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MY SWEETHEART'S EYES.

I once was asked the color
Of my little sweetheart's eyes!
(I doubt if any man in love
Can tell that if he tries.)
I only knew they thrilled me
With beauty half divine.
As tenderly and shyly
They sometimes looked in mine.

We often walked in silence
For many a happy hour,
And only told our tale of love
By fond looks full of power.
The swift electric message
Oft took us by surprise,
And yet I never thought about
The color of her eyes

I married that young sweetheart,
Long years have we been wed,
And now the sober proofs of age
Are silvering her head.
I asked about the color
Of my darling's eyes to-day,
And looking at me fondly,
She simply answered "gray."

"But that was not their color
When you came, love, to woo,"
She said; "the daily cares of life
Have robbed them of their hue."
Then she brought in our daughter,
A child, yet woman-wise,
And said to me: "Pray, can you tell
The color of her eyes?"

Yes, blue and true as Heaven,
And now it comes to me,
My sweetheart had the very same—
Such eyes I seldom see!
And may he, oh, my daughter,
Who wins you as time flies,
Love you too well to think about
The color of your eyes.

—Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in N. Y. Ledger.

"BORROWED" MONEY.

The Good Things One Wise, Kind Girl Did.

Mr. Morell was reading in the evening paper to his wife and daughter.

"Here's a surprising thing. Robert Harvey under arrest.

"Robert Harvey!" exclaimed Marian, in an amazed tone.

"Under arrest," said Mrs. Morell, quite as much surprised as her daughter. "For what?"

"Embezzlement. At least that's the polite name given to such things. The plain English of it is simply that he has been stealing from his employers."

"I can't believe it," said Marian.

"He certainly is the last person of whom we could expect to hear such a thing," said her mother.

"That is true," said Mr. Morell. "I always supposed him to be a faithful, reliable young man."

"I don't like to believe it until I hear more," said Mrs. Morell. "There must be some mistake about it. Why—I have known his mother almost all my life and would almost as soon expect one of my own boys to go wrong as hers. It will surely break her heart."

"I will inquire into the matter to-morrow," said Mr. Morell.

And on the following evening the first question was:

"What have you heard of Robert Harvey?"

"Well, the newspaper account of the matter is substantially correct—enough so at least to cast a blot upon poor Robert's character, which will probably cling to it for life. He has simply, for two or three years past, been in the habit of helping himself to small sums of money from the safe of his employer, always in the hope of returning it, but, as is sure to be the case, always getting deeper and deeper in. I've known of others who did exactly the same thing, without a thought of being dishonest. They go on, finding it harder and harder to make restitution, and at length discovery comes, sometimes resulting, as in Robert's case, in disgrace and arrest, sometimes in loss of situation and ruin of prospects. Of course, there are very few employers who have the magnanimity to overlook such a thing and give a young fellow another chance."

"But what has Robert been doing with the money?" asked Mrs. Morell.

"Nobody seems exactly to know. He has not gambled, he has not speculated, he has not been extravagant in any special way, so far as I can learn. He appears simply to have lived a little beyond his means."

"I can guess," said Marian. "Robert is very fond of society and goes out a great deal. And you know a young fellow can not do that without spending."

"Young fellows should not spend more than they honestly can spend," said Mr. Morell.

"Of course not, father. But I can't help seeing how hard it must be for them to know where to stop. It has got to be the fashion, when a young man takes a young lady out, to send her flowers, and as likely as not a carriage, too. It's lectures and concerts and receptions in winter, and boat rides and picnics and ice creams in summer. One thing seems to lead to another, and how can one stand back from doing what the others do? They get into it without meaning it, you see. It is expected of them."

"It is all wrong," said Mrs. Morell, shaking her head.

"I think so too," said Marian, "but what can be done about it? Must a young man keep out of society?"

"That would be rather hard on them," said her mother. "Many of them are just such fun-loving, generous fellows as Robert Harvey, ready to run into things without stopping to count the cost. It is a great pity that they can not indulge their natural taste for the society of each other, and of nice, good girls, without being led into such embarrassments. And I do think, Marian, that these same nice, good girls might do a great deal to correct the matter."

