

A SUPPLICATION.

Awake, awake, my Lyre!
And tell thy silent master's humble tale
In sounds that may prevail:
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire,
Though no exalted theme
And I so lowly be.
Tell her, such different notes make all thy
harmony.

Hark! how the strings awake,
And though the moving hand approach not
near,
Themselves with awful fear
A kind of numerous trembling make
Now all thy forces try:
Now all thy charms apply:
Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her
eye.

Weak Lyre! thy virtue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound,
And she to wound, but not to cure.
Too weak, too wit thou prove
My passion to remove;
Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment to
love.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre!
For thou canst never tell my humble tale
In sounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy strings silent lie,
Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy mas-
ter die.

—A. Crowley in Philadelphia North American.

Photographs of a Spook.

A strange case of spirit photography occurred a few days ago in Los Angeles. The lady who was the chief actor will not consent to the use of her name, but there is no question of the reality of the event, and it is made all the stronger by the fact that both she and the photographer are skeptics of spiritualism. She took her position in the gallery, and the photographer threw his cloth over his head to arrange the focus, when, with an exclamation of fright, his head bobbed suddenly out from beneath its covering and he stared at the lady.

"Did any one pass behind you just then?"
"Why, certainly not," she answered.
He then took the picture and went into the dark room with it. He came bounding out in a few moments, and with a white face and strange manner said she must sit again. She complied, and again when he proceeded to adjust the lenses he could not restrain his terror. His face became beaded with a cold perspiration, his hands trembled so that he could hardly proceed with the work. Five times did he take the lady's picture, refusing to give her any explanation of his strange behavior.

At last he told her she would have to go to some other place—he could not take her picture satisfactorily. Then she insisted on an explanation. He refused for a long time, but at last he brought her five plates from the dark room. In each of them by her side, dressed in grave clothes, with outstretched arm and beckoning finger, stood the figure of a person who had been very dear to her, but who had recently died. The lady nearly fainted and denounced the thing as a trick, but was soon convinced if there was fraud the photographer did not know it. The photographer developed the plates, and the portraits of the living and the dead are exact and startling.

The lady is not superstitious, but the inexplicable affair has worn on her nerves so as to render her seriously ill.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Growth of Artistic Taste.

As artistic taste in home decoration gains ground the craze for novelty in form abates, and people no longer pine to transform innocent domestic utensils into painted and beribboned mural adornments. Dust pans and coal shovels are noble in their way, and shine with the beauty of fitness in the kitchen, where their manifest destiny finds fulfillment, but let us see them no more masking as photograph holders on the parlor wall. The decoration by needle or brush now most cared for is less florid than quiet, and is used no longer upon meaningless things, but is applied to articles of real use in a house.

It takes fine taste to decide on the choice of the pretty bits of daintily embellished textiles that are now provided for the breakfast, dinner and tea table, but it is safe for a housekeeper not over-confident in her own judgment to confine her selection to things that are capable of being laundered. For high days and holidays diaphanous lace and shadowy bolting cloth, and softly glimmering satin table centers, and plate mats with artistically painted flowers glowing upon their surfaces are elements of beauty, and add luster to a stately setting forth of glass and silver; but at the serving of human nature's daily food linen, damask and like materials, with pretty needle wrought patterns in wash silks or linen, are by far the best and most pleasing.—Mrs. M. C. Hungerford.

Maine in Favor of the Women.

The vote of the Methodists of Maine on the question of admitting women delegates to the general conference seems to be all one way, or rather in the condition where the few exceptions prove the rule by showing that both sides are voting. Rumford Center is the last one to report, its vote being 13 for and 1 against the motion. The vote of the ten Maine churches now on record is 309 for, 11 against, the admission of the women.—Lewiston Journal.

A Plucky Texas Girl.

Lena, the 10-year-old daughter of F. G. Perench, a farmer, was brought hurriedly here for treatment for a rattlesnake bite. While walking near the house the reptile buried its fangs in the girl's leg. She seized a cactus, killed it and then sucked the wound until medical aid could be had. Her recovery will be due in most part to her own bravery and thoughtfulness.—Corpus Christi Special.

Still She Grew Old.

Betsy Harper has just died at Bangor. She wore stays in her youth, slept on a feather bed, ate pork all her days, drank strong tea and just doted on mince pie and hot doughnuts, and she beat out all the health cranks by living to the age of 101.—Springfield (Mass.) Home-stead.

Men and Horses Fall 110 Feet.

