DESPONDENCY.

Immured insense, with five-fold bonds confined, Rest we content if whispers from the stars In waftings of the incalculable wind Come blown at midnight through our prison-

The statue—Buo.arroti said—doth wait, Thralled in the block, for me to emancipate. The peem—saith the poet—wanders free Till I betray it to captivity.

Brook from whose bridge the wandering idler

peers To watch thy small fish dart or cool floor shine I would that bridge whose arches all are years Spann'd not a less transparent wave than thinef

Momentuous to himself as I to me Hath each man been that ever woman bore; Once, in a lightning flash of sympathy, I felt this truth, an instant, and no more.

In youth the artist voweth lovers' vows To art, in manhood maketh her his spouse. Well if her charms yet hold for him such joy As when he craved some boon and she was coy?

In mid whirl of the dance of Time ye start,

Start at the cold touch of Eternity, And cast your cloaks about you, and depart, The minstrels pause not in their minstrelsy.

I roamed through streets with human roins strewn Where mirthless laughter hid Sin's writhing

heart; The lamps shone round me; o'er me shone the

And earth and heavons seemed very wide apart.

His rhymes the poet flings at all men's feet And whose will may trample on his rhymes Should time let die a song that's true and sweet The singer's loss were more than matched by Time's.

I knew the tenebrous moods that interpose

Thick solid horror 'twixt our eyes and day! Who scape them? Sages? Saints? Perhaps; and those Rapt hogs, in heaven of hog-swill, o'er the

way. One music maketh its occult abode

In all things scattered from great Beauty's hand,

And evermore the deepest words of God Are yet the easiest to understand.

The poet gathers fruit from every tree, Yes, grapes from thorns and figs from thistles he, Pluckt by his hand, the basest weed that grows Towers to a lily, reddens to a rose.

Enough of mournful melodies, my lute! Be henceforth joyous, or be henceforth mute, Song's breath is wasted when it does but fan The smouldering infelicity of man.

HOW THE DOCTOR WAS PAID.

"Two dollars a visit !" cried Dot in dismay, forgetting entirely that she had come to look for a spool of No. 40 in mamma's drawer, and opening her brown eyes wider and wider as she read the heading of an old bill of Dr. Cogswell's.

"Two dollars a visit !" she repeated. "Oh, why doesn't Donnie get well? And where is all the money to come from?" she asked herself, sadly. "We will get very poor," continued Dot, shaking her little brown head slowly over the bill. After thinking awhile, she slipped the paper in her pocket and went down stairs.

Mamma and sister Margie were sew-ing. Don went quietly to Mrs. Ledyard and whispered: "We'll feel very poor afterward, won't

we, mamma?" Mamma smiled. A sad smile, Dot thought, as she replied : "You're better

at guessing than we supposed. Now,

"Tom," called Mrs. Ledyard, "they're all waiting for yon." "The boys have come, Dot," said

Tom, giving her a hasty kiss. "Now re-member not to worry. It's coming out all right." Dot sat a long time on the hay.

"Tom always thinks everything's go ing to come out all right," she said de-tormined to be miserable. "I just know he thinks Dr. Cogswell isn't going to charge, but he is, for there is one bill and he's probably got another ready."

"He could just as well not charge," she went on, "for Edith Olcott told me he ever'n 'er so rich, and that he's got a house in the city even prettier than this. But how could one be?" she wondered. "How could any room be lovelier than the one Mrs. Crane took Edith and me into the other day? the little one with the window looking on the lake, and the little bed with curtains and everything blue, curtains and all. Dr. Cogswell calls it his little sister's room, and she's coming in the spring. Tom just wanted to comfort me. He doesn't know how hard they're workin' and cryin'.'

That night Dot added to her prayer the words, "O. God, please don't let it be more than we can pay." "Let what?" asked mamma.

"The doctor's bill, whispered Dot. The young doctor must have heard of it in some way, for he happened in the morning after breakfast, and the next thing he said was:

"I'm going to have my bill settled to-day, little Miss Dot," as with quite a grave face he took out his memoranda. "Now how much should you think it

would come to?" "Hundreds!" said poor little Dot, faintly.

"We want to be business-like," said Dr. Cogswell; "suppose you get your slate and figure it."

"Dot ran. "He isn't going to let us off a penny." she moaned.

