

POETRY.

SOME DAY.

When the purple shadows hover
In the twilight gray and still,
And the wings of night are resting
Softly on the distant hill;

When the hush of sleeping myriads
Rhymes with the sound of spheres,
And the tread of passing moments
Marks the end of weary years;

When the solemn tide is ebbing
Softly from the pebbly shore,
And the ships go out of harbor
To come back again no more,

When some day we weigh life's anchor,
Slowly drift out on the tide,
Death our pilot, and our haven
Over on the other side;

When the white mists leave the waters
And we hear the signal bell,
When the morning dawns before us,
Where no midnight ever fell,

Then, beloved, all will be well.
—Maude Meredith in America

SELECT STORY.
DAPPLE'S MISTRESS.

"Stop, Dapple: we must look to this."
The scene was a green stretch of summer lawn in front of a fine old Virginia farmhouse; the speaker a slight, bright faced girl, gracefully mounted on a small, gray pony.

Old Virginia, the queen mother of the sunny south, was overrun with soldiers, devastated by fire and sword, shaken to her very foundations by the thunders of civil war.

Colonel Moreton was far away from his pleasant home, in the front ranks of death and danger; but Irene, his only child, still braved the terrors of invasion, and remained at the farmhouse with her invalid mother and a few faithful old servants.

Centering around the grounds an hour after the retreat of the invading troops, something attracted the young lady's notice—a prostrate figure under the shade of the great cottonwood tree.

"Stop, Dapple; we must look to this!" Dapple stopped, and Miss Irene looked lightly from her saddle, and throwing the silken reins over the pony's neck, she went tripping across the grounds to the spot where the figure lay.

It was a tall, slender figure, clad in army blue, with a pale, worn face, and an abundance of curling, chestnut hair. Colonel Moreton's daughter looked down upon the senseless soldier with all her woman's divine compassion stirring within her bosom.

THE LITTLE MOUNTAIN PONY SHOT OFF LIKE AN ARROW.

The war was over, and once more over the blasted and desolate no-man's-land of Virginia peace and freedom reigned.

Three years went by, and the ex-captain found himself the wealthy heir of an old uncle and took himself off on a tour amid the Swiss mountains.

One September afternoon, when the captain's tour was drawing to a close, somewhere in the vicinity of Mount Blanc he fell in with a travelling party from New Orleans.

Madam Lenoir, her son and two daughters, and a young American lady who was her companion and interpreter.

"Miss Morton," cried Madam, "will you have the kindness to pass the drape cup? And pray captain Rutherford, whatever have you done?"

"Dapple, Dapple," he called, "come here!" From the forest shadows near at hand a small gray mountain pony came ambling forth.

"Dapple, Dapple," she cried. Dapple heard the sweet voice, and knew it in an instant. He broke into a joyous neigh, and shot like an arrow for the young lady's side.

"Oh, Dapple, Dapple, have I found you at last!" Madam Lenoir, comprehending the deponent, looked on with gleaming eyes. Two weeks later the pleasant party was breaking up.

"My poor fellow," she said, "can I do anything for you?" He struggled up to his elbow with a stifled groan.

"My horse threw me," he explained, and they left me behind. I think I must have fainted from the pain. I thank you very much, but I can't see how you can help me. I suppose I must lie here till they take me prisoner, and I'd almost as soon be shot."

"I am in the enemy's country," she said, "but if you will trust me I think I can help you; at least, I will see that you are refreshed and made comfortable."

"You see," smiled Miss Irene, flashing a beaming glance on the soldier. "I hold my reserve forces at a moment's warning. Here, James, help this gentleman to the horse, and then ride for Dr. Werter to dress his limb."

James obeyed without a word, and by the time the sun was fairly out of sight the union soldier, refreshed and made comfortable, lay asleep in the best chamber of the pleasant old southern mansion.

ON THE BRIDGE.

When I tell you, my only friend, to whom I so rarely write and whom I more rarely see, that my lonely life has not been without love for woman, you will perhaps laugh or doubt.