James Wilson and John Martin, residing near Edwardsville, went to New Albany recently to procure a coffin in which to bury James Routh. On their return from the city the heavy rain storm came up, and the sky became so dark that they were unable to see the road ahead of them, and they trusted to their horses to take them safely along the dangerous highway.

At the point where the storm overtook them the road winds around the high hills, and in many places passes near high precipices. The rain was pouring down in torrents, and it was only when the lightning flashed they were enabled to see the road at all.

Suddenly there was a brilliant flash of lightning, followed by a deafening peal of thunder, which stunned the men and seemed to stagger the horses. Before they could recover from the shock the horses and wagon fell over a precipice, and all went down a distance of 110 feet. Some men who were passing heard the cries of distress and went to their assistance. They found the men and the horses and wagon in a deep hollow, more than one hundred feet below where the road passes the top of the precipice. Wilson was almost unconscious, while his companion lay near him bruised and bleeding. One of the horses was dead and the other so badly crippled that it had to be killed. The wagon and the coffin were both smashed to pieces.

The men were gotten out of the place and taken to their homes. Wilson is the most seriously injured, and it is thought he cannot live. Martin's injuries are of a serious nature, and his recovery is a matter of considerable doubt.—Louisville Commercial.

What It Costs to Live in a Hotel.

The boarding house habit seems to be continually on the decrease in New York and new restaurants spring up in every direction. As soon as a new hotel with gorgeous appointments is opened hundreds of the curious in matters gastronomic go thither to dine. As soon as a fashionable ten story apartment house is opened there are scores of families eager to pay high rates for its shelter. The hotels this season are unusually crowded and prices for permanent lodging are enormous. A man of my acquaintance recently asked the proprietor of a well known hotel on Fifth avenue what would be the price per week to himself and his family—four persons in all—for a moderate sized suite of rooms. The price named was nearly \$200 a week. That was an old established house, however. The new ones are charging less for the purpose of having all apartments occupied before May 1, when new contracts with lodgers will be made.—New York Star.

The Browning Society Still Lives.

The flyaway squibs on the decline of Boston interest in Browning that have appeared in certain papers—chiefly in the funny columns—could not be better refuted, if they were worthy of refutation at all, than by the gathering of Browning lovers at the Hotel Brunswick. Over 150 members of the Boston Browning society came together in the large parlor of the Brunswick for the first meeting of the society after its summer recess, and had an interesting and enthusiastic meeting. There was a brief business meeting at which eight new members were elected.

The society has taken up for its entertainment and study this winter the great poet's longest and most elaborate work, "The Ring and the Book."—Boston Advertiser.

Pulled a Tooth for a Princess.

Dr. William C. Boswell, a young and skillful dentist, who, coming from Baltimore, located in London last spring, had the honor of pulling a tooth from the royal mouth of the fair Princess Maud of Wales last week. It was a wisdom tooth and it hated to let go. The princess screamed like a locomotive. Dr. Boswell got £10 (\$50) for the job, and of course the advertisement is a priceless one. As for the royal tooth, the doctor has mounted it and enshrined it in a velvet case.—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

Child Suicides.

The Medical and Surgical Reporter is authority for the statement that from Jan. 1 to Sept. 1, 1890, 62 children—46 boys and 16 girls—committed suicide in Berlin. Of this number 24 had attained the age of 15, 14 their 14th year, 9 their 13th, while 7 were only 12 years of age and 1 had not attained the age of 7. In most of the cases the immediate cause for the act remains a secret, but it is supposed to have been due to exceptional severity on the part of servants or teachers.

The Trouble with a Pipe.

The rise in cigars is producing a resort to the pipe. The smoker will probably reconcile himself to the difference, but the one behind the smoker will lament the change. When you smell a cigar you smell that cigar only. When a pipe favors you it gives you not only itself but a feeling reminiscence of all its predecessors.—Exchange.

Respectable Poverty.

Miss Baque Bey—I understand you to say, mamma, that the Emersons were wealthy.

Mrs. Baque Bey—Are they not?
Miss B. B.—I should say not. Everybody at church today had on new fall spectacles, except Miss Emerson. She wore her summer glasses.—Cape Cod Item.

A Turtle Stops a Cotton Mill.

The Barnard mill was stopped for an hour or so Monday. The machinery was all right, but a curious mud turtle had wandered up the feeding pipe of the engine, causing a cessation of work.—Fall River Globe.

Cat Bone.

Amateur Photographer—What do you think? I have become so expert that I can catch a cannon ball in its flight.
Layman—No use. There's no money in baseball nowadays.—Good News.

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