"Now, let's do a little sum in arithmetic," said the doctor. "What does M stand for?"

"One thousand," said staggering little Dot, pushing the crochet-work way down in her pocket.

"Very good," said the doctor. "Now, what does C stand for?"

"One "hundred," said Dot, trying to

be brave. "H'm," coughed Dr. Cogsweii. "Now, can you think of anything else that the letters might stand for?"

"No, sir," said Dot. "Why, yes you can, Dot," said Donald, who had just been wheeled into the room. "M. C.!" elapping his hands. "Why, Merry Christmas, don't you

Dot smiled.

"Then there isn't any bill?" she asked Tom.

"Nary a bill," said Tom; but can't you think of anything else that the letters might stand for?"

"No," said happy, stupid little Dot. "I can," cried Don, catching sight of some glances being exchanged, and Margie's pretty cheeks aglow, "Margie

Cogswell!" Dot had to submit to a good deal of teasing, but she was very happy not-withstanding, and wrote in her diary that night, in such big letters that she went right over two or three of the following days.

"The doctor wasn't coming to see Donnie, after all, and there wasn't any why don't you take your trimming, uttle | bill. I am going to be bridesmaid and There isn't any little sister wear white. There's a nice fire on the hearth, and you but me, and I'm agoing to have the little blueroom, whenever I want to go there to visit,"-St. Nicholas.

he had used it in executions before. Besides, he gave all the men a drop of equal length-9 feet. The scaffold, it may be mentioned, was erected by work-men from Dublin, all the local tradesmen having refused to do the work. The prison was surrounded by sentries all night, and a body of policemen were on duty outside to quell any disturbance which might arise but scarcely a dozen persons assembled at the gate, even after the black flag had been run up to show hat the sentence of the law had been tarried out.

Tacks.

A tack is a simple, unpretending sort of a young nail, noted for its keen repartee when pressed for a reply, and possessing the peculiar power when stand-ing on its head, of causing the cold shivers to run down the back of a man in

mere anticipation of what might be. Tacks are in season all the year round, but the early spring is usually the time selected by them for a grand combined effort, and then they fourish everywhere for at least a month. Since the insuguration of the time honored ceremonies of house cleaning, every thorough housekeeper, with long experience in the line of duty, so takes up tht carpet as to retain all the tacks in their original places, thus preventing it slipping from the shaker's hands unless the tack breaks or his fingers give out.

But the triumph of the tack is not complete at this early stage; it patiently abides its time, and on the relaying of the carpet issues forth with double force. After searching the whole house for a paper of tacks, without success, the unfortunate man drops on his hands and knees to begin and immediately discovers four tacks at least, as he rolls over and sits down to extract these, finds the rest of the paper directly under him, and then unless he is a man accustomed to put up stoves and joint stove-pipe the chances of laying the carpet on that evening are slight. In selecting tacks from the sancer he always inspects the points with his fore-finger, as the tack instantly loses its head when they come to blows.

In argument the tack is sharp and pointed, but the display of either or both, depends largely on the amount of pressure employed by its opponent. In direct contrast to a good joke, the amusement generally commences before you see the point, and this fact is easily demonstrated by walking the floor in your stocking feet, a well-kept room on such an occasion averaging two tacks to the square foot.

The future of the tack gives great promise of more extended usefulness and unlimited possibilities, as several of our most eminent college professors having carefully studied the effect of a sharp tack of reasonable length placed properly in a chair or under a cot, are about to introduce tacks, and do away with spring beds in our college gymnasiums. -[Free Press.

There is to be an exhibition of old boots and shoes in Paris. A show of that sort would be a failure in this country, because after the soleless tramp has made his selection from the ash heap, the omnivorous goat appropriates what is left .- N. Y. Com. Adv.

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daughter, and go into the library? can work away like a bee. We'll need it soon, you know," added mamma, for Dot was rather inclined to dream when she was alone.

'We'll need it soon," repeated Dot, as she climbed up in the big library chair, "We'll need it soon. And to think that I once thought that mamma and sister Margie were making those things to sell, nor how much 'twas costing to have the doctor coming every day, and sometimes twice a day. Poer Donnie ! Perhaps he's worse than they tell. Perhaps," and there was a great lump in her throat, "he's going to die, and they are leaving me to find that out.'

