

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

J. W. DE FOREST.

We stood on the haunted island,
We stood by the haunted bay;
The stars were all over the skyland,
But the moon had loitered away.

THE GREAT PLAGUE.

Nina, Ida and Jack Grant were three
lovely children, residing in a nest of
a cottage fanned by breezes from the beautiful
Mohawk. They were as happy as
bobolinks and as busy as bees, all the
day long. Ida and Nina were twins.

"You mean boy!"
"I guess I've a right to feel bad when
one of the family dies," (sob, sob, sob.)
said Jack, making frantic gestures of
grief.

"Tell Beryl to come here."
The Lady Agatha Frelinghuysen spoke
these words in the commanding, deci-
sive, I-will-get-there-or-break-a-suspender
tone that was habitual to her, but
as Mad Lake Maude, who had been a
faithful servant of the Frelinghuysens
for forty years, and had seen Beryl grow
from a cooing babe to a splendidly-beau-
tiful woman, turned away, she fancied
that the lips of her mistress quivered
slightly, and that her breath came in
quick gasps.

"It may have been carrying the bucket
of coal upstairs," said Maude softly to
herself as she hurried away to obey the
mandate given her, "but I fear that my
lady's emotion hath another and more
serious cause, and that Beryl, whom I
oft have tossed in these arms, will think
she has struck a blizzard belt when the
old lady begins to paw the air."

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The Course of True Love.

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And, Sergeant, I have thirty-
five cents I made selling papers to-day.
If I give you that, don't you think they
would let me go until I could make
enough to pay for the glass? It is every
cent I have, but I don't want to go to
jail."

"Keep your money, my boy," said the
officer, "I will see that the store is
guarded, and if you go and tell the
owner to-morrow I don't believe he will
take a cent from you. Anyhow, I can
trust you."

"Thank you," said the boy, "I will
be sure to go to see him, and I will try
to save all the money I can to pay him,
if he wants it." And drying his eyes, he
went on, probably to a cheerless home.—
[Detroit Free Press.

A Chicago dispatch says: The interest
created here by the report that a man
named Underwood could ignite handker-
chiefs by merely blowing upon them has
resulted in experiments which disclose
that what he has done has been the re-
vival of an old school-boy trick with
phosphorus. A physician thus explained
to a reporter: "You see, when I read
the articles in the papers, I went out
and got some phosphorus. Now, you
know that it is a poison, and you also
know that to prevent its taking fire it
must be kept in water. As long as you
keep it in your mouth and moisten it,
there is no danger. You saw what I
did. I would wash out my mouth all
day long, drink water, gargle—as you
saw me do—but, mind you, I would not
like to swallow the poison. Now, look
at it. I put it alongside my gums and
show you my mouth, let you look at my
gums, gargle my throat, drink water, do
everything except let you see it. But,
suppose you did see it? You never
would imagine what it was. It might be
a relic of my dinner. You see how small
it is. Then I take this handkerchief and
put it to my mouth, and while I breathe
on it I put the phosphorus out on it.
Then I rub a little, and there you are,"
and, sulking the action to the word, the
doctor placed a handkerchief to his
mouth, and instantly a flame shot from
it, and had he not snatched it from his
mouth and trampled it under foot, the
handkerchief would have been entirely
consumed.

A young St. Louis doctor, tired of
waiting for patients and of starving,
published the following card: "Family
practice contracted for at the rate of \$4
per year for each person, payable one-
fourth at first visit, when date of con-
tract begins; one-fourth in six months,
one-fourth in nine months, remaining
one-fourth at end of year. Confinements
and surgical operations extra." Business,
he says, is just booming in conse-
quence. He already has thirty-three
families, averaging five in a family, un-
der contract, and over one hundred more
promised whenever they need a doctor.
So he has \$700 assured him, and over
\$2000 more in prospect. He collects
quarterly. There are extreme cases
both ways. In some he has not yet been
called to a single case; in another he has
already made \$150 worth of visits in four
months, and will receive only \$12 for the
family of three. It is simply medical
insurance for one year at \$4 a head. The
Medical Society threatened to expel him,
but he attended the meeting and cited
the name of one of the most distinguished
physicians who has an annual contract
with a school, and they concluded to let
him alone.

Wealthy New York families are fast
forming their habits upon French and
English models. Mother and daughters
each have their own maid, and the "own"
maid never loses sight of her young mis-
tress. She sleeps in an alcove or a small
room separated only by a portiere; or if
her quarters are in another part of the
house, she is the last to leave her at
night and the first to see her in the
morning, for she makes her clothes, pre-
pares her toilet for the day, she superin-
tends her bath, dresses and undresses
her, accompanies her on all her walking,
shopping and other little expeditions.
The oversight exercised is constant, and
so minute in the nature of the case that
the young girl can do nothing—not even
post a letter—except under surveillance.
In society, and especially in the ball
room, this is removed. The maid may
be in the dressing-room, the chaperone
chatting with some other matron within
a few feet of her, but the feeling of per-
petual restraint is in a measure removed;
and the joy in it, and the temptation to
avail herself of it, is all the greater for
its contrast with her daily life.

