

POETRY.

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

The fawn upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere...

SELECT STORY.

GRINGO JOE'S STORY.

We were camping in the Dragon Mountains
in Southern Arizona, and had enjoyed
great success during our fortnight's hunt.

We all lay under the whispering red-woods,
resting after a hard day's tramp,
worn out physically, but unwilling to lose
the delightful hour around our camp-fire...

The half-dozen members of our little party
were stretched in every conceivable shape
upon our thick, gray army blankets...

Here clean in form, bold and resolute in action,
a celebrated hunter, and a terrible Indian fighter,
Joe was yet different from the rough characters
with whom he mingled.

Not that Gringo Joe did not use the uncouth
dialect of the Southwest, follow the prevailing
fashion as to dress, and fall into border ways.

But there was a reserve about Joe, a refinement
cropping out here and there, a correctness
of speech at odd moments...

That convinced me that the ranger was, at
least acting a part, at least living a life to
which he was not brought up.

As the red glow of the crackling oak logs
fell upon Gringo Joe's bronzed features,
I could not help but be impressed
with his good looks.

Tall, straight, powerfully built, with a deep
chest that rolled out a rich, mellow voice,
finely-chiselled features, brown as a berry
from habitual exposure to sun and berry,
a keen gray eye that could be terrible
under provocation, and I fancy could melt
with pity and fill with inexplicable rage.

Add to this a finely poised head, a flowing
mane of dark brown, glossy locks, and the
short, fine brown beard of an artist, and
you have a picture of Gringo Joe.

I have often desired to learn Joe's history,
but delicacy restrained me; but this night
my hero looked so grand under the fire's
red beams that I was impelled to question him.

"It is your turn to tell a story to-night, Joe,"
I said, hoping to draw him out.

The ranger's hunting stories were thrilling
narratives in which we delighted, and he
was always ready to entertain us.

"All right," said he, "carefully throwing
himself at length upon his blanket, and
kicking an ember with his heel. "I'll tell
you of a little scout I made after Geronimo."

"No, Joe, tell us about yourself." I interrupted;
and the others vigorously seconded me.

In an instant a cloud came over Gringo
Joe's face, and he knitted his brows.
There was a far-away look in the keen eyes,
and his hand was drawn quickly across them,
as if striving to drive away memories.

I saw that I had touched a tender spot,
and hastened to make amends for the pain
I had caused, but the ranger interrupted me
with a hasty gesture, and said, speaking
slowly, with eyes cast down, as if his
thoughts were delving in the past:

"No; it's all right. I don't know but it
would do me good, boys, to tell you my
little romance.

"Maybe you won't believe it when I tell
you that once I loved in what they call
society, talked straight jargon, and was
prone of a college education."

"That was not so long ago either—only
ten years—and yet at times it seems an
age ago, and then again it is yesterday."

"I am a Virginian. Was born on the old
plantation of the James river, and in my
early youth grew up among my father's
slaves."

"The governor was accounted one of the
richest men in the county. Our home
was liberty-hall, was always full of gay
company, and everything that money could
buy was lavished upon me, the only child,
and my cousin."

"My earliest companion was my cousin
Anita, whose face now comes up before me
the most beautiful I have ever seen."

"As a child she was a vision of grace and
sweetness, the wonder of the county.
"Although I was several years the older,
we were constant companions. Mine was
the fondest devotion. I would have laid
down my life for her, and she was equally
fond of me."

"I have said that my father was wealthy.
But the war ruined us, swept away all our
slaves, burned the roof over our heads,
and left us well nigh penniless."

"After those terrible days the governor
scraped together what remained, and by
industry and hard work gradually raised
himself to comparative comfort. I was sent
to college and Anita was educated in the
best schools of the South."

"Ah, what a change! I had left her a
child, sweet, tender, and artless. I returned
from college to find her grown into
a rare and radiant young woman."

"I was madly infatuated, and Anita, after
the reserve born of the long separation
wore off, evinced a warm affection for me."

"She wrote me long weekly letters, and I noticed, at first indifferently, and then with a feeling akin to pain, that she always had much to say about Waldo."