"I dare say you are right, mother. I have more than once allowed one of the boys to spend money on me when I wondered if I really ought to. But some of the girls don't care a bit. They like to boast how much is spent on them which might just as well have been avoided."

"They do not realize what grave consequences may grow from such things," said her father.

"But what can we do about it mother?" asked Marian. "I'm sure I would like to do my share. I've been sorry at seeing boys spend money when I knew it must come hard."

"Be careful, then, about allowing it for yourself, dear. And you could try to persuade your friends to join you in discouraging extravagant expenditures in young men. In a quiet, delicate way you could do a great deal in such a direction."

"I'm going to try," said Marian, soberly. "There's Philip Harmon—he's goin to take me to the lecture."

A pleasant-faced young man was shown into the room.

"It's rather stormy to-night, Miss Marian," he said, after greetings had been exchanged. "I thought possibly you might not think best to go out at all, but if you can I will have a carriage here in a few minutes."

Marian's eyes twinkled a little as she looked at her mother.

"O, I'm not delicate enough to be afraid of a little wind and sleet," she said. "It's only a few blocks to the hall, and we'll go without the carriage."

Three or four years later Mr. and Mrs. Philip Harmon were seated together one evening in their home.

"Another young fellow gone down," said Mr. Harmon. "James Rande has been convicted of that forgery and sentenced. Poor fellow! I thought he had very bright prospects when we started out together."

"How has it come about?" asked Marian.

"Oh, he was an open-handed, reckless fellow. Always going in for every thing, whether he could afford it or not. By the way, Marian, do you remember that excursion on the lake you went to with me two summers ago?"

"Yes, very well."

"Do you remember that when we put in to Rocky Cove, you and I and James Rande and Ellen Foster wandered off over the hills and managed to get left, as the steamer went further on?"

"Yes."

"Well, it was pleasant enough just where we were, I am sure, and I could have stayed there a week—with you, you know. The boat was coming back in two or three hours, but if you remember, Ellen got very impatient of remaining there, and James proposed hiring a tug and following."

"Yes, I remember that, too."

"It would have cost seven or eight dollars to do it. Of course I couldn't say no when Ellen seconded his proposal, and we should have done it if you had not objected very strongly to it. Why did you do it? I can ask you now."

"Because I thought it a great deal of money to spend in such a useless manner."

"Marian," went on her husband, more soberly, "you don't know what you did for me that day. I had been careless about money matters and was always pushed this way and that to make both ends meet. A great many young fellows have a way of borrowing money from their employers—that is, borrowing it without taking the trouble to mention it to any body. They don't mean any harm, but when such a thing once begins there's no telling where it will end. Well, that morning I had just enough money to buy our tickets, for I had got to where I was living from hand to mouth all the time. I couldn't, of course, venture upon a day's frolic without any money for possible emergencies.

"I had been warned time and again against that very thing of helping myself to money without leave. But I couldn't see any other way, and so I took two five-dollar bills from the safe, trusting that it might not be missed before I could return it.

"Well, thanks to you, that money wasn't changed. You wouldn't consent to going in the tug, and I remember you refused when I offered to buy fruit and other stuff for you. In fact I remember all along those times you used to stand in the way of my spending money."

"It was father and mother taught me that," said Marian.

"I wish to my very heart more girls were like you," said Philip. "They don't begin to know the straits poor fellows are in sometimes—or how helpless they are when it seems the thing to spend some money on a girl. What can they do! Well, Marian, I put back the money, and the next day there were some investigations made which would have led to the discovery of what I had done. Mr. Gurney was a hard man—honest up to the last degree and inflexible in his dealings with others. If I had been found out it would have been disgrace. More than one poor chap has been ruined for no more cause than that. I tell you it scared me and I made up my mind from that time that I'd better be taking the other track."

"O, how glad, glad I am," said Marian, in a low voice.

"Yes, be glad, dear. I wish every girl in the world were as wise and as kind as you have been to me."—Sydney Dayre, in Ladies' Home Journal.

