)—We've got you now, you villain, and you are going to swing. (They prepare the rope and select a convict tree.) The Villain—Hold on, boys. I'll bet you the drinks you don't stretch my neck. Cowboys—Oh, won't we, just! (They platoon his arms.) The Villain—I can put you up to some valuable secrets. (They tie his feet together.) The Villain— I know where \$60,000 in gold is buried. (They adjust the noose to his neck.) The Villain— I can put you on to a new silver mine. (They commence to hoist him up.) The Villain— And I've got six new tricks at cards. Chorus of voices (excitedly)—Hold on! Let him down. (He is let down, released and pardoned.)

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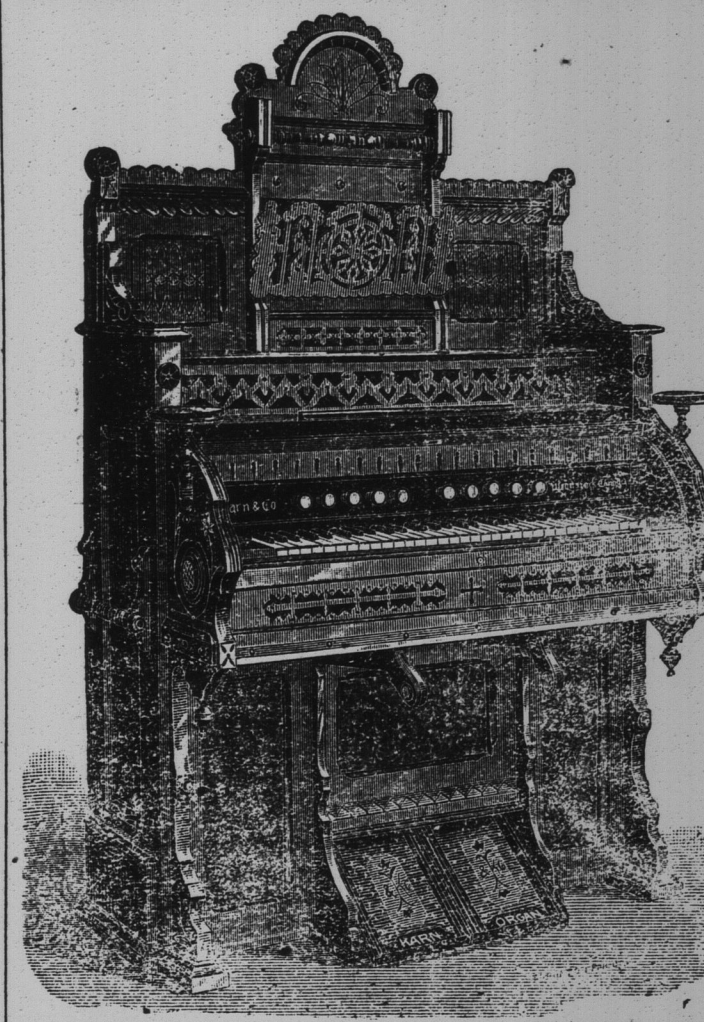
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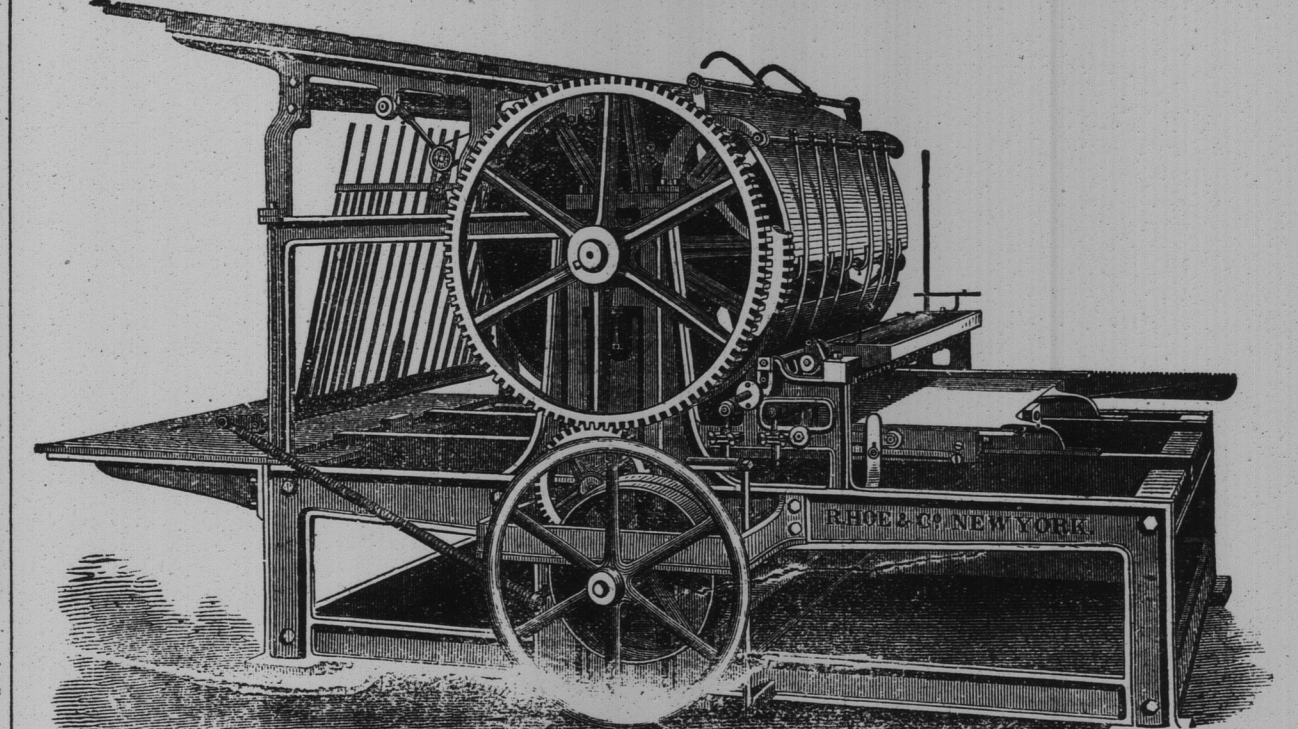
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