Rich young lady in the United States,
was dressed more simply than half the
poor and ambitious girls at the ball.
Miss Crocker is tall and slender, with a
fine clear complexion, blue gray eyes
and Auburn hair. Her expression is one
of great dignity and sweetness, and her
fine delicate features and modest and
graceful bearing are indicative of any-
thing but the supercilious and flamboy-
ant spirit that has brought so many of
these Western heiresses into disfavor.
Miss Crocker is one of the most natural
and unaffected young girls, a devoted
church member, and given to many
charitable works and serious pursuits.
Miss Crocker wore a short dancing dress
of pink satin, with high corsage, and
drapery of white satin brocaded with
daisies. The pointed neck was filled
with Valenciennes lace, and the elbow
sleeves ruffled with the same fine web.
A single strand of large pearls encircled
her throat, and the richest young lady
in the United States was as quiet and
pretty a picture of modesty as one
could wish for.—[St. Louis Globe
Democrat.

Four hundred Harvard professors and
student formed a co-operative society
nine months ago, and opened a store,
where books, sporting articles, station-
ery, fuel, pictures and clothing were
either kept in stock or sold by sample.
The price for everything was 5 per cent
above wholesale cost, and members only
could buy, but on no other terms than
cash down. They also pay \$2 a year.
The experiment has thus far been highly
satisfactory, and no reason for failure in
the future is apparent. There is no
capital at risk, the 5 per cent, and yearly
dues cover expenses, and the members,
now increased to 636, get their supplies
at an average of 20 per cent, less than
they would have to pay elsewhere. A
noble branch of the business is the sale
of second-hand books and furniture, by
which students get pay for their dis-
carded things, instead of throwing them
away.

"Jersey lightning" is generally boiled
—[Boston Commercial Bulletin. And
before its victim has forked over.

The Stage Bald Head.

Most everyone who was not born blind
knows that the stage bald head is a de-
lusion and a snare. The only all-wool,
yard-wide bald head we remember on
the American stage is that of Dunstan
Kirke, as worn by the veteran Condoick.
Effie Ellsler wears her own hair, and so
does Condoick, but Condoick wears his
the most. It is the most worn, anyhow.

All that common sense can possibly
say on the subject of reduced fares on
your street railways having been ex-
hausted in your columns and elsewhere,
anything more would be useless. But it
may interest your readers, and amuse
the directors of the city railroads, to
know the rates at which cars and omni-
buses can be run without loss to the
cities of northern Italy.

Here in Florence the cars charge four
cents and the omnibuses two cents.
They all have conductors as well as
drivers, and the horse are very good
and in excellent condition. From what
I can learn, horses feed is dearer here
than in America.

Of course their profits are not so large
as with you, where five or six cents are
charged, but they are very flourishing.

Miss Hattie Crocker, who stands as the
richest young lady in the United States,
was dressed more simply than half the
poor and ambitious girls at the ball.

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ALL SORTS.

True wit is mighty and 'mighty scarce.
Advertisers rush in where Rip Van
Winkles fear to tread.

McClure's Morning-Glory stamps Mr.
Arthur as the best President on record—
as a figure for a dress suit.

The New Orleans Picayune suggests if
a weak young man finds that chess-
playing hurts him, he had better buy a
chest-protector.

England, in 1880 and 1881, under an
adulteration act, refused to permit 80,600
packages of tea to be landed. Most of
it was shipped to this country, hence "gitt"
tea stores.

A recognized medical authority has
pronounced promiscuous kissing un-
healthy, but he doesn't state whether his
wife caught him kissing her pretty sister
or the hired girl.

Why bugle trimmings are so called:
"Bugle trimmings" on your dress called
bugle trimmings? George wanted to
know. "Oh," replied Emily, lightly,
"because papa blows so over the bill."

Industrious and economy and learn to
support a husband, says the wise editor of
the Texas Siftings, and the tramp nu-
isance will soon cease.

General Sheridan has been mentioned
as a possible candidate for the presiden-
cy on the Republican ticket, and already
a number of Democratic papers have dis-
covered that he wasn't much of a general
anyhow.

When a South End man and his wife
engaged in a debate the other night and
the dog got up and scratched at the door
to be let out of the room, they concluded
that it was about time to stop the dis-
cussion.—[Boston Post.