"At length the time came when I was to return. Anita met me at the depot. Waldo accompanied her. He greeted me warmly. Anita kissed me affectionately. We passed a glorious evening. Anita had never appeared so beautiful. She sang deliciously, and Waldo, all attention, turned the pages of her music."

"During the week that followed I became conscious of a vague uneasiness. I was seized by an awful dread. Anita was loving, gentle, attentive, honoring my every whim. But her eyes would sparkle like diamonds when Waldo's step echoed upon the path."

"We had been childish lovers all our lives. When we were too young to know what we meant, we talked of the day when we should be married. But in later years the subject never crossed our lips. Still my family, and all who knew us, never doubted that we were, in fact, betrothed. I believed that Anita, before she returned to her father, as surely as I hoped for future existence."

"It was a week after my return from the North, one glorious evening in early summer, that Anita and I were walking under the elms, when the thought occurred to me that we ought to prepare for that event I had so long cherished the anticipation of."

"There now remained no obstacle. Anita was mistress of her own actions, and I, although not rich, was in comfortable circumstances."

"Little girl," said I, "have you ever thought where you would like to live when we are married?"

"I felt her form tremble, and she tried to escape, but I detained her and pressed her for an answer."

"She broke into a flood of tears, and begged me to desist."

"But are you not to be my own little wife?" I asked.

"For fully a minute she made no answer, and then looking up with a face white as alabaster, she replied, in a choking voice:

"Yes, cousin, if you wish it."

"If I wish it! Could the girl be mad? If I wished the consummation of all earthly happiness!"

"I was angry, and dashed away, striding down the road in a whirlwind of passion."

"Somehow the dark handsome face of the young Mississippian came up before me, but I dismissed the thought with contempt."

"It was an hour before I called my wounded spirit and felt that I could return."

"As I turned in at the gate I saw a figure reclining upon a bench."

"I stopped. It was Anita, sobbing as if her heart would break."

"She allowed me to lead her into the house, but there besought me to say no word, and fled to her room."

"There was no sleep for me that night. Next day Anita kept her room."

"That evening I stood leaning moodily against a tree, trying to fathom the mystery of her heart."

"It was very dark, and I was so immersed in my thoughts that I did not notice the approach of two figures."

"Voices aroused me."

"They were the well-known tones of Anita and Waldo."

"The young man spoke in accents of exultation."

"Anita," she pleaded, "why this change? Why this inexplicable change? But a week ago you accepted me as your affianced, and to-night you tell me it can never be."

"The truth flashed upon me with stunning force. Anita loved the dashing Mississippian, and had pledged her troth to him, but had renounced him for my sake from a sense of duty."

"Oh, the terrible blow of feeling that one's own's ideal does not reciprocate his affection! Love me Anita most assuredly did, but only as a brother—a cousin. I saw it all now."

"The thought maddened me, and governed by an irresistible rage, I rushed forward, and felled Waldo to the ground with a blow."

"Anita uttered a scream, and then turning upon me with the fierceness of a tigress, hissed:

"'Coward! I hate you!' and fled to the house."

"The next instant I was ashamed of myself; passion had carried me away."

"Waldo staggered to his feet, wild at the insult offered him, and drawing a pistol from his bosom, fired point blank at me, but missed me."

"The next instant he threw his pistol from him and said:

"I will have satisfaction for that blow."

FERRY MINSTRELS.

Queer Characters Who Make a Living by their Wits.

Of the many curious classes of charities in the vicinity of New York city, the ferryboats make one very near being the most interesting. To the passengers and commuters on the numerous lines of ferries at both sides of the city they have been a source of amusement for many years.

Probably the most interesting and welcome character on the boats is an old negro. He begins operations with the rush of traffic at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

He takes a seat in the rear of the men's cabin, and just after the boat starts he walks into the passageway between the two cabins, and begins to whistle, very softly at first, "The Mocking Bird." With a single break he changes the air, a marvel of sweetness and simplicity. Then he begins it again. This time a little louder, and with variations.

Old men put down their papers and listen intently, the conversation becomes subdued, and then ceases; the boys leave their seats and stand at the entrance to the passageway, but the old dapper negro stops, and all the time his wonderful exertion is becoming more and more melodious.

