WHEN THE NEW WEARS OFF.

He was a youth, and she, a maid, Both happy, young and gay, They loved—and life to them was fai-As one continuous May The croakers saw this happiness, And said, "Ah, love is blind; You're happy now, but care will come, When the new wears off, you'll find."

They married, and then their life grew rich With calmer, riper joy;
They were as man and wife more fond Than when as girl and boy.
Their "friends" could not endure the sight, and said, with worldly wit,
"It will not be so bright and fine When the new wears off a bit."

Ah, well, the new wore off, of course,
And then, what did they find?
An oldness which was better far.
For Love is not so blind
As selflah Care; and loving hearts
New joys will always meet,
So, when the new wears off, they'll find
Old love the more complete.

retle Koon Cherryman in Detroit Free Press.

LOVE AND POISON.

Old Dr. Sylvester Baird does not practice now. He is retired upon a very fine income, the result of long years of practice, very successful too, in a medical point of view, and being a bachelor loves to gather such of his old cronies as time has spared about him, unawed by the presence of petticoats or the domimeering of grown up children, whose rapid modern views are intolerant of old fashioned ways, and who, although they do not express it in so many words, show that they are weary waiting the independence and power that money brings, and which they know must be their por-tion when hand and brain that patiently gathered it are hidden away in the earth. with their lying griefs cut in the cold and repulsive graveyard marble.

One night the doctor and a few of his gray cronies were gathered around the blaze of his fireplace, in his solidly comfortable sitting room, comparing notes on a case of strychnine poisoning that had startled the town. From this special theme they drifted away to a general discussion of the peculiarities of poisons and then to poisoners, those who pur-sued the dreadful trade of poisoning others for lucrative gain or place or power, in ages gone by. The doctor of divinity was especially well versed in all of the horrible cases of poisoning by the Borgias of olden days, especially that far famed prelate, Cesare Borgia, who. as many historians allege, in conjuction with his father, concocted the plan of poisoning four of the wealthiest cardimals at an evening party in the Villa Corneto, but by mistake the poison, which was mixed with wine, was administered to Alexander VI and Cesare himself. But Cesare was saved, having partaken of but little of the drugged wine. All the rest died. Then Cesare seized upon the papal treasures, but was afterward overthrown and banished.

It would seem from what the reverend gentleman advanced that he believed that everybody connected with the noble ses in those far back days were poisoners, and that every ambitious man or woman made his or her way to power through the medium of the poison cup. And then, a natural sequence to the process of reasoning indulged in by the cloth, he laid all the blame upon the theological tenets entertained by the people in those days, drawing from one of the retired merchants present the cynical observation, "How strangely like a woman the average clergyman

reasons!"
Whereat all present, inclusive of the good natured clergyman himself, laughed pleasantly, while the latter continued in his hit and miss observations. He was satisfied from his reading that as a rule poisoning was originally confined among the higher classes of society, and from this he drew the homily that as a rule adversity drew families closer together than prosperity; he was positive that adversity drew friends together with books of steel.

When ambition stepped in the hooks of steel that bound friends together relaxed their grip, jealousies were fo-mented and the glitter of gold dried the dewy eye of friendship. He did not think, barring insanity, that a case of poisoning ever occurred among people in humble life. He had yet to hear of such an instance. Talk as you will, he asserted, the humbler classes are the closest to God and are the most obedient to his will.

Dr. Baird, who had his eye bent upon the fire while the not unpleasantly volwhile clergyman was talking, looked up as he closed and said: "One of your concluding remarks somehow reminds me of a strange case that came under my observation while I was in practice in one of the largest cities of the United States. A watchman was taken suddenly ill while pacing his beat at 2:30 o'clock in the morning, and was carried

"The nearest physician, myself as it happened to be, was hurriedly called. pered the lad. and hastening thither I found the man "Why, yes." in great distress. Administering some thing to alleviate his pains, I came to the conclusion that it was a case of poison by strychnine. I put up the of my brother Jim. proper medicine, and on inquiry found that Dr. C. was the regular family physician. The watchman's wife was a handsome English woman, about 35 years of age, who stood at the foot of the bed during my ministrations to her husband, with nothing peculiar about her except a pair of piercing black eyes. I do not know that I would have remembered the expression of her eyes but for the fact that the watchman, in an interval of his paroxysms, groaned out, 'Oh, doctor! I was all right until I ate that little piece of pork.'