GIRLS WHO SMOKE.

Some as a Remedy for Toothache, Others Because They Like It.

A letter-writer from Hartford says it is not disputed that there are a great number of Connecticut young ladies who smoke cigarettes, and many of them are less than sixteen years old. Not less than a score of Norwich maidens smoke, and two or three girls in short dresses occasionally are seen puffing at a cigarette while on their way to school. In many instances the female smokers boldly buy their tobacco supplies at the cigar stores; in others a gentleman friend, whose age ranges from six to sixty years, ministers to the feminine demand. In Hartford the number of young ladies who smoke is twice or three times as great as that in this town, and in Bridgeport, New Haven, Meriden and Waterbury there are female smokers, both minors and adults. It is evident to every one that the officers empowered to enforce the Juvenile Smokers' act will have to be men of conspicuous tact and inexhaustible discretion.

A startling illustration of the passion with which Connecticut girls have taken a stand on the tobacco question may be noted. At Waterbury not long ago a fashionable young lady talked freely with a newspaper reporter. She said: "O, yes, we all have smoked more or less. I hardly know of a girl in my acquaintance who has not smoked cigarettes at some time or other—just to see how it would taste or seem, you know. Then lots of us smoke them for toothache. You doubt it? Well, just try it the next time you have a toothache and see whether it is of any good. It's a sure cure. Most of us have the toothache quite often, you can imagine."

Still another Connecticut city girl expressed her views: "Why, of course we smoke more or less; all society girls do. I mean cigarettes, of course, though I know a good many young ladies in the highest society circles who rarely pass a day without smoking a half, or at least part, of a regular full sized mild cigar. Why, it's easy enough to get cigarettes. All the drug stores keep cigarettes nowadays, you know, and nothing ill is thought of a young lady who goes boldly in and buys a package. Why should it be considered a questionable act? How is a dealer to know whether the purchaser or a male member of her family is going to use them. Why, in New York and all other fashionable cities society girls learn to smoke in boarding-schools. They frequently begin by borrowing a cigarette of a gentleman friend, and after they have learned what a jolly thing tobacco is why they take up cigar smoking—just a little bit, you know, because then they have learned to enjoy smoking as a luxury, not as a novelty."

Widows in India.

There are 6,000,000 widows in India, and as the majority of marriages take place under ten, the greater part of these women become widows as children. A Hindoo widow can never marry again, even if her husband dies before the ceremony of marriage. If she is betrothed she is condemned to widowhood for the rest of her life. As a widow she must give up all the pleasures of this world. She must never wear any jewelry, never sleep on a bed, and for the rest of her life she becomes the slave of her mother-in-law's family. She eats by herself and cooks her own food.

FIGHT WITH A SHARK.

Gigantic Monsters of the Deep Seen by a Yankee Sailor.

How One of Them Whooped Things Up for Venturesome Fishermen—Some True Fish Stories Told by a Strictly Truthful Old Tar.

"Captain Sam," said a little boy who, according to the Philadelphia Times, was watching a very red-faced old fisherman way up the Maine coast, as he baited his trawl hooks, "what is the largest fish you ever saw or heard of?"

"Wal," replied the old fisherman, without looking up, "it stands to reason that I've heard on some bigger ones than I ever clapped my eyes onto. Sailor folks is great on yarning; there ain't any use in denying that. One of 'em starts a yarn, and it keeps a growin' so fast that by the time it gets ashore the man what started it wouldn't know it."

"But there are some true fish stories," persisted the little boy.

"Sartin, sartin," replied Captain Sam, "and I guess I've seen about as big a fish as the next one. When I was a boy not a mite older nor you my gran'ther was owner and skipper of as fine a sixty ton schooner as cut the water in these parts, and as soon as I got big enough not to fall overboard and to pull on a herrin' or mack'rel line he took me along, and it was on this very cruise that I saw a big fish. We were fishin' on what is called the George's Bank, away up to the north'ard a spell. The men were out in dories a fishin' an' only me an' gran'ther aboard. I was a foolin' around two lines, when I see somethin' black a lyin' alongside. First I thought it was a shadder of the keel, but it kept a comin' nearer and more distinct, until all at once I see it was a critter. First I thought it was a whale and sings out to my gran'ther that there was a big whale alongside. He came a running out of the cabin and took one look at it and says: 'It's a bone shark and the biggest one I ever see.'