Finally he launches off into a series of sweet toned notes, and a look of mingled interest and admiration steals over the faces of all within hearing distance. Then he drops back into the air again and the tune is finished very softly.

APPALS TO WOMEN.

The old negro then walks to the end of the cabin and, holding his hat out, bows and passes around the seats, all the time whistling some lively little tune, interspersed with melodious variations. The nickels, dimes and pennies rattle an accompaniment to his music and his nightly collections vary from \$4 to \$12. On Sunday nights he can be seen on the boats running from Cortlandt street, and then he selects the ladies-side of the boat. Standing under one of the chandeliers, with his hat in his hand, he whistles "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and repeats it with variations. All of his selections on Sunday nights are popular hymns, and for his sweet and soulful rendition of them he is well repaid.

Lately the attention of the passengers has been attracted by a deformed boy who works upon the different lines from early morning until late at night. His entire left side is paralyzed, shortening his leg and drawing up his arm. The side of his face is also affected. His clothing is poor and scanty.

The little boy is well out on the river the boy enters the forward door of the lady's cabin and stands for a moment at the threshold, apparently uncertain what to do. Then he takes from an inside pocket of his coat two lead pencils, sharpened and provided with rubbers. Holding these in his right hand he limps slowly around in front of the seats, pausing a moment before each passenger, mutely asking them to buy.

His face is a picture of despair, and many a dime and nickel are dropped into his hand. He has a hard hand, but he refuses a pencil after they have given him alms, but if one is taken he continues his journey holding the remaining one out for sale. If that too happens to be taken the little fellow dives down and brings out two more from his inside pocket. The little scheme succeeds admirably, and he does not dispose of more than four or five pencils a day. The boy is a professional beggar and under the eyes and training of his father.

Among the most interesting characters are two brothers between the ages of 14 and 17 years. As soon as the boat is well on its trip they appear at one end of the cabin and the other, taking of his hat, says:

"Gentlemen, if you have not got any objections we would like to entertain you for a few moments. Although we make our living this way, we only ask for what we think we are worth."

Both bow, and with a quick movement the younger lad puts his foot in his brother's hand, and he limps high into the air. Turning a back somersault he lands on his feet on the floor. Picking himself quickly up he mounts on his brothers' shoulders and again turns backward to the floor. Three or four more combination feats of this kind are accomplished, and then the two boys stop for a moment's rest and then go on to again. They turn forward and backward somersaults, leap to one another's shoulders and finally walk around the cabin on their hands.

During trips when the boys are filled they are roundly applauded for their skill and both live nicely from the collections they make. They have at different times filled small engagements, but they say there is more money in the ferry boats for them, and besides they are their own masters.

Another of the deserving characters is an Irish boy, who generally makes his ready-made clothes for export can generally be worked at home, and sometimes makes makers and ready-made dressmakers can also take their work to their own abodes.

The aspirant for employment in the manufacturer's trade must learn the art of trying on, and if possible, make up one foreign language. For these the salary is from two to four francs a day. In this trade it appears that there is no intermission all the year round. Plain white sewing is not well paid, owing to the competition of the large warehouses, but articles of haute nouveauté, on the other hand, are often remunerated at the rates of twenty, thirty and sixty francs per garment. In men's cravat making there is also excellent steady work, as well as in lace making and glove making. The trimmings of bonnets, the making of bows for shoes, umbrellas and parasols is intermittent, and so is the making of trimming of all kinds, this being dependent upon fashion.

THE DEATH PLANT.

There has been discovered in the forests of India a strange plant which possesses to a very high degree astonishing magnetic power, and which is a great source of annoyance to sportsmen and tourists. It has been named the Philota ea electrica. The hand which breaks a leaf from this plant receives immediately a shock equal to that which is produced by an induction coil. At a distance of six yards a magnetic needle is affected by it and will be deranged if brought near. The energy of this singular influence varies with the hour of the day. All powerful about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, it is absolutely insensible during the night. At times of storm it intensifies its influence to striking proportions. During rain the plant seems to succumb and bends its head during a thunder storm.