"I happened to look up at the time and found the wife's eyes bent upon my face | troit Free Press. with a sharp scrutiny of suspicious inction. But there was trouble written in her face, and I attributed the look at the time to the natural anxieties of a wife. I had a more important case on hand for that morning, and giving the necessary directions to the woman, to- and to the Kurile islands, going on horsegether with instructions to call the fam- back 2,800 miles and walking some 400

attention was in a fair way of recovery,

"But the watchman died. I read of the fact in the newspapers, but found that no suspicions attached in the case: poison was not even hinted at . I remember only entertaining surprise at the time, but as the time went by the affair grew upon me to such a degree that I was constrained by curiosity, which amounted to partial mania, to investigate. One day I happened in to the health office, where the record of deaths and their causes are kept, and turning to the proper name found that the watchman's death was attributed to the intense heat which prevailed upon the night when he was found writhing upon

"It instantly occurred to me that Dr. C., whom I knew, must have known from the man's general condition, as well as the medicine which I prescribed. that it was a case of strychnine poisoning, and 1 must confess that it struck me with a suspicion, which I instantly repelled, that the doctor was in some way particeps criminis. I made it a point, however, to casually throw myself in his way, and to raise the question of the death of the watchman. The first few words which the doctor dropped convinced me that he was in no way mixed up in the mysteries of the death.

"He stated briefly that when he was called the man was dying, with only a few breaths left in his body. The wife had informed him that I had been gone but a short time before he was called, and that I had said her husband had been overcome by the heat and something the watchman had eaten, which disagreed with his stomach. The fact is Dr. C. had not been called in until the afternoon. On comparing notes Dr. C. became interested, and knowing the people in the neighborhood, where he was often called, began a course of cautions inquiry, and in the course of time

gave me the following facts: "When the watchman died, and while the preparations for the funeral were going on, the widow gave great scandal to the neighborhood on account of her deportment. Her face was absolutely radiant with the happiest of expressions and the sound of her voice was as joyous as the expression of her face. She talked glibly on the most trivial of subjects and welcomed people as though a wedding instead of a funeral were going on. Noticing finally that some of the callers were shocked at her actions, she became demure and silent, and called up an affectation of sudden grief, but it did not last long; the old radiance came back, and it seemed that the short time of her simulated grief redoubled the intensity of her broadly apparent happiness when her natural feelings tri-

umphed.
"In due time after the burial of her husband she drew \$2,000 insurance money from a life insurance company. and, disposing of such effects as she had. bought tickets for herself and family of three children to England. It was only after her departure that Dr. C. learned that the medicines which I had prescribed had not been administered, but had been thrown in a closet, where they were found intact subsequently. She told a neighbor that her reason for doing this was that she was a Catholic, and would not give her husband a Protestant doctor's medicine.

"Having started into the investigation together, Dr. C. and myself extended it to the subsequent career of this woman. On her arrival in England, where, as it transpired, her girlhood's lover lived, she sought him out, and found that he had entered the British army as a comldier. But, not this, she flew to his arms, and they were married, although she knew him to be a common drunkard, only saved from a drunkard's grave by the rigid

discipline of the army. "And ere long she also knew that she was indifferent to his selfish egotism and swinish character. She loved him and she was near him, and that was all she cared. He beat her, but she loved the hand that rained the blows upon her head. He squandered every dollar of the money which she possessed, and when his regiment was ordered to the West Indies he left without even taking a farewell look at her as she lay, not only in a bed of sickness but in a bed of poverty, with her three children in the poorhouse. She only wept, but never upbraided her heart's love when she heard how he had brutally deserted her."

As the doctor ceased the cynical merchant hummed the line, "Tis love that makes the world turn round."-J. W. W. in Detroit News.

He Got One.

At one of the tin type galleries the other day a gentleman who was in waiting noticed a boy about 10 years old hanging around the door, and he beckoned him in and asked what was wanted. "Could I get a picture here?" whis-

"Why, yes."

"How much'll it cost?" "Only a quarter. You'll be next." "But it isn't for me, sir; it's a picture

"Oh, that won't make any difference. Bring him in any time." "I—I—can't, sir!" gasped the boy.
"Why?"

"Cause he's d-dead, sir; died this morn-

Upon investigation the boy was found to be possessed of only eleven cents, and after ascertaining that his statements were true, the gentleman paid the expense of sending the artist up with his camera and securing two full dozen tin types of the pale faced dead lying in a house where cold and hunger held places almost as members of the family.-De-

Young Henry George Savage, who is ily physician next day, and believing miles. For seventy days he lived entire-that the watchman with the necessary ly on raw fish, seaweed and rice.

HOLLAND'S LITTLE QUEEN.

Royal Child in the Midst of Pump and Ceremony That She Does Not Like.

The little Wilhelmina, queen of Holland, as yet thinks only of her dolls, her pigeons,

and her drives and excursions into the country. I saw her some months ago at a railway station, a tall, well made giri, fairly pretty, who was jumping and running about without the slightest regard to etiquette.
"You see that child?" said the station

"What child?" was asked. "That one jumping like a kitten. Well,

she is a royal princess."

One would never have imagined it. She was surrounded by high officials, evidently standing on their position and dignity, while she was watching the different persons who were getting into the train with an envious air, which appeared to indicate a wish to get rid of her attendants to enjoy

The child was educated by a French lady at first, Mile. Slotard, and she spoke entirely in the French language until she was 4 years old. Then she learned other anguages, but, strangely enough, never German, her father having a horror Germans. Miss Winter, an English lady. now replaces Mile. Siotard, and all lessons given by the various professors are always delivered i. the presence of Miss Winter, who has absolute authority.