Tom went into the barn to clean his gun. Dot saw him. "T'll ask him," she said, as she put her work hurriedly into a little silk handkerchief, and started with it for the barn. "He wont tease me when he knows how badly I feel." "Halloo!" was Tom's greeting. "Been

crying?" "Yes," admitted Dot, in a voice that could leave no doubt of it in anyone's

mind. "What's up?" continued Tom, as he

rubbed away at his gun. "Want any help?" "Well, you know, Tom," began Dot,

in her sweet, timid voice; "there's a secret in there," pointing toward the house, "and I never found it out till this morn-

ing." "So you found it out, did you? Well, I told 'em you would."

"I wouldn't but for the bill." "You wouldn't, what?" asked Tom,

who was rubbing away again. "I'll tell you about that afterward.

When I went into the sitting-room, mamma and Margie were sewing. "That certainly didn't surprise you!"

"Oh, Tom! how can you make fun of it all? Mamma looked just ready to ery, and-ob,ob, oh, what can we do about it?" as she threw herself face downward on the hay, and sobbed as though her little heart would break, while Tom stood by in speechless astonishment, wondering why the words "Two dollars a visit" seemed mingled with her sobs.

"Come, Dot," said he, tenderly, "don't You haven't told me yet what the CTY. matter is. Now we ll sit right up here, while you tell Tom all about it."

After a while Dot managed to say: "Doesn't Dr. Cogswell charge people who are ill two dollars every time he goes to see them?"

"Something like that, I believe," an-

swered Tom, wonderingly. "It's exactly that," said Dot, feeling for the bill. "Oh, Tom, we must owe him hundreds of dollars!"

There was a queer look in Tom's eyes. "I suppose we do," he said. "But have we got the money to pay

him?" questioned Dot, the brown eyes swimming again.

"No, I don't believe we have." "Then, what are we going to do?" said

Dot, with another sob. "There, Dot," said Tom, soothingly, "Don't be so foolish as to ery. It's ing to push it down. Death, he was pos-all coming out right, I can't tell you itive, was instantaneous, and nothing just how, but it is." jast how, but it is."

Hanging the Joyces.

Full accounts of the execution of the Joyces appear in the English papers. The convicts rose at 6 o'clock, none of them having alept continuously during the night. At seven they were visited by Father Greavan, who remained with them to the end. None of the men would eat breakfast. About 8 o'clock Marwood entered the cells for the purpose of pinioning the convicts. To this operation Patrick Joyce and Patrick Casey submitted quietly; but Myles Joyce protested with great venemence his innocence of the crime for which he was to suffer, and resisted Marwood slightly. At fifteen minutes past eight o'clock Myles Joyce emerged from the prison, supported by two of the warders, and uttering a number of exclamations in protestation of his innocence.

He was followed by Patrick Casey, and he again by Patrick Joyce, both of whom were also supported. As each of the convicts emerged from the prison he seemed, from a hurried glance around, to expect to recognize somebody among those present. As they proceeded the service of the Catholic Church for the dying was repeated by Father Greavan, but only one of the prisoners, Patrick Joyce, made a response. With the exception of Casey the condemned man ascended the steps of the scaffald without assistance, and when they had been placed under the ropes which were dangling from the cross-beam Myles Joyce, turning to the spectators, made a number of exclamations in Itish, to the

effect that he was innocent. When Marwood approached to adjust the rope on his neck he resisted slightly.

Father Greaven approached and spoke to him, but he nevertheless continued to speak loudly while the noose was being adjusted on his neck and the necks of the other two, who submitted quietly, and after the white cap had been drawn over his face he moved his head, so that Marwood had again to arrange the noose. Even then he did not stop speaking, exclaiming, "I am going to my God, and I am as innocent as the child unborn. I

neither raised hand nor foot against the people. I had neither hand, act or part in the murders." When the bolt was drawn, and the men disappeared from view there was scarcely a qviver of the ropes by which Patrick Joyce and Patrick Casey were suspended, but there was apparently severe struggling on the part of Myles Joyce, for the rope osciliated violently and Marwood could be seen for several minutes afterward pushing down the body with his foot and stooping down and endeavoring to do something-it could not be seen whatwith the noose. Marwood afterward explained that Myles Joyce had by some means, got his arm or his hand entangled with the rope and that he had been try-

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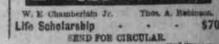


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