"As far as we could make out it was sixty feet long—a lyin' perfectly still, its back out of the water so that a man could have walked ten or twenty feet on his back. We had a harpoon, but he didn't dare throw it for fear of losin' it, havin' no boat to follow, so there the big shark stayed until finally the old man tuck a ton of red hot coals from the galley fire and tossed them on his back. Some of them stuck, and it wasn't long before he left.

"When I got grown up," continued Captain Sam, "I saw another shark almost as big, and helped catch it. I shipped in a sword fishern an as first mar. We sailed from Boott bay, but finding fish scarce, we put down toward Cape Cod, and when we got to the south'ard we found about all we could attend to, and in less than a week bore away for New Bedford with 'a good Boston load.' We put to sea again on a Friday, a bad day, so sailor men say, but this turned out good luck for us. We were about on what they call The Sisters when the lookout sighted what he thought was a swordfish, and we cleared decks accordin'; but when we got alongside we see it was a big bone shark. The skipper said it ought to pay one hundred dollars in ile, so we kept away while the man spliced a bigger line on to the harpoon and then wore around and came up on him again.

"He was a-lyin' right in the slush of the sea. There was a fair so west wind a-blowin', just enough to make the sea make a clean break over his back that looked like a big log, and I reckon that's what you'd a-taken it for if you'd a-seen it. Howsomever, we came a-bowlin' along in great shape, the skipper puttin' the schooner within ten feet of him and, as we shot by, me and the second mate let drive our irons into him, and the same minute the men hove over the keg an' line.

"What did he do?" said Captain Sam, who, in the excitement of the old memory, had dropped his line and was looking the little boy in the face, with a hand on each oil-skin knee.

"Why, he whooped things, and accordin' to my mind we got out of the way just in time. You'd a-thought a volcano had bust right thar. Up come a big tail fifteen foot in the air, with water and sprays a-flyin'; then down it went with a noise like the top-sail of a fifty gun frigate in stays. There was a long cable or line on the harpoons, but it wasn't two minutes before we saw the kegs go under and up they came a hundred fathoms away, and went along sending the water as high as our topmast.

"It so happened, our luck bein' still on, that the fish bore away on the wind; if it had a' struck to the windward it would have been good-bye sure, but on the wind was our best pull, and after a two hour chase we came up with the kegs, havin' kept 'em in sight the hull time from the tops. Ye see the kegs was painted white, so we could see which way the fish was goin'.

"The big fish was about played out; ten miles or more at such a rate had about knocked him, and we rounded to and put out two dories and took the kegs in. 'Stand by!' says the skipper, 'for the minute he feels us a-takin' in slack he's a-goin' to take off again,' and sure enough he did. We got the kegs aboard, and the first pull he made I was nigh jerked overboard! but we hung to him, takin' in a foot when we could, losin' one an' gainin' two, durin' which he towed us a matter of three miles or more; then we reckoned he was about through, and we took in pretty fast. We got within one hundred feet, when the other dory ahead slipped alongside and give him the lance the same way they kill whales.

"I have heard of bone sharks seventy foot, but fifty and sixty footers is all I kin speak for sartin about, and I guess that's the biggest fish that swims to-day."

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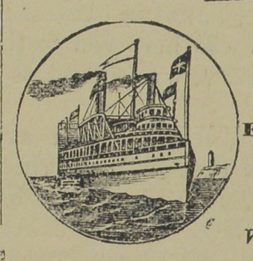
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The first term of the Collegiate Year 1889-90 begins on the 29th of August next, and the 2nd term on the 2nd of January, 1890.

For further particulars address the President for a Calendar.

Sackville, Aug. 10, 1889.