The little queen has her military house hold, and her service includes also a cham beriain, professors, her governess and other attendants. All this concerns the queen but little. Her chief happiness is to work in her garden and to look after her pigeons, which she loves as much as her dolls. She

attends to her pets herself. Early hours are the rule for the royal little lady. She gets up at 7 a. m. and at once goes to kiss her mother. At 8 the first breakfast is served, at 11 the second; m. is the dinner hour. Between 8 a. m. and 11 a. m. the queen has her lessons in languages, music and drawing. After breakfast she talks with her mother, who invariably reads a chapter in the Bible to her, and explains it afterward. Then the queen is allowed to go into the garden, where she feeds her birds, or rides her pony and rows in her boat. In her own room she has heaps of beautiful playthings and large dolls in lovely costumes of every kind and design. At 8 p. m. Queen Wil-helmina always goes to bed.—London Let-

Too Saving.

Aunt Betsey Hicks, a New England wo-man, who had been left a widow after a few years of married life, "carried on" her late husband's farm with a good deal of ability, but with such close economy that her saving devices grew famous in the country round about.

Next to her economy of provisions her economy of firewood was perhaps her chief concern. At one time a sister of her late husband, from "down country," came to make her a visit, and soon became convinced that Betsey was endeavoring to freeze ber out. But perhaps this was not so, since the temperature was as Mrs.

Hicks usually kept it.
"I declare," the visitor ventured to exclaim, "I should think you kept it pretty cold here, Betsey!"

"That 'ere pesky thermometer's to blame, Susan," said Betsey. "I guess it's got choked up. I can't get it above fifty to save my life!"

in the sheet iron stove, while her guest walked up and down the room with her hands thrust up the sleeves of her dress.

The visitor remained at Aunt Betsey's for several days, however, in spite of the choked up thermometer, spending much of her time in bed or watching a chance to

smuggle a stick into the stove when her hostess was out of the room. Late one afternoon she happened to go out into the woodshed, and found Aunt Betsey there, with an old shawi wrapped around her shoulders and a stick in her hand, engaged in violently stirring something in a large tin can. A strong smell of petroleum filled the air.

"Betsey Hicks," said the visit be you a-doin'?"
"Wall, if you want to know," said Aunt
Betsey, "I thought I'd see if I couldn't stir a leetle mite o' water int' the karosene. reckon it'd go a leetle fu'ther, 'th so much comp'ny in the house as I seem to have!"

Her guest went away early the next
morning on the stage coach.—Youth's Com-

Among the notes which the Listener has eccived relative to the discovery of the love microbe in Berlin is one from a lady, who describes an actual case of lovesick-ness as treated by a regular physician. The patient, a lady, first went about looking dull as a hoe, which was putting it quite mildly. It was not more than half as dull as she felt. Then she was bereft of as dull as she felt. Then she was bereft of sleep, and saw the sun rise on her misery every morning. The illness went on, with one symptom and another, for a year, and during all this time a physician of the regular school was prescribing for her. First he gave her claret for her digestion. It did no good, and then he gave her morphine, chloral, bromide, medicine to act on the heart (f), medicine to act on the nerves, and medicine to act on the liver.

meant (f), medicine to act on the liver.

Meanwhile he began an accessory treatment of wines of various kinds; hops in pillow form; brandy, hot and cold; stout, with meals, pale ale and beer, and finally colliver oil and whisky. The patient had taken all the other things with admirable taken all the other things with admirable patience; when it came to the codliver oil and whisky she rebelled—not at the codliver oil, but at the whisky. It was all useless; and the climax had to come. It did come, the patient still lives, and she attributes her survival to country siz. Best tributes her survival to country air.-Bos

Queer Wells in Nebraska.

In Polk county, Neb., are many wells which exhibit a very peculiar phenomena of intermittance. They vary from 100 to 140 feet in depth, and all ebb and flow either irregularly or as regular as tides on an ocean beach. The flow is accompanied by a roaring sound like that of the sea, as though a distant wave were coming in, and at the same time a stiff current of air rushes out at the mouth of the well. The ebb is accompanied by a downward draft of air, as in the naturally be supposed. The period of ebb and flow does not seem The period of ebb and flow does not seem to depend upon the heat or cold or upon the dampness or dryness of the atmosphere. Some of the owners of these queer wells believe them to be in some way connected with the waters of the Platte river, while others, with equally as good grounds for their suppositions, declare them to be in direct communication with the ocean.—

St. Long Resymblic. St. Louis Republic.

A Witness to the Fact. The Minister-Never fight, Tommy; it is wicked.
Tommy—That's what I told your kid
yesterday when he licked me.—Epoch.

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