"What!" you will say; "that gaunt old specter in his attic, with his books, his tobacco and his three flower pots? He would not know that there is such a word as love did he not encounter it now and then in his reading?"

True, I have divided my days between the books in a rich man's counting room and those in my attic. True, again, I have never been more than merely passable to look at, even in my best days.

During the five years when my elder brother lay in the hospital across the river, where he died, it was my custom to visit him every Sunday.

The man looked about thirty years of age, was tall, slender and with neither strong nor handsome, but amiable face. He was doubtless a clerk fit to be something better.

"The woman was perhaps twenty-four. She was not quite beautiful, yet she was more than pretty. She was of good size and figure; and the short pluck coat that she wore, and the manner in which she kept her hands thrust in the pockets thereof, gave her a dauntless air which the quiet and affectionate expression of her face softened.

"If such a fate befell a diver there is only one thing for him to do, and that is to amputate himself from the enormous mollusk and rise to the surface, fainting, bloody and mangled. Those savages will fight anything from a lion to a python on land, but they haven't the courage to run against a bivalve under ninety feet of water."

"Florence told me last night that she was engaged to young Downey." "Ethel—'Isn't it awful?" "Yes, and the worst of it is that I believe she really means to marry him."

"A SEA VOYAGE. A sea voyage is an expensive and extensive prescription, especially when equally good results as regards health, are to be had by simply taking Burdock Blood Bitters according to directions. It is a specific for dyspepsia, cleanses the blood, regulates the liver, bowels and kidneys and removes all impure matter from the system."

"Over there," said a bystander who thought he knew. She screamed, because—well, because she was somebody's else wife, or because she was not anybody's else wife, or because she was somebody's else's sweetheart, or because, well, just because—you know why—just for fun perhaps.

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MEN GROWING SCARCE.

Statistics show that the male population of the civilized world is falling further and further behind the female. According to the last British census, the excess of women and girls over men and boys in Great Britain is about 90,000, an increase in ten years of 200,000.

The German census of last December places the number of females about 600,000 above that of the males in the kingdom of Prussia, or nearly three times the excess 20 years ago.

In the United States, Canada and Australia the males are in the majority, though not largely so, the estimated excess of males in this country being only 1,100,000 or 1,200,000. It is plain that, but for immigration, which furnishes a much greater number of men than women, the latter would soon be in the majority here.

In less civilized countries, where women are highly esteemed, it is otherwise, India having about 6,000,000 more men than women, while the males largely predominate in China.

A fact of hardly less interest brought out by the British census is the marked decline in the marriage rate, which has been almost steadily tending downward for nearly two decades.

"Your wealthy ladies of Chicago who assemble at evening parties and witness in magnificent costumes covered with fine pearls know little or absolutely nothing, perhaps, about the many dangers encountered in gathering those pearls from the sea," remarked J. G. Danvers, of London, England, at the Devon House yesterday.

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"German Syrup"

For Coughs & Colds. John F. Jones, Edom, Tex., writes: I have used German Syrup for the past six years, for Sore Throat, Cough, Colds, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best.

B.W. Baldwin, Carnesville, Tenn., writes: I have used your German Syrup in my family, and find it the best medicine I ever tried for coughs and colds. I recommend it to everyone for these troubles.

R. Schmalhausen, Druggist, of Charleston, Ill., writes: After trying scores of prescriptions and preparations I had on my files and shelves, without relief for a very severe cold, which had settled on my lungs, I tried your German Syrup. It gave me immediate relief and a permanent cure.

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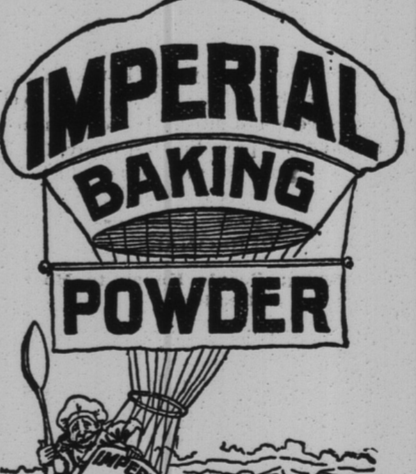
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