It remains there without force or virtue, even if one should shelter it with an umbrella. No shock is felt at the time in breaking the leaves, and the needle is unaffected beside it. One never by any chance sees birds or insects alight on the electric plant; an instinct seems to warn them that they will find certain death there. It is also important to remark that where it grows none of the magnetic metals are found—neither iron, cobalt nor nickel—an undeniable proof that the electric force belongs exclusively to the plant.

Give Johnson's Anodyne Liniment a fair chance, and it always "gets there" when needed.

A CUBAN MOON.

"The ugliest woman I ever saw," said the raconteur, "was a Cuban, and she was so ugly that it was really painful to look at her."

"It takes the exception to prove the rule," said his vis-a-vis. "Tell me about her."

"She was a woman of the humbler class, and it was at Havana that I first saw her, tethered to a goat that she was herding among the stubble of the sugar cane. Her husband was a charcoal burner, and when I first saw Estella, I wondered how any man living could have married such a caricature."

"Love goes where it is sent," said one of the after-dinner crowd.

"Yes, and the charcoal burner married for love. But he never would have won Estella if providence had not favored him. The Cubana had once been the most beautiful girl in Havana, and as good as she was beautiful. Her eyes were big, and black, her skin a glowing olive, and her hair a mass of blue-black silk. That is what an old dame told me with much Spanish lingo. Her father was a bodigero—a man who kept a wine cellar. The girl's mother was dead. One night her father went home drunker than usual and turned her out of doors."

"Brute," exclaimed one of the party with that quick sympathy that the sorrows of beauty always arouses.

"She did not go to her lover, nor did she fly to the refuge of some adobe roof where she had friends. She simply pillowed her head upon the gray donkey, that had been her friend and playmate from childhood, where he slept against the tumbled-in thatched roof of the pen in the chaparral, prayed to the Black Madonna, and slept soundly like a child in the moonlight."

"And the brigands came and carried her off to their fastnesses?" suggested one of the party.

"Nothing of the kind. When her pillow, the little donkey, rolled over in the morning she arose another person. She ran into the house and her father screamed and she fled to the moonlight. It was the horrible, distorted man that I saw, with the features of an imbecile. Her father drove her from him with curses, but the lover with whom she had coquetted married her at once, and they told me he had made her a good husband."

"But you will hear the Cuban mother calling her young daughter into the house when the full moonlight is flooding the balconies with its silver light and the light seems made for lovers to wonder in, for everybody there knows the story of Estella."

There was a long silence, then one of the listeners said: "I don't believe in that theory of the moon. It makes a pretty story, but it's too romantic."

"It's a matter of history; take it or leave it," said the raconteur, blowing the rings of smoke upward, a sign that he had finished his post-prandial exercise.—Exchange.

Mrs. WESLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It is distinguished by its being made of purest ingredients, and is the only child-crying with pain of Cutting Throat sent at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children's Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation. It is the best of the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents per bottle by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Canada's National Emblem.

Nations are proud of their emblems. The Scotchman glories in the thistle. The Englishman boasts of the rose. The Irishman grows merry over the shamrock. And now the Canadian delights in his maple leaf. The other national emblems have been immortalized in songs and in history through rolling centuries, but Canada's is of recent origin. It was adopted, in 1860, when the Prince of Wales visited the Dominion and presented the Hundredth Regiment with their banner. At a public meeting held for arranging for the royal visit, the following resolution was passed: "That all native Canadians joining in the procession, whether identified with the national societies or not, should wear the maple leaf as an emblem of the land of their birth."

It was then that the custom grew into general favor. For over thirty years the maple leaves linked with Canada's history. It denotes, beauty, strength and solidity.

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Aches in the stomach, bowels or kidneys use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment internally.

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At the meeting of the Farmers' Convention held in this City during the past winter, the President in the course of his remarks said that the seeds from the Steele Brothers Co. of Toronto, were better adapted to the soil and climate of New Brunswick than any other.

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Write on one side of the list upon which you send your list. Webster's Unabridged Dictionary will govern the contest.

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Wanted

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